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TO SPEAK OF ENGLAND

By GARET GARRETT

WHAT preserveth this England in her muddling way? Some will say God. The Germans say perfidy. Love of trouble it may be. Nobody knows. The marvel is very old. A romantic American wistfully admiring London was heard recently to say: "What is true of individuals is true also of people. When they have learned how to live they are ready to die." But he was saying an ancient thing.

More than a century ago, when Gibbon, author of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, refused to meet Benjamin Franklin, on the ground that he was a rebel, the American returned his sardonic regrets, for he had meant to supply the great English historian with materials for a new work to be called the Decline and Fall of the British Empire.

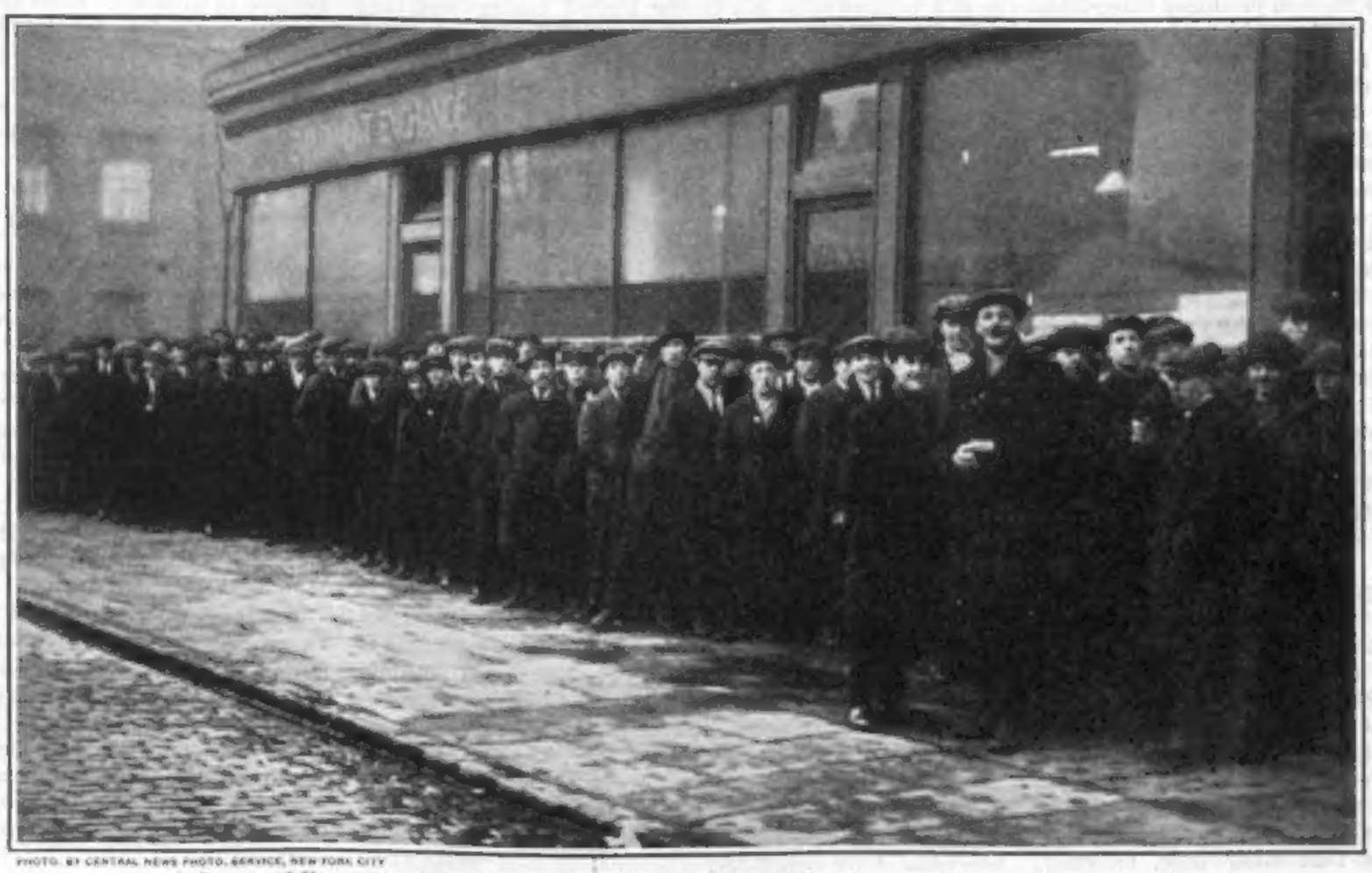


PHOTO BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

A Queue of Unemployed Londoners Assembled Outside an Employment Exchange at Rotherhithe

The matter for that gloomy narrative was then very obvious—so obvious in fact that but for the pique he was in Franklin would doubtless have been warned by his wisdom to avoid a trite conclusion. England had just lost the American plantations. With amazing stupidity she had cast a New World away. More than that, an obsolete colonial policy had fallen. This was a policy that contemplated the colonist as a docile producer of food and raw materials for England, fixed in a status of economic dependence, forbidden to compete with British manufactures or to trade beyond the British sphere, and taxable besides according to the needs of the crown. This principle of exploitation having failed, what would England do for the raw materials required by her industries? Moreover, what would she do for food if her population went on increasing by the law of Malthus? She had already too many people. Her own birth rate appalled her.

In that generation one of Disraeli's characters said: "I speak of the annual arrival of more than 300,000 strangers in the islands. How will you feed them? How will you clothe them? . . . What kingdom can stand against it? See the fall of the great Roman Empire. Every now and then there came two or three hundred thousand strangers out of the forests and crossed the mountains and rivers. These come to us every year and in greater numbers. What were the invasions of your barbarous nations, your Goths and Visigoths, your Lombards and Huns, to our population returns?"

Old Liabilities Dwarfed by New Assets

INDEED, Gibbon needed no materials from Franklin for a work on the Decline and Fall of the British Empire. English opinion was delivered to pessimism. The annals of the time are full of it. Pauperism flourished like a plague. Labor multiplied and sank lower in misery. The Bank of England was hardly solvent. The national debt was crushing. The loss of the American plantations, and therein the doom of a colonial policy based upon a theory of exploitation, had been followed by twenty years of war with Napoleon. That struggle had apparently cost England all but her life. When it was ended her debt was fifty-two pounds a head, and that was supposed to be one-third of her entire national wealth. No one could imagine how such a debt might be paid.

Visiting London in 1828, Heine, the German poet, wrote: "The greatest of all evils is the debt. The whole of England has become one vast treadmill in which the people have to work night and day in order to feed their creditors. England has lost all the gayety of youth and has grown old and gray through money worries; England, like most men heavily in debt, has been driven to a state of dull and helpless resignation. What is the great anxiety which torments England's ministers night and day? The debt. Debts, like patriotism, religion, honor, and so on, are among the privileges of mankind—for the beasts have no debts—but they are also among the chief troubles of mankind. They ruin not only individuals but whole races. They play the part of fate in the national tragedies of our time. England cannot escape this fate."

And to that enormous debt what happened? Nothing! It was never paid off. In 1914, at the beginning of the World War, debt representing the cost of the Battle of Waterloo was still existing. Why? Not because it could not be paid off, but because nobody wished to have it paid. It had become relatively insignificant as a debt. It was a kind of souvenir; also, a safe and indispensable investment for the savings of old people. For in the meantime wealth had increased so prodigiously, so much faster than population, that not only was everybody much better fed and housed and dressed than ever before, but Great Britain's investments in other countries were fourfold more than the total of that crushing debt of which Heine wrote so dramatically. And the British Empire overseas, instead of falling to pieces, had been greatly extended by a new principle.

What that new principle was and is may be illustrated by a chance, unstudied paragraph in a recent issue of the Manchester Guardian Commercial. The writer's subject is Lancashire's Links With the World.

Community of Interest the Bond of Empire

"LANCASHIRE," he says, "has to face disaster or decay. And the cotton trade, great as it is, isn't everything. We are a great engineering center and set up our machinery in all quarters of the globe. One of Lancashire's specialties is textile machinery, and the looms and spindles which compete with us in India, China or Japan may come from places like Oldham and Bury. And why, it has sometimes been asked, do we contribute so effectually to the competition which the pessimists of a past generation predicted would undo us? Well, that has been thought out and argued out. If we refused to supply machinery to our competitors it would give an immense impetus to others who are capable of supplying it. Certainly it would not prevent competition, though it might delay it a little. We are all the better for this important industry, and in spite of it our cotton trade manages to hold its own. When our commodities are imitated and produced in other countries—and that isn't always easy—we make something else. There is a sense in which we live by our wits."

India has long been Great Britain's darling market for textiles. Now India is increasingly minded to make her own textiles as a step toward economic independence. Very well, Great Britain will sell her the looms and spindles. After that something else. What? That will be seen.

But how different from the policy that forbade the American colonies to engage in manufacturing, or to sell any but certain enumerated raw materials to any country save England, or to sell even such materials to any country north of Cape Finisterre in Spain lest they should learn to buy manufactured goods in other countries and find them cheaper than England's! If England had held to that policy the British Empire would now be a memory. But having substituted the idea of dominions cohering together by mutual interest for the idea of subservient colonies, she went on with the world and held her sway in the sun. Recently an American was saying to Lord D'Abernon, one of England's fine-minded economists, that a Britisher's attitude of chagrin toward

America's adventure in ships was after all very easily understood. Shipping was vital to Great Britain; her life was in it, and she had a long tradition of supremacy.

"Silly!" he replied. "The more ships everybody has the better. Ships make trade. There cannot be too much of that. England will hold her share."

What saved the British Empire one hundred years ago and defeated the pessimistic opinion of the world, England's own included, was just this large, unerring instinct for trade and a way of accepting the circumstance as an elemental fact, multiplied by certain fortuities of time and opportunity.

The first and basic fortuity was coal. The others were supremacy in iron, supremacy in engines, supremacy in ships, supremacy in finance, a democratic freedom of will and a system of political economy founded on the French phrase "*laissez faire*," or, "let it alone."

It was not that she had a monopoly of coal, any more than she had ever had a monopoly of wool; but as in the Middle Ages she had been the first country in Europe to establish those conditions of order and respect for property under which sheep raising on a large scale was possible, and came thus to have an article of commerce that her neighbors were obliged to buy, so in the nineteenth century she was the first country to develop coal mining purposefully; and British coal became what British wool had been before, a source of gain in trade and an economic sword. As late as 1860 the United Kingdom produced three-fifths of all the coal mined in the whole world, and at the same time nearly three-fifths of all the pig iron in the world, since from supremacy in fuel to supremacy in metallurgy is a short and natural step. Faster than any other people, the English translated the energy of coal into mechanical power and revolutionized with engines both transportation and manufacturing. They had preëminence in ships, the best finance in the world, great skill in trade. And there was this crowning fortuity, that all her political experience in a peculiar and timely manner had prepared her mind for the rôle about to be played. The ascendant social theory of individualism was perfectly suited to the profit motive in business. One thing more was needed—namely, a theory. This was provided by a school of political economy that emphasized production. It did more than to emphasize production. It said the laws of production were the laws of Nature, and contained in themselves the laws of division.

All these fortuities running together brought a great result to pass. But they have run themselves out. That chapter is closed.

The Pressure of Growing Population

BY A CURIOUS trick of historical repetition the British debt is again one-third of the national wealth. The annual taxation is nearly a hundred dollars a head. What Heine wrote of the London of 1828 would apply to the London of 1923 without the change of one word. The debt! Everywhere it is the debt. People talk about it incessantly. Nobody can imagine how it will ever be paid. The bookstalls are full of pamphlets on the subject of a capital levy. William Cobbett, of that other time, reformer, publicist, member of Parliament, is quoted in support of this idea. In his Political Register ninety years ago he wrote of the war debt, that became afterward a souvenir, "that it was an act of injustice hitherto unheard of in the world for a nation to borrow money and squander it away and to doom the children in the cradle to work like slaves all their lives to pay the interest of the debt when there was nothing left to them which was purchased with the money borrowed."

Nothing, of course, but the fact of having survived the Napoleonic Wars.

The thoughts of Cobbett, Disraeli, Malthus and all the old pessimists are current again in the House of Commons. What shall be done with the debt? What shall be done with 300,000 strangers arriving in these islands each year—namely, a surplus of births? How shall these invaders be housed and fed and clothed? There are already too many people in England. They cannot feed themselves as it is. They import nearly three-fifths of their food. What shall be done with more population?

One answer is to export it. The government undertakes to subsidize emigration. It offers money and credit and benediction to those who are willing to go and settle in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa. The young especially are exhorted to go.

"Is this the deliberate solution?" one asks. "Hitherto England has exported goods in exchange for food to sustain her population. Now she is beginning to export her people, as the Greeks did. You perhaps are too close to see the drama of it. To an American the spectacle of England appealing to her youth to leave is very striking, not to say tragic."

"It's a movement," says that type of Englishman who has always a far-away look in his eyes. "We haven't thought a great deal about it," he adds. "Perhaps not so much as we should. They won't go."

"The adventurous will go. How can you afford to lose them?"

"It's perhaps not a bad idea," he answers. "Still, I should hardly call it a solution."

Settling about in the world is no new thought to an Englishman. Thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands may go away under the Empire Settlement Scheme, and still that is not the solution. He does not know what the solution is. If there is a solution it will come to him and he will know it by a sign. If there isn't, then that is a fact to be stalked like any other. Meanwhile he looks steadily at the deformities of circumstance.

His coal pits now are 3000 feet deep. The cost of mining increases. The output per man in the British coal industry is 200 tons against 700 in the United States; not that American methods are so much more efficient, but because so many of the thickest, cleanest English mines have been exhausted. The German power of coal production now equals that of Great Britain. That of the United States is twice as great. Yet there are those still living who remember a time when England produced three-fifths of all the coal in the world.

For three-quarters of a century British pig iron was more than half of all the pig iron in the world. After 1880 it began to be less, but for ten years more she held the lead over every rival. Then in 1890 the United States passed her. In 1903 Germany passed her. In 1913 the British production was only a little more than half that of Germany and only one-third as great as the American production.

Thus Great Britain's supremacy in coal and iron and engines has passed. Nor can it ever be recovered as it was. Although her supremacy in ships has survived, it is not nearly so great as it was. Until the war nearly half the merchant ships of the world were British. Now the ratio is one-third. The American mercantile marine alone is more than half as large as the British; and whereas formerly shipbuilding was a mysterious craft fairly monopolized by the British because they excelled therein, now it is the political ambition of every first-class power to build and own a fleet of ships. The unkindest blow was when the Commonwealth of Australia recently attacked the British companies with a subsidized line of its own between Australia and Great Britain and broke the ancient combine.

It may be, it probably is, true that Great Britain has still the best finance in the world; but finance, like shipbuilding, is no longer a priestcraft; it is a well-known science in which many nations participate on fairly equal terms. The English pound sterling and the American dollar are rival symbols of value; people choose one or the other as their convenience is, whereas always before it was the pound alone.

In all these respects the advantage hitherto running to Great Britain from rights of priority, from traditions of supremacy, from the great law that to him that hath shall be given more, is either impaired or lost. In every direction there is competition. That alone would not be desperate. The Englishman loves competition, even though he can so well do without it. But there is a state of things within.

Little by little the old social theory of vertical individualism has been disowned until now it stands almost wholly disgraced. For it has been substituted an ideal of horizontal welfare. All liberal and labor opinion is in revolt against the profit motive as such; and one would think that capitalism was even doubtful of itself, so often does it seem to be listening sympathetically on the side of the adversary.

Here mark a singular paradox: The industry of Great Britain is a church founded on the dead thought of that school of political economy which said the laws of production were the laws of Nature, and ignored division because the laws of division were contained in the laws of production. But the living political thought of Great Britain is obsessed to the other extreme. It emphasizes division. It is dominated by the idea that people produce only in order that they may divide; hence the terms of division shall determine the laws of production. According to the old political economy, wealth above and pauperism below were the marginal phenomena of an inevitable thing; and if this were doubted it could be proved, for it had always been so in England. Even before the industrial era it was so. Wages had to be low in order that land might be worked at a profit. If there was no profit, how could anyone pay rates in relief of the poor? But according to the new economic thought, both extremes are unnecessary and evil, each begetting the other; and if this is doubted it may be demonstrated.

Socialism at Westminster

IN THIS conflict of opinion, which is of religious intensity and breaks through lines of self-interest, production is suffering. It is suffering terribly. But labor is winning political ground.

"Dynastic wars, wars of religion, wars on behalf of the balance of power, wars for supremacy in commerce," writes Rogers in The Economic Interpretation of History, "have been waged in Europe for lengthened years. But none has been so lasting as that between employer and laborer. None has hitherto been so obscure."

It is no longer obscure. It now obscures nearly everything else. Socialism is at Westminster. It is treated with high respect in Parliament.

A few weeks ago the Labor Party moved in the House of Commons: "That in view of the failure of the capitalist system to adequately utilize and organize natural resources and productive power, or to provide the necessary standard of life for vast numbers of the population, this House declares that legislative effort should be directed to the gradual supersession of the capitalist system by an industrial and social order based on the public ownership and democratic control of the instruments of production and distribution."

The government opened its time freely to a debate on this motion. The London Times said: "We are heartily glad that the government have found it possible to give further facilities for the debate on Mr. Snowden's motion, condemning the capitalistic system. . . . Mr. Snowden spoke with eloquence and with his usual undoubted sincerity. It was easy for him, as it would be easy for anyone else endowed with sympathy for the sufferings of his fellow men, to point to the many existing defects in the existing social order. It is another matter, however, to prove that those evils would be removed by the remedies which Socialists advocate. . . . Mr. Snowden's ideals have been canvassed for a generation or more, and they have long been adopted as the official policy of the Labor Party. . . . The fact that the Labor Party desires to proceed neither by revolution nor by confiscation, but gradually, and on a well-thought-out plan of procedure, makes it all the more important, now that Socialism after all these years has definitely reached Westminster, that the country when confronted with the policy, or installments of the policy, of the Labor Party should know exactly to what it is asked to commit itself."

(Continued on Page 145)

PHOTO BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

Englishwomen Outside the Employment Exchange at Southwark, Where Unemployment Allowance Was Paid

The Great Van Suttart Mystery

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

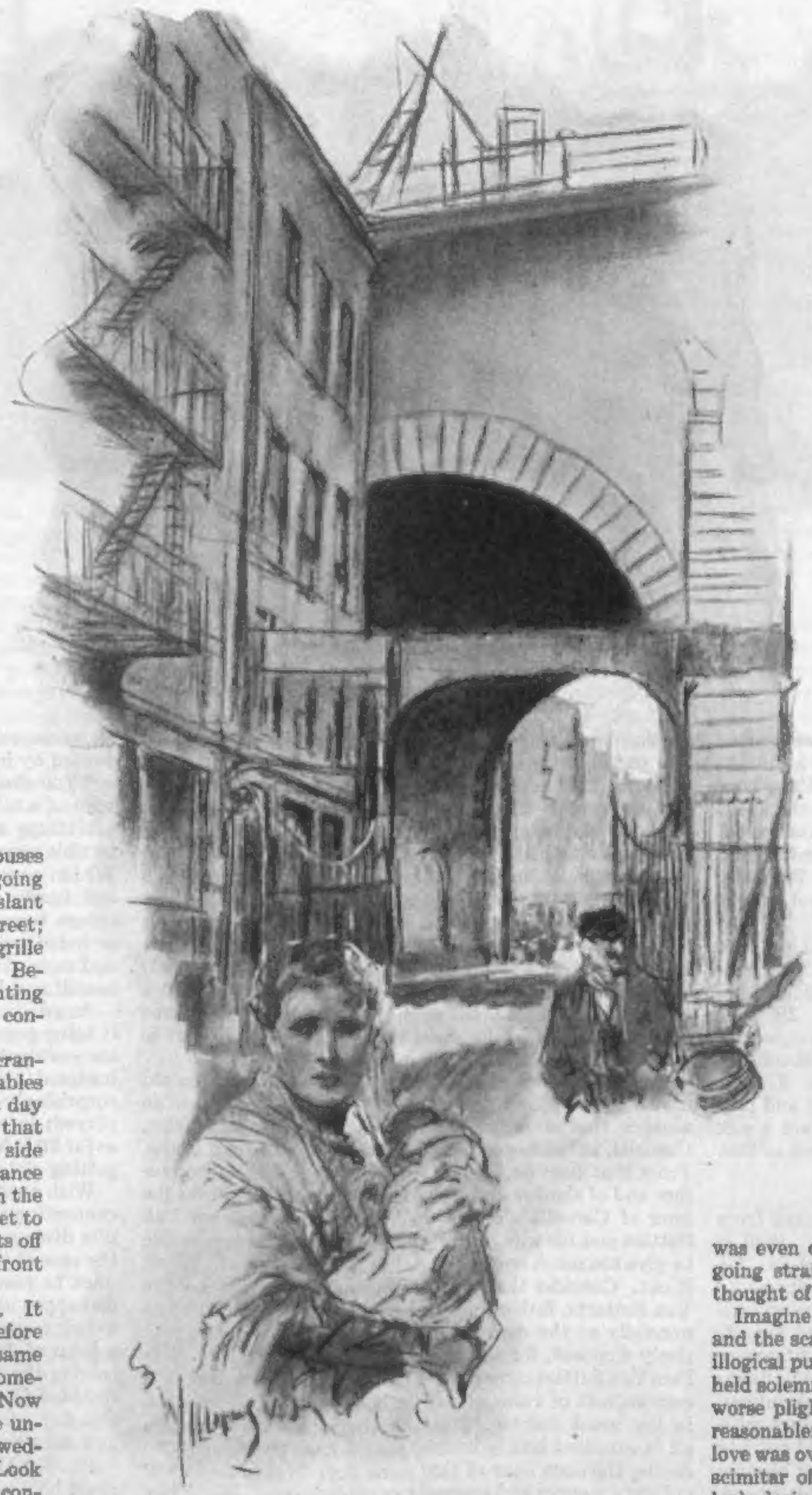
IN THE year 1870 a son was born to the city of New York under peculiar circumstances and in a peculiar place—peculiar only in a manner of speaking. Everybody knows about the changes that have come to Whitehall, Broadway, Mott Street, Long Acre Square, Fifth Avenue, Riverside Drive and the Bronx in the last half century. These spots have grown so fast that they show a stretch of bare leg between the famed knickerbockers of yesteryear and the socks of today. As a result they are so glaringly apparent that when you say New York to a New Yorker or an editor of the Omaha Bee or a native son of the Pacific Coast, each and every one of them sees nothing but Whitehall, Broadway, Mott Street, Long Acre Square, Fifth Avenue, Riverside Drive and the Bronx.

Let me whisper to you. These places are not all of New York—not by a jugful—and in making that statement there is no intention of recalling the peregrinations of O. Henry into the human heart. What is meant is not little journeys of emotion, but common-garden material things, physical things of the consistency, for instance, of bricks and mortar, iron grilles and cobblestones. The next time you think you are in New York get a map or a guide or one of those marvelous truffle-hunter dogs or just follow your own nose until you wind up Cliff to its conjunction with Frankfort Street.

Stand there; look straight ahead and what do you see? A mighty arch, brutal in its dimensions of height, width and depth, absolutely unadorned and yet restful by reason of two things—strength and simplicity. It was not made to be looked at; it was made to hold up Brooklyn Bridge, but that is a mere item. For our purposes it was erected to frame the picture beyond it—houses coming toward you in an obtuse angle and going away from you into a concave cul-de-sac. The slant to the right is a narrow alley called Hague Street; that to the left is barred by a vast gate, a grille sketched in open ironwork from wall to wall. Beyond this barrier is a cobbled court of haunting Old World irregularity, ending in the blind concave angle.

In this most hidden of the many nooks and crannies of New York the unknown, welded to stables and overshadowing warehouses, stands to this day a dwelling house with face half averted, so that when it looks straight ahead it sees the other side of Cobbled Court, but when it takes a coy glance out of the corner of its eye it can look through the grille, through the arch and through Cliff Street to the point where Cliff Street's rounded belly cuts off the view. In a small-windowed second-story front room of this house Miad Blake was born.

There is nothing extraordinary about that. It can be argued that at least five generations before him may have done the same thing in the same place, but the fact remains that Miad was something in the nature of a colossal mistake. Now here is another obtuse angle, hard to navigate unless it is taken with a rush: He was born in wedlock, but his mother was not Mrs. Blake. Look back; look back sixty-two years. Can you conceive of William Anderson Van Suttart falling in love with Mary Malone? His family could not, but he could and did.



Look Straight Ahead and What Do You See? A Mighty Arch, Brutal in Its Dimensions, Absolutely Unadorned and Yet Restful by Reason of Two Things—Strength and Simplicity

With the whole country listening to the roar of Henry Ward Beecher by day and reading Uncle Tom's Cabin by night; with brother getting ready to rend brother and the draft riots spilling blood up and down the streets of his native city, all young Van Suttart could think of was Mary Malone, her eyes of Irish blue, the black wave of her glossy hair, the entrancing pallor of her cheek and throat. He married her; he was drafted, refused to let his father buy a substitute, and went to war. What his family proceeded to do to Mary was a bucketful of slops on a butterfly's wings.

Mary fluttered to the ground and would have gone under it for all time in a pauper's casket if it had not been for John Blake. The men of her own family gone, she flopped around from one honest expedient to another for four years, and was at the last gasp of endurance when John came upon her, picked her up and carried her to his miserable abode in the house where Miad Blake was yet to be born.

John Blake had a game leg, but he was strong and was employed as porter by the firm of Hendricks, Jacob Hendricks, Van Suttart and Partners. Do not laugh at that name. In that day, even though it is not so far gone, advertising space cost a great deal less than it does now and dignity was worth a lot more. Incidentally, all the Hendrickses had been dead for years, and so had the Partners—save one. Old Van Suttart was practically the whole works, but not all his money could bring his only son William back from the battlefield.

When the war ended and for six months thereafter Mary was all of a tremble; then very slowly, as day after breathless day passed without one word as to the fate of her absent lover husband, the life went out of her, leaving her strong and well, but empty. She ceased to live as far as all individual purposes were concerned, and considered John Blake, his goodness to her, and the amazing patience with which he had slept in a mere coal scuttle of a closet for a year while she had enjoyed the pleasant room that faced upon the court. She married him. Miad Blake was born, and eight months after that event William, her husband, Enoch-Ardened his way back from amnesia to memory and the city of New York.

When John Blake, porter, laid eyes on the gaunt figure of young Van Suttart his rugged face blanched, he reached out a hand for support, and finding none, fell headlong. For a moment they thought he had suffered a stroke, but after five minutes in a chair he seemed sufficiently recovered to go home. He was given the day off at the suggestion of young Van Suttart himself, who seemed to find in this old servitor's emotion a heart-warming token of genuine welcome.

"So you missed me as much as that, John," he said, laying a thin hand for an instant on the older man's shoulder. "Where do you live? I'll have someone see you home."

Upon hearing those words John was profoundly grateful for the fact that so great was his insignificance that no one about the place had ever troubled to find out where he lived. The thought brought strength and steadiness to his shaking limbs. He declined all aid, arose and departed. By the time he stumbled into Cobbled Court he was a changed man. He was not the man who had left it that morning, nor the man who had fallen flat at the sight of William Van Suttart. Like Mary, he had become a shell, strong and well, but empty. He entered the room where she was sitting with the child in her lap, and stood silent by the door until she looked up casually and then suddenly became vibrant to the unusualness of his arrival at that hour.

"Why, John," she said, "what is it? Oh, John, they haven't—you haven't lost your position?"

"William Van Suttart has come back," said John Blake.

There was silence, a long profound silence.

"What did you say?" asked Mary.

"William Van Suttart has come back," repeated John.

She made him say the words once again, then she arose very slowly, laid the baby on the bed, drew erect and turned to look at Blake. She was a conscientious woman, deeply religious. During all the years of struggle before John had taken her under his meager protection, and indeed until the very day of her marriage to him, she had never been faithless in word or deed to William Van Suttart or her own honor. She was even one of those women who deserve no credit for going straight, so revolting to her nature was the mere thought of irregularity in physical conduct.

Imagine that scene only fifty-two years ago, when divorce and the scarlet letter were still all but synonymous in the illogical public mind, and when august religious bodies still held solemnly by the damnation of infants. Consider the worse plight of Mary Malone, married through an innate reasonableness to the father of her child after the day of love was over, and now severed from him by the descending scimitar of the court of fate. For a moment a deadened look drained even the half life of pallor from her cheeks; then, with one of those fundamental reversions that by a paradox rive the dead into the quick, her face broke into the convulsions of a new-found agony of mind and body and she cried out, "What are you doing in here? Leave this room at once—at once!"

For five days John Blake went to and fro as one in a trance, sleeping in odd corners, attending less and less efficiently to his simple duties, and making frequent furtive excursions to Mary's door, where he left small parcels of the things he knew she would need. He was a cut below Mary in everything but the power of understanding. Her origin had been humble, but her race had a long record in self-respect and the things that go with it. She was not a lady; she was basically that more difficult thing, a good woman. John was good too; but he was good only by occasion and affection, not through an inbred overmastering vocation.

On the sixth day as he stood by Mary's door she threw it open and said in the steady voice of all martyrs to conviction at the stake: "Come in. Take my place with the child and do not leave him. I will come back."

If Mary Asked That of Him, That Was What He Would Do. He Was Not Conscious of Any Special Brand of Nobility as He Made the Decision

John asked no questions; he obeyed. For three anxious days he waited, rushing out for moments only at a time, to buy this or that necessary trifle. When at last Mary kept her promise to return she found him cadaverous and spent with worry, but his condition left her strangely unaffected. She rushed first to the child, fondled him and examined him minutely to discover the extent of his neglect. The baby was surprisingly well and clean. With the infant caught to her breast she turned to its father.

"Listen," she said as though she were speaking to a chair: "I am William's wife; I have gone back to him. Yesterday I asked him what had become of John Blake, the porter. He was touched at my question. He feels kindly toward you. He said he was greatly worried by your absence and had given orders that you should be found. I begged him to leave the matter to me. I said I would gladly assume the task of seeking you out and providing for your needs if I found you ill. You are a sick man; you must be a sick man. Take to your bed so that I may come daily to—to ——"

"—— to see the child," John finished for her.

He had taken very quietly the sentence that fell from her lips. He, John Blake, must be ill, bedridden. Well, if Mary asked that of him, that was what he would do. He was not conscious of any special brand of nobility as he made the instant decision; his mind was too taken up with understanding the position in which Mary found herself. It must be remembered that the prejudices of her time were his prejudices. He knew why she had gone back to William; he knew why he himself was looked upon with shrinking, almost with loathing. Mary could live in honor with William for the sake of her child alone; she could not live with its father at any price. He said nothing, but his eyes wandered over her dear face, questioning not her but ways and means.

"William's mother is dead, as you know," she said in answer to his look. "His father welcomes me now with open arms, even though it be with a bad will. They—they need me. William will be generous—indulgent. You shall lack for nothing, for I will see to it. All your duty is to look after the child. I shall come daily, unnoticed. I—I will pay you."

Her voice failed her; she broke into sobs, and then John Blake said a strange thing, as though he spoke from a distance, and without using her given name, which had so long fallen easily from his lips: "You have already paid me a thousand times over."

From that day began one of those incredible jugglings of Fate which are forever putting fiction to the blush. Mary not only visited her son almost daily save on the Sabbath but did it without difficulty. The great bridge, in its day the eighth wonder of the world, was in the process of construction. An indescribable disorder surrounded its bastions and it was easy for her to approach Hague Street unremarked, slip through it around the obtuse angle and into the haven of the familiar court where she herself was part and parcel of the familiarity and at home.

At the hour of her visit John Blake would hobble into the coal scuttle of a closet he had inhabited for the first year of their life together, and stay there. Something symbolic was attached to this withdrawal. In practicing it he made, without thought of bitterness, an actual return to immolation. He was not divided from Mary; in a way he was closer than ever to her. He was with her. He not only believed in what she was doing; he thought that, being herself, it was the only thing she could do.

Routine is the scythe that cuts the roots of time with a wide swift swath. Do the same thing each day at the same hour, and month falls upon month as a dream that is past; even agony surrenders to a smooth flow.

The baby grew and thrived. When he was two years old his mother apparently deserted him for five weeks, an absence that coincided with the birth of his half sister, Cornelia, unbeknownst either to himself or to John Blake. From that time on, Mary's visits were rarer than theretofore and of shorter duration. One year, to a day, from the hour of Cornelia's birth, old Van Suttart, William Van Suttart and his wife, Mary, disappeared. It is impossible to give too much emphasis to that bald statement. Think it out. Consider that on the morning of a certain day the Van Suttarts, father and son, were at their places just as normally as the desks themselves which had stood, precisely disposed, for sixty years. Consider that Mrs. William Van Suttart came in for a moment, as was her frequent custom, soft of voice, steady in her bearing, and departed in her usual manner. Consider that these three people, all in excellent bodily health, passed from the ken of men during the noon hour of that same day. Not to die in any ordinary manner and proceed to a triple funeral. No. They disappeared—hide, hair and bone. They vanished as instantaneously and completely as the iridescence of a broken bubble.

Why all these breathless paragraphs? Why make a rushing kaleidoscope of the slow heartbeats of so many tragic lives? Why not write the story of Mary or of William or of John or even of the old skinflint, the elder Van Suttart himself? Here is the answer: How shall you know the wine unless you know the grape from which it is expressed? This tale is of none of these; it is of Miad Blake. If you would read more of his predecessors on the maternal side, look up the daily papers of the week following their astounding disappearance, and learn nothing more than has been stated above. They disappeared.

The name Miad was not synchronous with the advent of Miad himself. For the first year of his life there had been a tacit understanding that he would be called John, after his father, as soon as he was big enough to be called anything but Baby. His christening was postponed from time to time, as is often the case among the poor and friendless, and once the year had crashed to a finish with the return of William Van Suttart, there was no question any more of calling him John, because John was a word that never by any chance slipped from his mother's lips.

He continued to be Baby until Mary's vanishing from the face of the earth.

Soon thereafter John Blake, having become an omnivorous reader of all passages in the Bible dealing with lamentations, invented by implication a strange name for his son.

"You shall be called Jeremiad," he said, "for you were born of a tale of sorrow."

Nothing so perky as the three-year-old on whom this terrible appellation was bestowed would endure it for long. Within a month Jeremiad became Miad to all and sundry, and finally to his father also. The child evolved other things toward his personal benefit. As Mrs. Blake in secluded residence, Mary had been somewhat of a mystery and more of a stuck-up to Cobbled Court. She had kept to herself and her own.

As a daily visitant she had become slightly more human, it being generally supposed that she had gone out to service—evidently well-paid service—in support of her ailing husband. When she ceased to come her defection caused surprisingly little remark. John was not so sick as he played; no wonder she had turned from keeping him. And as for little Miad—well, nobody needed to worry about him getting along!

With possibly one or two exceptions, no one dreamed of connecting the great Van Suttart mystery with the definite disappearance of Mary from her usual haunt; and in the case of the one or possibly two who surmised a link, it must be remembered that strange things used to and still do happen in New York, and that there are people to whom a dark secret rolled under the tongue is more precious than a heap of dollars in the bank, especially if no method of coining the secret into the dollars comes readily to mind. Cobbled Court bred such persons, as does its vicinity to this day. Go down there, ask a few too curious questions and see where you come out.

But for Miad Blake, from the day he could toddle the court held no terrors—none. He went everywhere within a severely restricted area without comprehending that it was restricted. He even entered the heart of the mother of five on the top floor, and that of the hard old man, the proprietor of the building, who appropriated not only the entire ground floor to strange uses but was known to possess the power to disappear through a hole in the wall of the cellar and come out hours later, alive. Miad did not wheedle his way with these people; he attacked them. Was he hungry? He appeared at table without a word. Was he thirsty? He reached for the nearest jug. Was he cold? He took warmth of fire or clothing by assault. His belligerence would have been a nuisance had it not been rib splittingly amazing in one so young.

He thus became the son of the city of New York as he knew it, and this is how he knew it at the age of three: Cobbled Court was the world. The stupendous arch beyond it, cutting a high half circle out of the changing sky, was heaven. Peeking around the jutting corner into Hague Street was to look into the narrow gullet of hell. Of the spindling steel gangway whose construction he had eagerly watched from the slant-eyed window of the room of his

birth and which leaped from the fourth story of 81 Cliff Street to an iron-shuttered door of an equal height in the blind face of a warehouse opposite, he thought he had heard much. To him it was nothing less than Brooklyn Bridge, eighth wonder of the world!

No one needed to tell Miad that he should not pass the great ramshackle iron gate that clung to the walls of the constricted entrance to Cobbled Court, barring it ineffectually; it would have been like warning a pre-Columbian against stepping off the edge of the earth. No one told him that Hague Street was hell; he merely gathered that it had a dark name—a very dark name. No one bothered to tell him that the high spidery gangway that leaped across Cliff Street was not Brooklyn Bridge, a monument to the constructive genius of man, because anyone, even a little boy, could look at it and see for himself that it was not.

The name of the landlord, the old man on the ground floor, was Mr. Crabbe; no initials, no letterhead, no bills. Cash passed into his premises for all services rendered; and more rarely—much more rarely—cash passed out. In this way there never was anything in writing, which seemed to suit Mr. Crabbe's indolence or ignorance or perspicacity or all three added together. Let it not be thought, however, that he was lazy or inactive. Quite on the contrary, he was one of the most industrious and variously occupied individuals in the whole history of Knickerbockerdom.

Mr. Crabbe's premises on the first floor were curious enough, so curious that they defied the mind of man to imagine things more curious beneath. Item: There was a moldering Egyptian mummy, unwrapped but still in its triple coffin. Item: There were the intimate parts of a walrus, unlabeled. Item: There was an indecent stuffed dugong from the Indian Ocean. Item: There were odd bits of ivory of every category—long spirals from the narwhal, curved split scimitars from the hippopotamus, sections and scraps from elephant tusks. Closely allied to the ivory were heaps of bone, some of it freshly scraped. As a background to all these mysteries from near and afar were cases containing a remarkable collection of mounted birds and strange stuffed animals as diverse as the gamut between a Gila monster and a trachomatous goldfish. In the center of the room was an ancient, much-scarred workbench of large dimensions, where Crabbe executed orders for sportsmen, for lovers of departed pets, for museums, for fakers—and for others.

Seated on the end of the stalwart bench, which looked as if it had grown into the floor, Miad spent many a rapt hour. One of the remarkable things about him was that in spite of his astonishing belligerence in satisfying his wants of the moment, he was never destructive. In this regard he seemed endowed from infancy with a full equipment of mature horse sense, so that when he grew restless and climbed down the leg of the bench to wander from object to object and from case to case Mr. Crabbe did not even feel it necessary to utter a warning, as he would have done to almost any other human being. He understood without words this boy, this tiny increasing bundle of flesh, motives and aspirations; and wonder of wonders, the boy understood him. Because Miad had heard his father, who worked intermittently for the old man, call him Crabbe, *tout simple*, he, too, called him Crabbe.

"Crabbe, will you tell me the mummy again?"

The old man would purse his lips, work a little longer in silence, then lay aside his tweezers or the scalpel he had been using and look at the sturdy child over the steel rims of his thick glasses.

"I'll tell you," he would say, "if it's only for the sake of your not forgetting the last bit. That mummy there is a tasty trifle, so it is. Spices is in it—natron, gums of Araby, maltha. That's mineral tar, you know, and there's something else—something to make your mouth water."

Here the old man would make a luscious sucking sound with his lips and Miad would cry out "Honey!"

"You're right. Honey; nothing less. But mark me, the honey's been there two thousand years, all them things has been there two thousand years, the mummy has been there two thousand years. Think o' that; and can you tell me why?"

"Because it knows how to keep its mouth shut," Miad would chant grimly through tightened lips.

"Ha! That's it; that's the boy! Nothing can leak out of it or me nor you as long as we know how to keep our mouths shut. That's the ticket that wins the prize. Keep your mouth shut and your ears open, and nothing won't never leak out of us no more than out o' that mummy."

It was an amazing assortment of people that frequented Crabbe's equally amazing workroom. An occasional savant in search of a single item of information, medical students, ornithologists, custodians of museums, wholesale jewelers from Maiden Lane, weird foreigners, truck drivers, freak showmen and many others less definable went there, not as a certain type haunts the mustier corners of the British Museum or of the New York Library but as persons peculiarly intent on some pressing matter of business who valued their own time and trusted in Crabbe's discretion. By tacit understanding there came to be only one permissible motive for loitering, and that motive was Miad Blake.

Nothing delighted old man Crabbe more than the attempt of a casual visitor to draw the youngster into some admission of truth or statement of relevant fact. Without betraying himself in any way Crabbe would encourage these efforts by a nod toward the boy or a muttered "Ask him. He knows. I'm busy." Miad was so spontaneously friendly, so self-reliant and assured toward anything that walked in the present or had walked two thousand years or two weeks ago that strangers were deceived into taking him for an easy mark.

As the realization slowly dawned upon them that here was a hermetically sealed fountain of knowledge in a skin certainly not over four years old, a strange thing would occasionally happen. In reply to some wide-eyed query they would tell him some recondite item of research that they would not have sold for a thousand ducats, and immediately thereafter walk away in a daze. It was these rare wide-eyed questions that persuaded them that Miad was a sealed and not an empty vessel. What they did not know and never suspected, so genuine was the child's air of innocence, was that the questions had been shrewdly prepared for the baby lips of Miad by the master mind of Mr. Crabbe. Thus it came about that in after years Mr. Crabbe was wont to state that Miad had been his partner since the age of four.

It was about this period that a huge shadow of a man fell across Miad's existence and lingered so short a time that even the memory of him became a sort of mist hanging midway between fancy and fact. Miad's vague impression was that the giant was a porter who came to see his father, John Blake, on matters of interest to himself. The thing that hung in recollection as an unmistakable reality was that this big man used to take him astraddle of his towering shoulders and ride him down the stairs into Cobbled Court, into the flanking stables and warehouses and, on one gaspingly eventful day, halfway down the gullet of Hague Street, but not back again.

When they were coming down the stairs the stranger would call "Low bridge!" and Miad would lean far over the cavern of the steep descent to save his head from being bumped. That was the part with a thrill of danger to it; but out in the court there was another thrill almost as pleasurable. It was to hump oneself up and down on the back of the stalwart neck, hold fast to the shock of wiry hair, hammer with one's heels on the reverberating chest and yell "Giddap! Giddap!" The excursion into Hague Street put a violent stop to this companionship of midget and Colossus, and it happened in the following manner:

When well around the obtuse angle which Miad had never yet ventured to turn the big man drew up with his back against the blank wall on the north side of the alley, glanced quickly to right and left to see that the coast was clear, and whispered, "Miad, me boy, listen. Tell me now—did your daddy used to call your mother Mary?"

Something happened inside Miad at the manner of the question. He leaned far over and set his sharp teeth deep in the giant's underlip. The man groaned and then howled. He wrenched free, and with one broad hand under the youngster's stomach so that he dangled above the ground with arms and legs hanging straight down, he hit his little behind such a terrific wallop that the offending teeth almost shot from their sockets. As it was, the blow sent Miad sprawling, but he did not cry out. Had he not known all his short life that Hague Street was just another name for hell? He gathered his feet under him and scuttled as fast as he could scamper for the refuge of Cobbled Court, followed by a roar of forgiving laughter. But he saw no more of his big human horse.

Little did the man know of the true inwardness of Miad or he would have reappeared the following day without a qualm. The boy never mentioned the incident to his father, and years passed before he related it in detail to Mr. Crabbe. The old man laid aside the tool with which he was working, looked at Miad reflectively, picked up the tool again and presently remarked casually, "You're dreaming. There never was no such a man. Just them dreams of yours."

To which Miad replied as casually, "I would think you were right if it wasn't that his whiskers tickled."

Years before this conversation occurred, however, John Blake died. The event made no perceptible difference in

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"But Mark Me, the Honey's Been There Two Thousand Years, the Mummy Has Been There Two Thousand Years. And Can You Tell Me Why?"

Wall Street Information and Misinformation

By Edwin Lefèvre

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE other day I deliberately went to an exhibition of portraits by a foreign painter who was being boomed by a Fifth Avenue dealer. I felt sure that within those precincts dedicated to a noble art I should not have to listen to sordid discussions of investments. But the dealer was so bullish on his latest find that he unconsciously fell back upon the jargon of the market place to express his philanthropy. He wanted me to have my portrait done by his man so that my heirs would have an asset that would increase 20 per cent in value each year. As a business man, a sure 20 per cent investment ——

At that point I left him. My place as auditor was taken by two of those creatures that go to picture exhibitions in order to listen, so they can repeat what they heard to people who never go to see paintings.

I was about to leave when there walked in a famous marine painter with whom I have managed to remain on speaking terms for over thirty years. I could see that he knew exactly what he was going to find in that gallery: Punk! He was expectorating on each of the twenty-eight canvases; not actually, of course, but as a gentleman and painter often does. By looking it.

When he saw me the disgust vanished. He walked quickly towards me with outstretched hand.

Compliments

"I AM very glad to see you, old top!" He said it with such enthusiasm, not to say vehemence, that I could not doubt his sincerity. It made me feel at once gratified and guilty. I knew we were not splitting the joy of our meeting fifty-fifty. He saw the guilty look but must have deemed it incredulity, for he hastened to assure me: "Indeed, I am! I was going to look you up. I've only been back a week. I wanted to tell you about a couple of friends I met on my cruise. You know, I went down to Cuba from Newport News on a destroyer. Those friends were officers on her. They were very enthusiastic about your articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. They are both of them Annapolis men; graduated with honors. One of them has been reading your Wall Street stuff for years. And your Wall Street books too." The marine painter looked at me proudly, on behalf of his friends. He added: "He said they were the real thing."

"He ought to know," I observed modestly. "And as he was going away from Wall Street, he was wise indeed."

The painter was not listening. He said:

"Why, the day we sailed, a kid came along selling papers and magazines. It was on a Thursday, and both my friends asked him for THE POST. They looked to see if that issue had an installment of your series.

"When they found that it had, each of them bought a copy and each went off to read it right away!"

Oh! See the Pretty Sunshine

MORE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

Here I began to get suspicious. I believe in preparedness, so I smiled good-naturedly, as if I enjoyed that kind of joke.

The painter went on earnestly: "Later on, these officers told me that they not only read each article with intense interest but reread it and studied it like a textbook. They verified your statements, point by point, and worked out problems in stock speculation for all the world as though they were at the Naval Academy at a class in Math. They used to clip and save the Stock Exchange quotation lists, while they waited for the next POST article. Why, they made me quite proud of you. I told them I had known you for years. When I left the destroyer at Guantánamo, the last thing they told me was that they were going to put into actual practice what Livingston preached. They said that reading your dope made them decide to resign from the Navy and go into Wall Street. They don't expect millions, but they say they know they can do considerably better financially than they are doing now."

"Heavens!" I cried.

"Oh, naval officers' pay is not such wonderful graft."

"I didn't mean that. But their leaving what they were educated for to go into another game is not such a wonderfully wise move."

The Right Time Being Never

"OH, THEY are no d. f's. They are men of trained minds who know their mathematics and have gone into the theory of speculation as they might have gone into navigation or astronomy. They told me they had not found a flaw in your demonstrations or arguments. They have gone into this in a cold-blooded, scientific spirit. They are very far removed from the boob class. I can tell you, old man, that you sure were some guy in that destroyer, on account of those articles."

"Do you know why I wrote them?" I asked him.

"What do you mean?"

"Do you know what my one object was in writing those articles?"

"Yes. To sell them to THE POST."

"No. I wrote them to prove a favorite thesis of mine—that no man can beat the game of stock speculation."

"Oh, but these are no ordinary men. They are Annapolis graduates."

"The smarter they are the easier it fools them," I asserted.

"Don't you worry about these fellows. I'll let you know how they make out," he promised with a smile.

"Don't bother. I know how they'll make out."

"How?"

"Did you read the articles?"

"Yes."

"And nevertheless you did not urge your friends to let the stock market alone?"

"No. Why should I?"

"Then they were not your friends."

"Sure they were."

"Then you did not read the articles."

"Sure I did. They were very good."

"They could not be very good if they did not convince you that nobody could beat the game. I said that as often as I could, as strongly as I knew how."

"Oh, these chaps are not going to try to beat it every day in every way. They are too clever for that. They understand that they've got to pick the right time."

"The right time is never," I said, "because no beginner knows enough to trade only at the right time. The only way to learn to pick the right time is by first losing everything you've got. You accomplish this by trading at the wrong time."

"Don't you worry about these birds," said the painter. "They are as smart as they make them, and ——"

"What do you think of these paintings?" I asked him.

Of course it killed his interest in the unbeatable game. The genial expression vanished from his face, and in its place came the combination of frown and sneer that told exactly what he thought about a certain type of clever artist. It left me free

to think of the points on which I have harped for years, one of them being the futility of writing about the unbeatability of the game of stock speculation.

Just a few days later, in the smoking compartment of a Pullman, I overheard a discussion of Wall Street methods and the stock market that confirmed my fears. It was a typical Pullman-smoking-room crowd. They were all business men, three middle-aged, two young, and one very young, who, alone of the crowd, smoked cigarettes. I gathered that they were in different lines, but they were obviously of the same genus. If they were not brothers they certainly were closer than third cousins.

The chief orator was one of those shrewd-looking fat men in whom the mind is quick-gaited and the bodily motions leisurely. He said: "I never speculated; not because I was too busy nor because I agree that there's no such thing as easy money, but because I used my bean. The other man's game is never a game for an outsider to play. My own business I knew. Stock speculation I didn't. And moreover, I never heard anybody talk in or out of Wall Street as if they knew much about it. The outsiders were suckers like me, and couldn't teach me anything. And the wisenheimers in the brokers' offices couldn't know such a lot or they'd have copped some of that easy money themselves. The real insiders, who were in the know, didn't go about spreading information in my hearing. They might give tips, but they never passed around chunks of knowledge. So I just kept away. I didn't know exactly where the average man went wrong. But now I see plainly how this Larry Livingston made his millions. He gives reasons for everything he does, and they are good reasons. I don't have to know the game as well as he does to know he has a thinkpiece. I don't know how much my doctor knows about medicine, but if he talks to me about the shipping board or about the bonus or reparations I can tell what sort of head he has and what sort of man he is. I never looked at the financial page before, but lately I have been studying conditions. I have a pretty good line on general business. I've got to do a little guessing about what my own business is likely to be, and I ought to see far enough ahead to know when to buy or sell stocks. I wouldn't be going it blind if I went in now."

"You may make money at first," sagely observed the man next to him. "Most beginners do. But they'll take it away from you."

The Man Who Missed the Moral

"YOU don't know me, brother," contradicted the fat one. "They won't take it away from me, because they won't get the chance. If I ever make money in a broker's office I am going to keep it. It's being a hog and trying to beat the game all the time, whether the market is right or not, that crabs the average man's play. That holds good in every business I know. These articles show that it is all a matter of knowledge and common sense. And that's how I know that the guy that wrote them knows what he's talking about."

Here I couldn't help saying: "But the articles insist that nobody can beat the game. It seems to me that is what the author tries to prove."

"Yes, but Livingston beat it, didn't he?"

Three of them said it at once. I swear it! Three out of the six.

"Well, Livingston himself says no man can beat the game. He has made his money by exercising an ability to read conditions that is very rare, but every time he has set out to beat the game he has lost money. It was a boob play and he paid a big price. His ability, natural aptitude and vast experience didn't help him whenever he worked on the theory that the game was beatable. I happen to know a lot of Wall Street men, and I never knew any who consistently beat the market. Livingston himself emphasizes that point. And the only reason those articles were written was to prove that one point. Livingston's very success proves it—when you consider his losses."

"Have you read all the articles?" asked a man who was smoking a pipe. He was the saturnine kind that tells the world what he thinks of you by the simple expedient of asking questions that answer themselves. It's the tone of voice in combination with the eyebrows.

"I couldn't very well help reading them," I answered.

"All of them?" And he now smiled.

I smiled back and told him, "I had to read every single word three times."

"How's that?" I could see he did not believe me.

I was forced to confess. "I wrote them."

"You did?"

"Don't shoot, colonel," I said. "I only wanted to tell THE POST's readers how easy it was even for an expert like Livingston to lose."

"Yes, but you also showed how he made money when he did not make fool plays. A man doesn't have to be a boob with his eyes wide open, does he?" said the fat man.

I saw his finish. No words of mine could stave it off. So I said: "Gentlemen, I'm sorry I spoke. Brokers have to live. Go to it." And I went back to my chair inside.

I don't think they accepted the authorship of the articles on my say-so, and I suspect that they asked the old porter about me because they heard him call me by name. At all events, it was not long before the fat man passed by me on his way to his own chair.

He stopped to say pleasantly: "Those are darn good articles."

"I am sure they are particularly punk," I said.

"Everybody that I've seen ——" he began.

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "but take your own case. You never have speculated, because you have sense enough not to play the other man's game. You read these articles and you promptly decide to cease being wise. I think Livingston's career, as you heard it from his own lips, proves conclusively that no man can get something for nothing, that easy money is a delusion. Of course a hodcarrier may think a great corporation lawyer's fee is easy money, but you know better. All that my articles seem to have succeeded in doing is to arouse in you a desire to prove yourself the one exception out of a million cases. I call that a pretty sad performance, don't you, really?"

He ignored my last question and said, "Well, now, as a matter of fact, isn't ignorance the principal source of loss in speculation—I mean, ignorance of the game itself, of the causes of the big swings? And haven't your articles dispelled much of that ignorance? If I follow in Larry Livingston's footsteps—not when he plays like a sucker, but when his game is right—won't I make money?"

I could see that he had already answered himself. Nevertheless I went to the trouble of telling him: "My friend, you may have eliminated ignorance, but you have not eliminated greed. You are not guilty of criminal hoggishness; only of hoping to get something for nothing. It is like thinking you can learn to be a doctor by reading a textbook. To dispel ignorance at one fell swoop is rather difficult. Experience does a lot for you, but that is not a quick method. If the articles haven't convinced you, they can't be good, can they?"

"They are really very interesting," he assured me.

"Well, I wish you luck anyhow," I said.

He hesitated. Then: "I am not going to speculate." He sounded to me like taking the pledge for the tenth time.

I said, "It wouldn't surprise me if you have already begun. It may interest you to hear that Livingston is bearish."

"Is he? Why, I heard he was buying them."

"I thought so!" I said, and laughed.

He also laughed—not very heartily—and passed on.

What Larry Livingston Said

SINCE then I have continued to meet wise outsiders almost everywhere, and all of them confessed to having profited by the articles to such an extent that they felt certain they would not make the usual mistakes of the average trader, and all of them ended by asking me whether the rise was the beginning of a big bull market or merely a rally that would not go much further

The next time I met Larry Livingston I told him about my experiences. I knew that he was quite as keen as I about making plain to the public that the game of stock speculation cannot be beaten.

He was not surprised.

"I don't suppose," he said, "that anybody can say anything that will stop all men from taking chances in a game they don't know. Speculation will never disappear. It isn't desirable that it should. It certainly cannot be abolished by statute law or by warnings as to its dangers, and since there will be speculation there will be losses.

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Sitting Pretty

A THREEFOLD CORD

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATION BY DONALD TEAGUE

THE two men had been snowed in for weeks, cooped up in a tiny cabin less than a dozen feet square. Under such circumstances a thoughtful and attentive man can often read, with some degree of certainty, the very thoughts of his companion. Oscar Lee was a thoughtful and attentive man. Helpless because of the injury to his leg, he had time to consider trifles. So long as Luke Trull was merely ill-tempered and morose Lee had accepted these manifestations as a result of the environment and double work that his own injury put on Trull's shoulders; but when, while their argument this morning was at white heat, Trull's manner abruptly changed and he became amiable and in a leering fashion good-humored, Lee's eyes narrowed and he studied the other man with a new intentness. Before Trull left the cabin Lee was convinced that Trull meant to kill him for the sake of the sodden poke of gold.

The partnership between the two men dated back some six months' time. Lee and Joe Dace, the summer previously, had located a rich pocket of gold in a valley some weeks' journey toward the interior. The season was late; they could do but little work on it. They had gone outside, planning to return this summer; but with the ice breaking up in the river and their outfit already in shape, Dace was called back home by a summons he could not ignore. The two partners talked the situation over, and Lee decided that he would pick up someone to help him and go into their hidden valley, winter there and have things in shape when Dace should rejoin him at the break-up next spring. Trull was the man he picked to go with him; a vagabond of the north, but the best Lee could find. Other men had already made their plans for the summer. Trull was foot-loose, without money and without friends; and he grudgingly agreed to work on a one-fifth interest, since Lee was bound on keeping a fair share for Dace. As soon as the river was reasonably free from ice Trull and Lee started toward the interior.

The three weeks' journey upstream was one long struggle. In slack water they were able to row their flat-bottomed boat, but they seldom encountered slack water. At times it was necessary to pole, or go overboard and drag the heavy craft upstream. More than once they had to unload and painfully transport their outfit around a rapid that was too steep for navigation. Although ice and snow still lingered in the deep valleys the swift growth of the northern summer was already well advanced, and there was game everywhere. Trull liked to use the rifle More than once he used three or four cartridges on ducks or geese flying overhead. More than once he shot caribou when it was impossible to make full use of the meat. At length Lee felt moved to remonstrate with him.

He said one morning, "Trull, you will have to slow down on this shooting." Trull looked around at him angrily and asked why. Lee replied with a question: "You are not used to this country, are you?"

"What has that got to do with it?" Trull asked.

Lee smiled good-humoredly.

"Here is the point," he said: "We are taking in as much grub as we can lug, and with what game we can shoot it ought to last all right until next summer. But there are a lot of things that can happen. Game may be scarce, a bear or a wolverine may come along and wreck our cabin or the cabin itself might burn down. Then we would have to depend absolutely on the rifles for food. Do you see what I mean?"

Trull grinned derisively

"You got enough cartridges in the outfit to kill for an army for years."

Lee shook his head.

"You'd be surprised, Trull, to see how quickly they go."

Trull made no further comment at the time, but he did not amend his habits, with the result that a day or two later Lee put the thing in the form of a command.

"If you will have it so, all right," he said harshly. "It's my outfit, and you are here to take orders. Don't do any more shooting unless I tell you to."

The matter rested there. Trull was always a silent companion, and he became more so; but he did not venture into open rebellion. At the end of three weeks' travel they reached the point where it was necessary to leave the river. Here they made a camp, cached their supplies under the overturned boat, which they weighted down with stones, and began the work of packing into the valley that was their destination; a three days' hike, in the course of which they crossed two mountainous ridges and lost themselves among a maze of little hills.

Lee held the other to this work, although Trull's eyes and thoughts turned constantly to the little stream, shrunk to a trickle now that the spring thaw was past, which had guided Lee and Dace to the pocket on the hillside the summer before. When the supplies had all been transported Lee still put aside Trull's eagerness, insisting that they complete a cabin and build in the necessary bunks and seats and shelves and install the sheet-iron stove. Only when these tasks were done did he permit the beginning of the golden harvest.

They built a sluice and began the arduous toil. Their labors showed results. They found gold; sometimes dust, sometimes larger bits the size of a pea. The precious metal accumulated day by day; the weight of the skin poke,

(Continued on Page 107)

But the Muzzle Turned Aside. He Saw That Trull's Hand Was Trembling and He Laughed in the Other's Face. "What's the Matter With You?" He Challenged

A NICE LITTLE HUNK OF GRIT

By Holworthy Hall and Paul M. Hollister

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

ONE of the interesting points about society is that its importance comes largely from the people who are left out. Like a coral reef, its strength isn't entirely due to the top layer, but to the number of polyps which are pushing up from underneath and trying to belong. For example, no one could doubt that Mrs. Hamilton Merrick of the East Sixties was in society, for an army of other women envied her, and reverenced her all the more because she kept them slightly below the surface. But by the same token Pancake French was in society no less, meaning that he was equally top layer, but on a different reef. As a matter of fact he was member of an inner circle, which for sheer exclusiveness made the Four Hundred appear like a United States Census report.

Mrs. Hamilton Merrick, of course, would have called Pancake a common burglar—but she would have made two errors in one play. In the tony set of the Tenderloin a mere burglar is only another polyp; and besides, there was nothing common about Pancake. In the practice of his profession he was as coy as any maiden lady on the streets of an Italian metropolis; he never ran the slightest risk of being pinched. Three or four nice clean jobs a year sufficed for his modest needs, and even before he was old enough to vote—that is, legally—he was ranked as a gun, or expert. He not only packed his own soup but he was also his own chef; and when he had brewed a quantity of his thick, yellowish, oily potage, he mixed it gingerly with sawdust, and used it to effect a change in his menu. He sacrificed the soup in order to bring home the bacon.

The word "soup," it may be explained, is what dumbbells mean by "nitroglycerin." If Pancake, setting forth to toil, had slipped on a banana skin he would have broken the altitude record.

In addition to being a first-rate peterman, or safe blower, Pancake was a darb—a short, slim, dapper youth who wore the haberdashery of a color-blind sophomore. Duke Bryan, the nob gambler, was one of his side kicks; he was pals with Big Tom Sullivan, and with Young Buffo, lightweight champion, and he was in so solid with Bald Jim Plant, the millionaire bookmaker, that Bald Jim used to slip him sure-thing bets on the mules that were running at Aqueduct and Sheepshead Bay. So that, obviously, Pancake was much in the social swim, and from all appearances he had a strangle hold on circumstance. But then he made the fatal acquaintance of Daisy De Montreville.

Now according to the Bureau of Vital Statistics, she had been born O'Halloran; but when her friends—some say her enemies—persuaded her that she was a seagoing soprano and ought to make her debut at the Alhambra some amateur night, she had thought that her patronymic required a little darning. And even after she had got the hook, withdrawn in hysterics, and returned to her usual *métier* of dealing them off the left at The Original Gallio's Tivoli Restaurant, she had kept the alias as a souvenir of her brief artistic career. It fitted her. She was a plump little strawberry blonde, with blue eyes and a permanent wave which suggested a flood in the Red Sea.

On the occasion of her failure to send Tetrazzini reeling against the ropes Pancake had held down a ringside seat; but while the rest of the audience was giving her the razz he had sat aloof and meditative. Love, prowling in search of a victim, had selected Pancake for the fall-guy, and he fell hard. It was not only her beauty that overwhelmed him, it was also her courage and spirit; he never forgot how, standing at bay just before she burst into tears, she had put out her tongue at the unappreciative multitude. If Pancake had ever heard of Joan of Arc he would certainly have been reminded of her.

When Eddie Grady Tapped on the Door of Monk's Chambers, Pancake Was There as a Reception Committee of One

Instead of trying to graft an introduction he cut through all the red tape by simply waltzing over to Gallio's for lunch, and picking his table.

"Say, sister," said Pancake, straightening his tie, "they give you an awful raw deal over to the Alhambra, Friday—ain't it the truth?"

Her feminine instinct told her that Pancake wasn't throwing the bull, wherefore she agreed frankly that he had emitted a mouthful. It was primarily the demerit of the orchestra, she said—f'r instance, that goof that thought he could toot the trombone when he had the pip—but then, too, there was them lippy drunks in the balcony, and that bird with St. Vitus' dance that had been let monkey with the spotlight. And she had had a hard chest cold anyways—and everybody had made her sing a song that had died the death of a dog last summer anyways—and where was there any nourishment in performing before a pack of hyenas that only went to the Alhambra to see what was new in the way of legs anyhow? She hadn't known that she was supposed to be an animal act.

Pancake declared that personally he thought she had sung grand; and speaking of vocal, it reminded him of the soloists at the motion pitchers, and if by any strange coincidence Miss De Montreville was keen on the pitchers herself, why couldn't they take in the second show, somewheres, after she was through riding the crockery around?

Miss De Montreville would be perfectly charmed, she said, and she thanked her God there was a few folks left that didn't act like she was the dirt under your feet just because she had been gave the gate by a flock of boiled owls that didn't know a soprano from a second-hand motor horn.

Who was it, demanded Pancake, with a villainous scowl, who had thus acted? She responded that it was practically unanimous, except for him and Eddie Grady. Did he know Ed? Ed who had used to be on the Strong-Arm Squad, and was now in the Central Office? Ed was a perfectly lovely fellow, wasn't he? And by the way, Ed was kind of soft on her—if he knew what she meant.

It was here that Pancake began to sit up and take notice, for anybody who mixed it up with Ed Grady was entitled to the brown derby. Ed wasn't in society—he wasn't refined enough but everybody in society was pretty smooth to him, because Ed was a tough spade. Ed was fine when he was with you; but when he was against you his conception of chivalry was to park a pair of brass knuckles in each glove. And Ed, if he were soft on this jane, would blow clear through the roof when he knew that Pancake had given her a whirl.

But Pancake was ardent and he was further made reckless by the knowledge that Ed had just beaten it off on twenty days' leave. So that he took Daisy to the pitchers, and subsequently to a cabaret, and then to a roof garden—and he was a very fast worker. Also, Daisy saw no reason whatsoever to object to Pancake's lay—that is, so long as it paid dividends—and in any event it wasn't up to her to bite the hand that fed her.

Duke Bryan, however, was one of several who handed Pancake a straight steer. "Now, look here, fella," he said solemnly, "Ed's gonna be all shot when he gets this. You better kind of watch your step."

Pancake laughed insouciantly. Love had inspired him, and nothing could lead away his nanny. Had not Daisy already hinted that in comparison with himself Grady was nothing but a shine and an old relic?

The duke shrugged his shoulders. "Well, hop to it, fella," he said, as a prophet rebuffed.

Pancake hopped to it with such speed that almost before he knew where he was at, Daisy's permanent wave was resting against his shoulder, while she whispered to him that whenever he was in her neighborhood her heart went like she was going cuckoo or something. When could they be married?

"Tomorrow" was on his tongue, but of a sudden he laughed subterraneously. "Why, along about February, I guess."

"Aw, Freddie! February!"

Pancake's smile didn't come off. "Say, listen to me once, Fluff. It'll be the Grand Central Palace whole ballroom floor, see? We'd deal out somewheres between two thousand bids, see? We ——"

"Two thousand! Aw, Freddie!"

"Hear me tellin' you. Maybe you don't know who I am. Yeah—and I'm gonna buy you a hunk of grit for a present you'd want smoked glasses for, see? We'd have

two brass bands, see? Duke Bryan'll stand up with me. Duke and Mike Egan and Bald Jim ——"

"Aw, Freddie!"

"Yeah. Bald Jim and Big Tom Sullivan and Buffo and Con Healy. Then I and you'll scout around and get us a swell young flat somewheres, and ——"

"Aw, but Freddie! You got a fat enough roll right now. Take a chance. Steve Brodie did."

"Well, who's marryin' you, huh? I or Steve? Now make me, Fluff: I got somethin' in my old noodle besides spinach, see? Sure I got dough; I got a lot. But if we'd wait to February—why, that ain't only a moon, Fluff! You wouldn't have hardly time to dust yourself off."

"Aw, Freddie! What's the big idear? Let me in on it. Aw, please! Don't you love me any more?"

At the fourteenth "Aw, Freddie," with its accompanying obbligato of kisses, Pancake's iron will softened to tinfoil.

"Well, it ain't my fault," said Pancake apologetically. "These here Merricks don't leave town till February."

He went on, then, to an inventory of what was in his old noodle; and when the full realization of it had percolated through Daisy's fresh innocence, and she saw that she was engaged to a Napoleonic genius, her pride was so immeasurable that she almost shed tears. At parting, Pancake felt like a million dollars; but at Mike Egan's, where he paused to pour a small libation upon the altar of Eros, he heard that Eddie Grady was expected back Sunday.

For the benefit of the bystanders Pancake threw a commendable front; and indeed, when he reviewed the infinite sweetness of Miss De Montreville, and then took a slant at himself in Mike's plate-glass mirror, he glowed with impatience to knock Ed, or any six like him, into a row of sleeping cars. He repeated this aloud, and it listened fine; but when he was alone in his bachelor apartment of one room and a fire escape he began to crawfish a little. Ed wasn't in society, but he was the kind of a guy who saved fifteen thou a year out of his pay of fifteen hundred—and this is the kind of a guy you don't want to lose your drag with. Pancake looked forward to Sunday with about as much exhilaration as though he were dated up with an unsympathetic dentist.

As Ed came into the salon where Pancake and other social luminaries were absorbed in the popular indoor sport of red dog there was a spontaneous hush, and everybody sat tight. Public sentiment was wholly with Pancake, but not one of them—not even Young Buffo, not even Bald Jim—cared to bust in on Eddie Grady. And as soon as Ed opened his trap they all knew that, regardless of what he actually said, Pancake hadn't a Chinaman's chance of ever squaring himself.

"Congratulations, Pancake."

"Much obliged, Ed."

Grady stared at him, snorted, and went out. The crowd drew a long breath and regarded Pancake compassionately. They knew that in his trade Pancake was an old master, but they also knew that Ed was quite competent to frame him.

Bald Jim cleared his throat. "I'd play it kinda close, Pancake."

Young Buffo nodded. "You better drop over to Chi or Philly."

Pancake laughed contemptuously. "Philamaclink? Nix; they got too rotten ball teams. And Chi? Say, fella, I don't only scale a hundred nineteen; I'd get blew clear out in the lake."

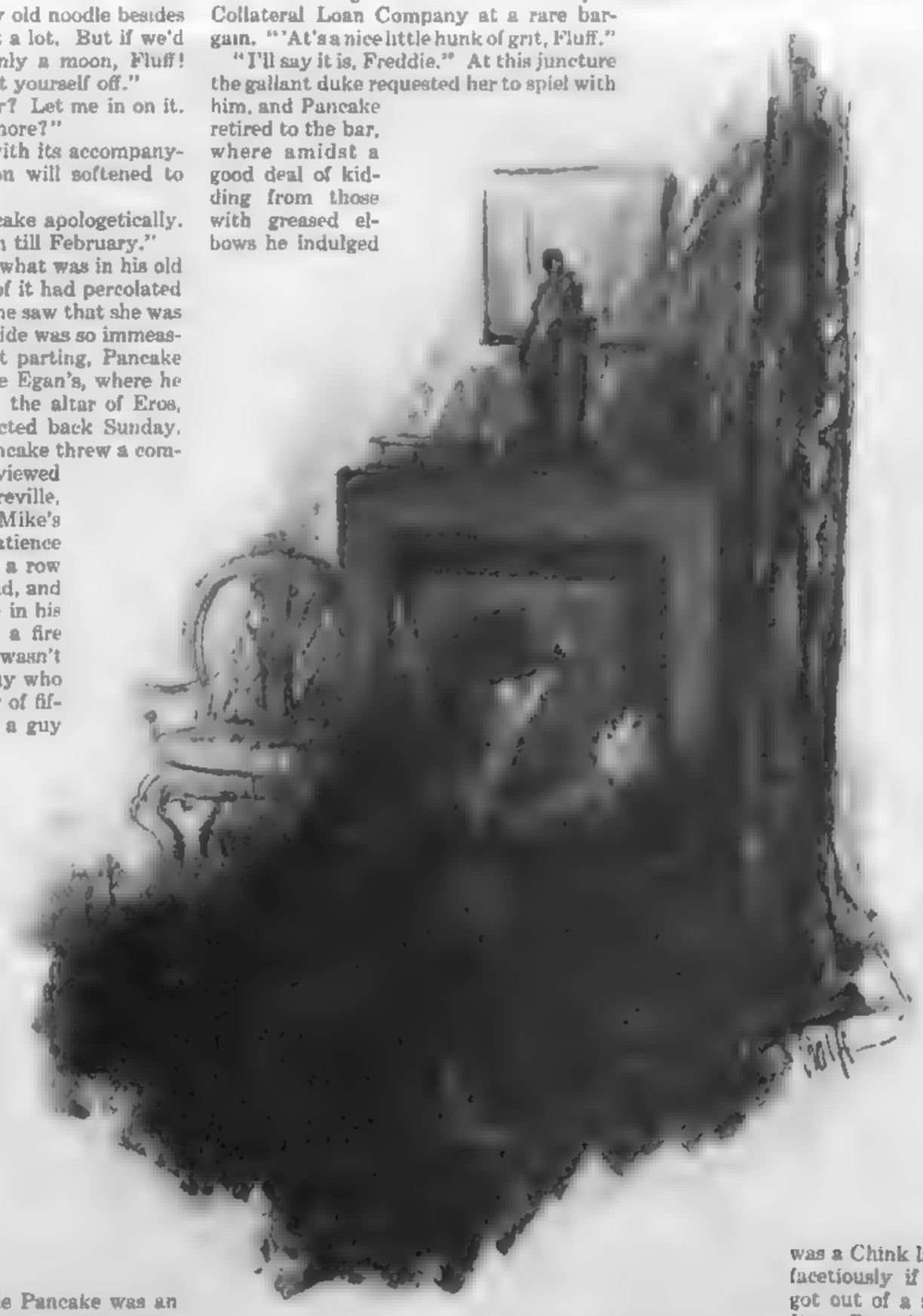
Nevertheless he was deeply worried; but as a true cavalier he said nothing of his fears to Daisy. And as the calendar slowly unraveled he was glad that he hadn't; for after that first tense interview Ed was amazingly human. Whenever he ran into Pancake he gassed along pleasantly enough, and he had even sent Daisy a bunch of pinks. Pancake began to chirk up. He argued that Ed's grouch was wearing off; that Ed was a game loser. He didn't realize that Ed could have spotted the entire Medici family one stiletto apiece, and still beaten them to the wire, eased up.

And so came February, and the exodus of the Hamilton Merricks to Florida, and Pancake's wedding. And because it was the first time that he had ever been married to anybody yet—and also because he expected to charge it off as an investment—he plunged on it.

As a social success it put anything that Mrs. Hamilton Merrick had ever pulled off, or was ever likely to, under the sink. It was not only gayer but it was also longer, louder and damper. Almost everybody who was invited came with bells on, bearing gifts in the original package, and furthermore there were many pikers who horned in without credentials. As the officiating magistrate said "Amen" and the gang proceeded to kiss the bride into a state bordering upon apoplexy, both brass bands struck up at once, and the lid was off. From that point forward you were expected to name your own poison.

Pancake glanced up at the floral horseshoe arching over him. "I feel like a jock that just win the Suburban," he remarked humorously. He grinned down at Daisy, and at the smashing solitaire which he had purchased from the Collateral Loan Company at a rare bargain. "'At's a nice little hunk of grit, Fluff."

"I'll say it is, Freddie." At this juncture the gallant duke requested her to spiel with him, and Pancake retired to the bar, where amidst a good deal of kidding from those with greased elbows he indulged copiously in mineral water. And the bands played on. They had been hired to play until dawn, with free beer, and each was determined not to be outdone in volume, whether of music or of Münchener.



Somebody With Flat Feet Was Gum-Shoeing Along the Main Hallway

At two o'clock, when the dancing floor was as empty as any Subway express in the rush hour, and everyone was enjoying at least a harmless flicker, Pancake girded up his loins—that is, possessed himself of his hat and benny—and prepared for a supreme coup. As he had confided to Daisy a month ago, he planned to crawl out at high tide of the revel to engineer the biggest touch that he had ever attempted.

It struck him as a custom-made alibi, never previously worn. The dump was near at hand, and through many reconnaissances he knew it as if he had boarded there. He would return in an hour or an hour and a half, laden with spoil; and during the interval his guests, laden with refreshments, would hardly be marking the time. Who ever pays any attention to the groom at a wedding anyway; and more especially when he won't drink anything but mineral water?

Unobserved, Pancake drifted down the service stairs, and up to the Merrick mansion in the East Sixties.

At a quarter of three, however, when he was efficiently fondling the jewelry safe—an antiquated type of cheese box which went out of fashion at about the same time that General Grant removed from the White House—he suddenly knocked off, and employed several expressions which in a different arrangement would have been proper to any Sunday school. He had heard noises that meant that the deal was off. Somebody with flat feet was gum-shoeing along the main hallway.

Pancake sighed from the uttermost subbasement of his soul, for in another ten minutes he would have taught the Hamilton Merricks to patronize a good trust company. But Pancake never took a chance, like Brodie did. His office was to vacate the premises at once, without waiting for the first of May. So, bidding a fond farewell to the implements of his art, Pancake, shod with silence, glided down to the butler's pantry, emerged to the garage, and thence by ways long since explored and charted, to an unsentineled side street.

It was precisely three o'clock when he rejoined his wedding guests; and so far from missing him, several gentlemen had now lost focus, and inquired of him who in the hereafter he was anyway.

The modern style of dancing permitted him, without loss of dignity, to breathe a few grilled words into Daisy's shell-like ear.

"Cripe! The coin I blow in on this here shindy, and then have it go blooey! Ten more minutes, and I'd drawed down, see? Can you tie it? But that wasn't no kitchen mechanic in there, Fluff; it was a bull! You could tell it by his hoofs. I wonder could Ed been havin' me watched! By Judas, I wouldn't put it above him."

He was soon enlightened, because it was Ed who arrived at the hotel the next morning and burst into the bridal chamber with a warrant for Pancake, and a hoarse guffaw for Daisy. Daisy was eager to crown him with a seltzer bottle, but Pancake, resplendent in purple silk pajamas, restrained her. Nothing so flexible as a seltzer bottle, he said, would even make a dent.

He telephoned Long the lawyer, climbed into a rag, and embraced his eloquent spouse, who was now explaining Grady's pedigree to him. He would be out on bail, he assured her, by dusk; and he was faithful to the rendezvous. But they had marked the ante up to ten thousand berries—Bald Jim Plant had signed for it—and Long had shook him down for two and a half.

"Aw, but Freddie! They couldn't pin it on you! My darling boy's too clever! Like a sly fox, he is! They couldn't!"

But they did.

They pinned it on her darling boy, because Ed had had him watched, and because of Pancake's finger prints.

Until now Pancake had always acted like he had a crick in his neck or something when anybody spilled any chatter about prints. All hokum, they were; and even if they weren't, why, he himself had dry cool hands. So when the dicks made him daub his thumbs with India ink, like he was a Chink laundryman going to receipt a bill, he asked facetiously if they also wanted the horoscope he had got out of a slot machine at Luna Park last Columbus Day. But when a gink with four eyes and long black soup strainers took the stand and began to drool about Exhibits A to M, inclusive—these were photographs of Pancake's trade-mark, and of his tools, and the door of the safe—he observed that Long had put on his fighting face.

Long was a grand little lawyer, but the state rang in a queer deck on him. Long was all set with three different alibis to choose from, depending on the run of the cards. First, he had reliable witnesses to prove that Pancake had never left the hall, but had shaken his dogs in joyful dance without a let-up. He had other witnesses to swear, if need be, that between two and three o'clock Pancake had been laid away behind the bar in a celebratory stupor, such as any conscientious groom might accumulate. Finally, he had reserves to testify that if Pancake had run out on the party at all, it was only to go up on the roof, under friendly escort, for air and exercise—during which interlude he had insisted that his father's name was Hudson, and that he owned the river.

But the alibi detachment was never called to the colors. Long jumped up and told the court that his client, in an altruistic desire to save further expense to the taxpayers by shortening the trial, craved leave to alter his plea to "Guilty." And he urged the court to give Pancake credit for this broadmindedness.

The court belonged to Bald Jim's political club, and was happy to be furnished, publicly, with another sound reason for obliging Bald Jim. Also, it was Pancake's first offense—legally speaking—and he was only twenty-three, with plenty of latitude in which to become a useful citizen. So the court crammed a lot of good advice on Pancake, plus an easy let-down of twelve months at hard labor.

Daisy O'Halloran De Montreville French passed out cold, but the assistant district attorney, who was almost as young and ambitious as Pancake himself, wondered if he wouldn't have done better to have gone back to Ohio, in his uncle's fertilizer factory, instead of studying law.

Pancake was seriously jolted, but he was still game.

"Now don't you come apart, Fluff," he said. "I ain't no front runner! They got me in a pocket, but I just drop back and come up on the outside, see? Don't you give me no dirty throwdown, and I and you'll burn up the track. And say, Fluff, if you go broke and got to hang up that grit I give you, the Collateral's the place. I coughed up six. They'd give you four—and don't let 'em rim you."

Daisy clung to him, dry-eyed but desperate. "Aw, Freddie! I'll wait! You keep your nerve, darling. I'll scratch along. You keep your nerve and hang on to your copper. Freeze to it, darling! I'll wait!"

The expression "copper," it may be remarked, is what highbrows mean when they say "commutation for good behavior."

You must excuse Pancake, though, if he took Daisy's protestations with a thin slice of lemon. East may be East and West may be West, but the Tenderloin is 99 per cent Missouri, and women are funny people. They promise to stay by you forever—but some do, and some don't.

Pancake, who was by no means full of prune juice, kissed his wife, whom he adored, hoped fervently that she wouldn't fold up—and was ready for anything.

Daisy, who had resumed her former occupation at Gallio's, came up to see him as often as the law permitted, which was about as often as the Athletics get away with a double-header.

"Hang onto your copper, Freddie," she said to him "I got my limits."

Pancake gazed at her almost as fixedly as Mr. Mutt gazed at Mr. Jeff. "Whaddya mean, you got your limits?"

"Well, they's a certain guy makes it kinda rough for me; that's about it."

Pancake's eyes narrowed. "You fed up waitin'?"

"Aw, Freddie, don't!"

"Well, what's the big idear, then?"

The guard who was chaperoning them was a new recruit, and therefore ful[illegible] it across only i[illegible] certain person, who was still [illegible] for her to get a div[illegible] her the grounds [illegible] would treat her wonderfu[illegible] learn her exactly where [illegible]

Pancake caressed the h[illegible] graced Daisy's mitt [illegible] impressively, "and when I am [illegible] his gol' teeth."

This was Daisy's cue to spring her latest hot ch[illegible] Pancake got out she wa[illegible] that she was finicky, but [illegible] So far, she said, what w[illegible] separate domicile in the jug, [illegible] some for her. She wanted t[illegible] And for [illegible] had marr[illegible] balls and [illegible] No dick could [illegible] was the brand [illegible] She mentioned [illegible] ment of a high-class [illegible] Plant.

"Well, I'll give it the [illegible] was all that she could jo[illegible] too, wanted the dream [illegible] professional hon[illegible] as his own little [illegible] Grady [illegible]

It [illegible] gates and [illegible] load wives had [illegible] for themselves. [illegible] connect up with some ham-a[illegible] could sneak this over with[illegible] mass meeting. And w[illegible] found that society wa[illegible] regarded him as a [illegible] ment.

Even so, he didn't tip her off as to what he intended to do, or when, or how. When the time came he merely said that he was going to sit in a crap game over Rooney's garage and that she could expect him back as soon as she saw him return. But instead of seeking his ham-and at a session of galoping dominoes, Pancake sought it by making his party call on the Hamilton Merricks.

The Merricks were not at home. The night watchman was there, but Pancake seldom introduced himself to menials. Also, he had used his dome and painted his finger tips with collodion. This cramped his style almost as much as it would have cramped Paderewski's, but Pancake, having once gone to the mat, wasn't going to have the half nelson put on him twice.

It was while he was drilling, and thinking of that old trick with the long black cheaters who had gummed his [illegible] that he was seized by an idea so brilliant that he stopped boring to top work for a second and vibrate with [illegible]. Pancake loved a joke, especially when it was on somebody else, and here was one that would [illegible] a look like neglected cheeses. Pancake, [illegible] his labor, wore a grin in comparison with which the best effort of Douglas Fairbanks was a dyspeptic [illegible] of discomfort.

In another half hour the door yielded to him, and he filled his pockets with shining loot. But instead of hastening his departure he devoted the next few minutes to the [illegible] of phony evidence.

First he removed one shoe and sock, and inspected the southern contours of his largest toe. Without question, it [illegible] had curly lines on it, like it was a thumb, only different. It looked like maybe it was the thumb of a young [illegible] something. Pancake massaged it with a drop of [illegible] and having thus insured a clear-cut impression, he [illegible] on his back and dotted several dainty seals on [illegible] remained of the safe. He sat up and delicately [illegible] the door around the combination lock. He took [illegible] card [illegible] printed the handle, and dropped it, as if by accident, under a chair.

"There!" said Pancake, retrieving his shoe and sock. "That'll jazz 'em a few!"

(Continued on Page 116)

As a Social Success It Put Anything That Mrs. Hamilton Merrick Had Ever Pulled Off, or Was Ever Likely to, Under the Sink

The Way the Baby Winds Up is Half of the Trick

AMBY

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY JARG

BASEBALL ain't in my line excepting only as a patrons of the game now or then, but when I pipes Amby doing his stuff out in the hick sticks I feels like I should oughta tell Hod McGrath about this bimbo. While I ain't got no fat ideas that the boy's turn is good for a spot in the big time, the next trip I makes to town I rolls around to the Blue Sox park and tells Mac what I sees.

Hod's one of them suspicious bozos that don't believe in nothing till he gives it the eye, and even then he puts on like his lamps is double-crossing him, so when I slips him my info he gets about as excited as a wet duck caught in a rain. "If this baby is got a swing in both mitts," says he, "why don't you make a fist mixer outta him?"

"He ain't got no brains," I comes back, kinda peeved at the ice-house hurrah my tip gets, "which is a other reason for bringing him to your intentions."

"Leaving all insults outside," remarks Hod, calming down some, "is you kidding or can this bushboy really shoot fast from both sides."

"I ain't and he can," I answers short.

"I've heard tell of them two-wheeler cuckoos before," says McGrath, "and I even knew a lad oncet that learned hisself to use his right when his left went blah on him, and he wasn't so bad neither, outside of not having no control and no speed and no curves and ——"

"Well," I cuts in sarcastic, "it was damn nice of you to make him feel at home by signing him for the Sox, but this kid I'm telling you about is got all of them things that hasbeener of yours didn't have none of"

"See him work much?" inquires Hod.

"Two or three times," I tells him, "and he's got zippo to burn in both wings besides being able to curve 'em all over the lot. The sand crabs he was heaving 'em at couldn't tell whether he was coming with his right or left and by the time they figured out what to get set for, the cows was home and yelling to be milked."

"How about his control?" McGrath wants to know. "Was he getting 'em over?"

"Looked like it," says I. "Understand, I ain't trying to fasten this baby on your pay sheet. Maybe he'd fliv flat with fast company and maybe you already got enough stupids on the team not to want no more. Outside of his trick arms Amby ain't quite got so much as nothing. All the folks in the jungle where I meets up with this bird seems to run to shoulders and away from brains. Sixteen-to-one is still new stuff out in Snake Hollow, and the young bloods gets their kick by betting pennies on whether the mixed freight will whistle when it passes through the joint or not."

"Snake Hollow, eh," remarks Hod. "What league's that in?"

"Stop tickling me," I comes back. "They ain't no leagues out there excepting maybe the Epworth The games that I seen is between a coupla burgs that hooks up on Sundays and holidays for the R. F. D. championship. I got a hot tip that they was some oil in that section, which is the way of my being there"

"Was they any?" asks McGrath

"Not when I gets there," I tells him. "Some guy musta come along with a mop and cleaned it up. To give the subject a change, though, why don't you have one of your boy scouts go out and take a look at Amby? Even if he ain't so good, it looks to me like a baby with double-action fins oughta be worth a few thin dimes at the gate. The come-ons is sure to fall for a side show"

"Maybe I will," says he. "If this lad ain't in no regular league I oughta be able to get him pretty cheap, and they is a chance that maybe that rural free delivery will get him by two or three games. The trouble with them freaks is that they is bears until the fence crackers look 'em over a coupla times, after which they ain't got nothing excepting their hands in the boss' pocket. How old is this lad?"

"Around eighteen or twenty," I answers, "and built from the ground up. Without knowing nothing about baseball, which is why I is often mistook for a big-league manager, my ideas is that Amby can be turned into a classy pitcher with some training."

"Didn't you say he was kinda blank in the bean?" asks Hod.

"Yeh," I admits, "but that shouldn't oughta hurt none. Not knowing nothing he's gotta believe everything you tell him, and if you tell him right he'll go that way."

"Think we'll have any trouble prying this baby loose from the Snake joint?" McGrath wants to know.

"No," I tells him. "Amby's just about ready to leave that sink hole flat. Someways or others a idea has sneaked up on him and hid in his dome that he's ripe for faster company than the which he's been piddling around with. Thinking of you like I always does when they ain't nothing on my mind, I feels the kid out about trying for a chance with the Blue Sox and ——"

"How'd that hit him?" cuts in Hod.

"It didn't," I answers. "He didn't never hear of 'em and asks me if they is so good as the Snake Hollow outfit. Outta friendship I gives the truth a stretch and says yes they is."

"Can the flattery, kid," yelps McGrath, "and get down into the cases. The way you been tossing insults around here you'd think I was to blame for you tripping over that oil pipe. Can we or can we not get the kid to come here? Answer me those, and without no asparagus remarks, neither."

"Yeh," I comes back right off, "bet your life he'll come."

"All right, then," returns McGrath. "I'll send Heenan up to give him the north and south, and if he's one-tenth as good as you say he is, which is the most I expects him to be, I'll take a flyer with young Amble."

"Amby," I corrects.

The Boy Goes Through His Regular Wiggle of Winding Up Straight Over His Head and Then Cuts Loose With a Left That Crooks Over the Rubber

"Have your ways," says Hod. "What's the boy's real monicker anyhow?"

"Amby Dextrous," I answers.

"Hell!" snorts McGrath. "That ain't his name; that's what he is."

"Is that what they calls a guy with two-time wings?" I asks, surprised.

"Yeh," says Hod.

"That's funny," I remarks. "I asked a bozo in Snake Hollow who the lad was and he said he was Amby Dextrous. How should I know it ain't his name?"

"You," McGrath has to admit, "shouldn't."

"

I DON'T see no more of Hod for about a week. Then I drops in accidental for the purposes of finding out what's what with Amby.

"He's coming," says McGrath.

"Then I clocked the baby right, eh?" I asks.

"It almost looks like perhaps you may be did," he answers. "Heenan writes me the boy can really fling 'em good from both sides, and he says you was dealing out compliments when you told me Amby didn't have no brains"

"Well," I wise-cracks, "he don't need to bring none here. It would be like taking news to Newcastle"

Amby Goes Through the Same Stuff and Mike Ain't at Home

Hod just gives me a present of a mean look.

"When does the lad rattle in from Snake Hollow?" I asks.

"They is due in this morning," says McGrath, "and if you ain't got nothing to do, outside of the nothing you does regular, I wish you'd stick here and maybe gimme a hand with Amby. You know the kid and it might help some to have a family face around."

"All right," I agrees. "They ain't nothing I wouldn't do to help drag you outta the cellar. You been in there so long I'm surprised you ain't all covered with green molding. Maybe if my pickup helps you cop a peanut you'll give me a bleacher seat for the world series the first day it rains hard."

"Don't you never have no legal holidays for that trap of yours?" growls Hod. "They oughta pull the Sunday closing law on it."

I got a quick come-back on the mark and ready to go when the door blams open and in walks Mike Heenan and the two-time kid from Snake Hollow. The boy makes me and wirelesses a wide grin.

"Welcome, Amby," I greets, jovial. "Welcome to our fair city."

"I like 'em," says the boy.

"'Em?" I asks.

"Fairs," comes back Amby. "We just done had one up home and ma she wins the third prize for pies."

"So far," says McGrath, catching my eye, "your stuff stands up. I suppose," he goes on, turning to the kid, "your ma can make a pie with each hand at the same time."

"She sure can," is the answer. "Me and my ma is just the same way. Sometimes we can't tell our rights from our lefts."

"I wouldn't be surprised," remarks Hod "Is you too tired or is you ready to show me what you got?" Amby being willing to put on his act, McGrath tells Heenan to hunt up a uniform for the boy. Mike starts out, but the lad stops him.

"You don't need to," says he. "I brung it with me."

And he drags out a package which I ain't noticed before. He opens it up and flashes a layout made outta this yeller overall stuff. On the front of the shirt he's got sewed on in red letters the words "Blue Socks."

"Who done it?" asks Hod.

"Ma," answers Amby.

"I means the spelling mostly," goes on McGrath.

"I knows what you means," says the Snake Hollow bearcat. "I seen a picture of some of your hands in the paper and I seen it was spelled S-o-x, but ma she says it was wrong and she wanted that it should be right on my uniform so folks wouldn't think I ain't had no schooling.

We asked the preacher, too, and he says I should do things proper no matter how many peoples does them wrong."

"Come on," growls Hod. "Show your stuff."

It being morning they ain't nobody out in the ball yard. Heenan gets himself a mitt and Amby goes out to the box. I stands behind the boy and McGrath gets back of Mike.

"Mix 'em, kid," says I. "Right and left. One after the other."

Which he does. The way the baby winds up is half of the trick. He holds his hands straight over his head, wiggles around from the hips, swaying one way and then the other, and suddenly he lets go. The first pitch is from the north side. It ain't so terrible fast, but they is a two-foot break on the pill and Heenan has to do some fancy stretching and reaching to grab it off. On the next shot Amby goes through the same setting-up stuff and Mike not knowing the boy's working with his left ain't at home when the ball comes calling. They is just as big a break on this one, in the other direction, of course, and it's maybe even a little faster than the first throw.

McGrath makes no cracks, and the kid keeps on pitching 'em, getting up more steam all the times and switching from right to left. I watches close to see if they is any difference between the two kinds of deliveries, but I can't see none. Pretty soon Hod calls it a day and Heenan beats it out with Amby to find a place for the kid to flop. I asks McGrath what he thinks of the lad.

"He ain't much of a right-hander and not much of a southpaw," says he, "but when you takes 'em both together the boy's got something I can maybe make some uses of."

"Maybe," I sneers. Hod's so damn conservative he reminds me of the cuckoo that was looking outta train window at a sheeps. "He's gotta lotta wool on him, ain't he?" springs a guy that's with him. "Yeh," comes back the cuckoo, "it looks that way from this side." "If you don't want this baby," I says to McGrath, "don't do me no favors. I'll take him to Bill Hynes and get a piece of change for my troubles. Like to see him with the Lizards?"

"There, there, dry your eyes," comes back Hod. "I'm gonna give Amby a chance. What more do you want?"

"I don't wan't nothing," I yelps, "only when I slips you an ace and you knows it I don't want you to act with me like I handed you a deuce spot outta the wrong deck. When you gonna fling the boy at 'em?"

"Tomorrow or the next day," says McGrath.

"Want that I should tip the paper lads for a smoke-up?"

"Nix not," he answers quick. "I don't want nobody to know about what Amby's got when I leads him out. Don't you do no talking neither. Give it the graveyard, bo."

"All right," says I, catching an inklink of his idea. "The boy oughta stand 'em up on their bald spots."

"It's possible, maybe," comes back this reckless bozo.

III

BEING as I is a kinda volunteer scout, McGrath invites me down into the coop the next day to see Amby do the step-off in the big time. I pipes that baby out in the field all diked out in a new uniform.

"Where's the one he brung along with the words all spelled out right?" I asks.

"I sent it out to be dyed the right color," says Heenan, "and the bell hop gets a smacker for the bawling out he's gonna draw for being careful to carelessly drop it in the grabbage can."

I watches Amby steaming 'em over, but he ain't doing none of his two-time stuff, much to my no surprise a-tall. He's just another one of them bushy right-handers as far as the players and the popeyes in the bleachers and up is concerned. McGrath is standing by the kid to see that he don't forget hisself and let loose from the south end. I don't ask no questions, but Heenan figuring I don't know nothing about the scientifical parts of the game, which ain't without two or three bases in fact, gives me this stuff in a ruined-mill whisper:

"Hynes," says he, "is got two sets of outfielders. One of 'em is suckers for left-handers and the other is just about as effective against the other kinda pitching as I would be against three wild tigers with my arm in a sling. Follow me, bo?"

"My toes," says I, "is rubbing the skin off your heels."

"Besides that," he goes on, "the Lizards is got a first baseman—Welton—and a catcher—Brown—that can't even get hit by a ball when they is a north-wheeler working. You notices they ain't gonna play today, Hynes figuring Amby is a right-hander. That's why he's got them babies of his out there batting against that kind a pitching. Now let's see what's what."

The announcer starts reading off the line-up and Heenan gives him both ears.

"See," says he. "Murphy, Stane and Wilsco in the outfield. Friend at first, Morgan catch. That's the right-hand layout. Watch."

But nothing tricky don't happen. Stane, the first cuckoo up, muffs the first right-hand out curve a foot. The next pitch is a ball, and the third one Stane meets with the end of his bat for a coupla bases. Heenan frowns but don't say nothing. McGrath is over near third base. The next bimbo tries the hit-and-run and damn near gets away with it. He slaps one high at the shortstop, but that lad jumps a coupla feet off the ground and spears the pill for a double play that makes itself. The third guy triples, but the fourth baby flies out against the center-field fence. All this time Amby ain't done nothing but throw right-handed. I'm kinda puzzled and admits it.

"I'm wise," says Heenan. "Hod wants to see if the kid can get by on the square this time, figuring that if he can he'll save the surprise for the next game. But the works is off. They'll bust the fences into toothpicks if Amby don't give 'em nothing but his right."

The Blue Sox don't do nothing in their shot at the bat and the Lizards crawl in for theirs. McGrath and Amby has been chewing the rag all the times the local lads is in, and I don't get no chances to trade any words with the boy.

Murphy waltzes up to the platter with a grin. He's a killer—against right-handers—and is all set for a dish of duck soup. He's got it doped that Amby ain't got nothing but a roundhouse curve, which is Murph's favorite song. As far as I can see nobody ain't noticed that the kid ain't wearing no glove.

The boy goes through his regular wiggle of winding up straight over his head and then cuts loose with a left that crooks over the rubber. The Lizard slugger, not looking for nothing coming in at him, takes a scared flop for hisself on the ground and draws the grand razz from the patrons. When he gets up and at the plate he's so puzzled that he don't even make a try for the next one that comes over from the south end.

I sees Hynes' gang of bench heaters at the other end of the grand stand milling around and yelling "Balk" and a lotta other things I can't make tails and heads outta, and when Murphy takes a third one lying down the bleacher babies begins making a fuss too.

"Who's pitching? Who's pitching?" I hears a flock of 'em yell, and the noise gets so strong the umps calls the game for a minute and sends the announcer over to McGrath. They is a kinda wow-wow around Hod and then the megaphone bird says his piece.

"Jones is still pitching for the Blue Sox," he hollers. "He pitches both ways—right and left."

I guess I forgot to mention that Amby's real name was Jones—Jeshurun Jones, if you got to know everything, but outside of the box score and the dotted line the monicker I hands him sticks.

The game don't go on for yet a while. Hynes is still arguing with McGrath, and they has walked so close to the coop that I gets a earful of the dialect they is carrying on.

"Them pitches is all balks," yells the boss Lizard.

"You ain't had no good eyes since they rejected you for the Civils War,"

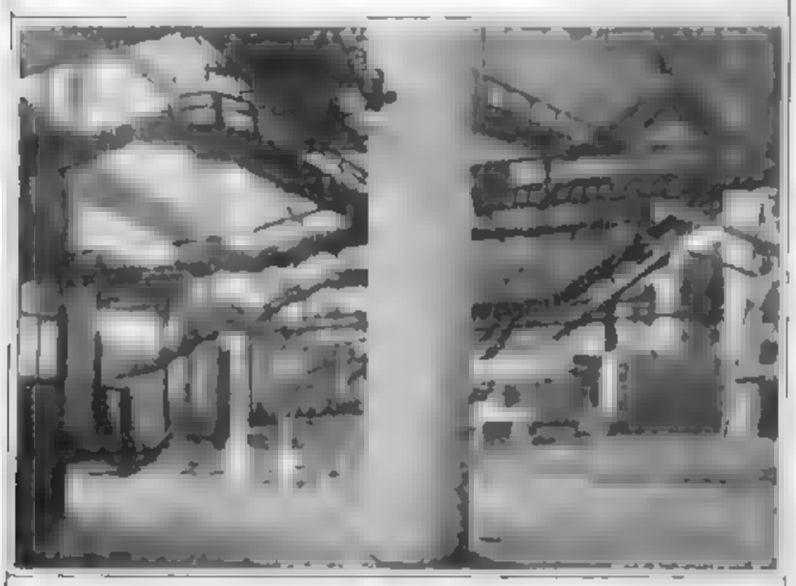
(Continued on Page 110)

The Umps Calls the Game for a Minute and Sends the Announcer Over to McGrath

The Lizard Slugger, Not Looking for Nothing Coming in at Him, Takes a Scared Flop for Hisself on the Ground and Draws the Grand Razz From the Patrons

LABOR-SHORTAGE

A Paving Breaker Tearing Out Asphalt Pavement on a Chicago Street. This Complete Machine Does the Work of Fifteen Men



An Extensive Installation of Conveyors Inside a Big Plant in California Showing How Fruit Is Carried From One Room to Another

Portable Air Compressor Operating Two Paving Breakers. This Machine Does the Work of Fifteen Men, Releasing Them for Other Jobs

THERE are many evidences that soon again we shall be facing a labor shortage, if it is not already upon us. The awakening of industry is causing many business men to be apprehensive over the question of securing adequate help to meet the needs of the coming expansion of trade activity. Already there are growing demands for wage increases throughout the country. Prices of essential raw materials are advancing. Unless great care is exercised we shall soon be engulfed in a wave of unhealthy inflation that will once again land us back in the trough of business despair and unemployment.

The business of the United States has suffered severely from the influence of the exponents of the theory that industry must travel in cycles. The general acceptance of such a belief doubtless proves profitable to the speculators in stocks and the gamblers in raw materials, who deal solely in prices and are not greatly concerned with the manufacture of goods. However, there is an increasing desire, if not a determination, on the part of many of our citizens, to see the business curve flattened out and the substitution of a more or less permanent state of prosperity for the present condition of frequently recurring booms and depressions. The average citizen doing useful work would be happier under a state of slow but sure industrial growth than under the present one of wild fluctuations.

Even the dullest student of business must realize the impossibility of establishing our industrial life on an ever-ascending plane. It is too much to expect that human errors can be wholly eliminated, and that our everyday conduct can be made flawless. Of course we must pay for the ignorance we exhibit and the selfishness we practice. There will always be a tax on the exercise of bad judgment in business, and as a result we shall experience some ups and downs in carrying on our affairs. But there is not one valid reason for permitting industry to travel to such wide extremes of activity and inactivity as we have witnessed in past years, and the fact is that this evil situation will end when we refuse longer to manage our affairs in accordance with the doctrines of speculators, who periodically capitalize the nation's business ills, and who often profit most from selling what they do not own. There should, of course, be rewards for foresight and sound judgment in business, but at least we should see that the rules of the game are fair.

Costs Cut by Machinery

AS TO the danger that lies ahead from an inadequate supply of labor, we must look largely to our scientists and engineers for a way out of the difficulty. The return of normal business throughout the world will necessitate our industries' doubling and tripling their production, and if men are not available the only way this can be accomplished is through the introduction of more and more machines. Mechanical substitutes seldom fail to reduce costs. We may seek salvation in the form of new laws, hire economists to perfect our monetary system, and burn the midnight oil in an effort to find ways of improving industrial relations; but the problems of increased production, reduced hours and labor-shortage must remain for the inventor and the engineer to solve with machines, which in coming years will do everything but think.

Although we Americans talk of our mechanical ingenuity, the fact is that we have hardly begun to apply machinery to industry. Even today in the United States there are more than 100,000 stations or transfer points where bulky goods are handled by hand. Ninety per cent of our factories and mills could easily save the time of from one to a hundred men by the installation of labor-saving equipment. Modern machinery is the only thing in the world that can bring down prices without knocking the bottom out of wages. Necessity may be the mother of invention, but a high wage rate is the father of the labor-saving device.

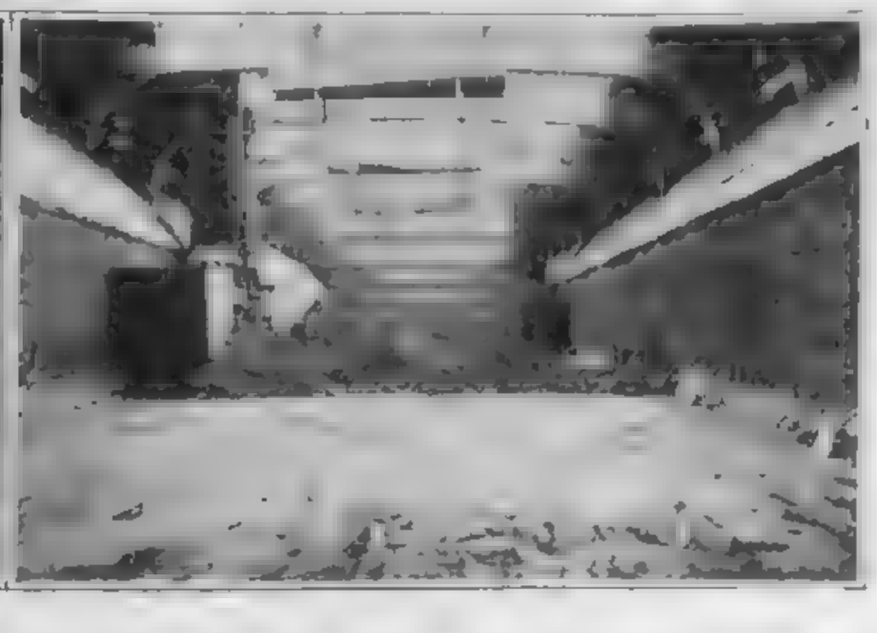
One of the chief subjects of discussion with relation to our labor problem is the matter of immigration. In the past very little attention was paid to the flow of aliens that streamed into our country. Now we have adopted the policy of regulating both the quality and the quantity of the foreign influx, so as not to make too difficult the process of assimilation. We have come to believe that we must not develop business by means that lower the standard of living of our present workers. An effort is being made to exclude aliens who have no intention of becoming American citizens, and who come to our country only to secure sufficient money to return to their own land and live in comfort. With these thoughts in mind, we now restrict immigration to a certain percentage or proportion of each race, and the regulations adopted are designed to encourage an inflow of people whose ideas, aspirations and ideals are closely akin to our own.

The New Attitude Toward Immigration

ALL our past experience indicates that there is a real peril in permitting an influx of low-grade aliens into our land, simply to satisfy the demands of industry for cheap labor. The immigrant who continues to use his own language seldom becomes acquainted with our plans and practices, and the result is an increase in accidents and a spread of disease. All that such people learn of our national ideals, laws and policies is filtered to them through foreign-language newspapers or politicians. Some of our national leaders of thought are convinced that all immigrants should be required to learn English within a reasonable period of time, under pain of deportation. The facts relating to our recent crime waves support this view. A recent investigation showed that 4,000,000 of our people over ten years of age speak no English. In 1920 New York City alone included in its population 421,951 who could not speak our language. Within the last ten years New York, Chicago and Philadelphia have seen this undigested mass within their borders increase more than twofold.

There is no doubt but that it is now the wish of the majority of the American people that our Government should adhere strictly to an immigration policy that will result in our making an asset of each alien that comes to our shores. It is quite certain that in the future our laws governing the inflow of foreigners will not be based on the economic exploitation of the foreigner at the expense of the general welfare of the nation. Because of what we now know concerning this problem, there is no doubt but that

Clay Digger Being Used in Trench Excavation. Replaces Six Men Working With Picks and Shovels. At Left—Automatic Bucket Legs Taking Ore Out of the Hold of an Ore-Carrying Boat on the Great Lakes. At Extreme Left—A Conveyor Used to Handle Box Shooks



REMEDIES—By Floyd W. Parsons

immigration will be restricted within the limits of an assimilable supply; and this being true, our leaders of industry will do well immediately to set about developing ways to increase the production of goods without adding to their present forces of workmen.

No argument is needed to convince the well-informed reader that in a country like ours human wants are increasing at a rate that keeps pace with our rapid climb to a higher plane of civilization. What were luxuries yesterday are necessities today. The fate that controls life has shifted the gears into high speed, and we have gained such momentum that there is no way safely to jump out. It has been only a few years since the automobile was invented, and yet we have a number of cities that boast one motor vehicle to every four persons. Twenty years ago we had less than 1,000,000 miles of highways that were passable the year round, whereas today we have approximately 3,000,000 miles of such roads, and right now we have under construction in this country a total mileage of highways that would more than encircle the earth. The motorbus is only a few years old, and yet it is the most popular means of travel in such distant places as far-off Damascus.

The world has become a place of revolving wheels, and the great need of the day is for energy to keep the wheels turning. The scale of living of the average American workman has risen to its present comparatively high elevation owing largely to the fact that he has been able to use machines to multiply the output of his bare hands. The annual consumption of electrical energy of a nation is a fairly accurate measure of its position on civilization's ladder. The United States leads all countries in total energy consumption, while Switzerland leads in the consumption per inhabitant. The consumption of electrical energy in the United States at present amounts to a little more than the total consumption of all the remaining nations of the world combined. It is likely that nearly 60,000,000,000 kilowatt hours of electrical energy will be consumed in the United States this year. But though America leads in total consumption, the little republic of Switzerland, as already mentioned, ranks first in consumption per inhabitant, with 700 kilowatt hours; while Canada comes second, with 612; Norway third, with 493; and the United States fourth, with 472. Switzerland, Canada and Norway possess large water-power resources that have served well to increase the wealth and productivity of those countries

Production Rate Increasing

WHAT electricity has done to enlarge the production of the nations that have gone in extensively for the use of this great force in industry is clearly evident from the figures showing the percentage increase in the total numbers of workers in the different countries and the increase in production in the same countries during the same periods. Here in the United States, while our army of workers has increased 4,000,000, or 10 per cent, our production in ten basic industries has increased more than 40 per cent.

Furthermore, we are only in the beginning of this great mechanical age. The minimum potential water power of the world totals 439,008,000 horse power, and it is estimated that only 25,000,000 horse power, or less than 6 per cent of this great source of energy, has been developed. The harnessing of the remaining water power, which is now going to waste, would make available for industrial uses a total amount of energy equal to that which would be obtained with present practices from more than 4,000,000,000 tons of coal annually, or three times the world's present yearly coal production. The energy output of all the workers in the world is estimated to be only 68,000,000 horse power daily, so that the utilization of the power in all the world's water resources not now harnessed would provide a total of mechanical energy equal to six times the power expended in some useful service by all the human workers in the world.

There is much discussion concerning the effect of machines on the minds and bodies of the men and women of today. There is no doubt but that the automatization of modern industry keeps workers keyed up to the highest pitch, especially when they are paid by the quantity produced.

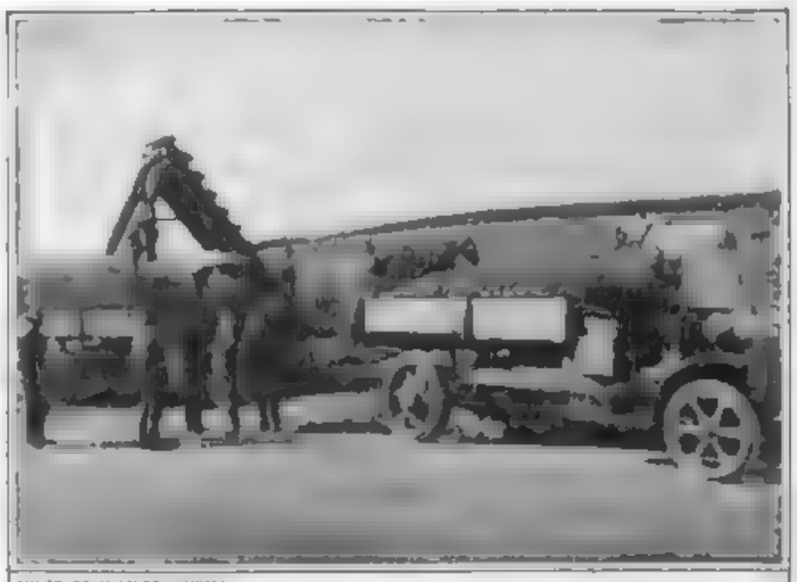
Tendency to Level Wages

THE production per man in the United States is 2 6 times as great as it is in Great Britain, our nearest competitor. This is due, in a great measure, to the fact that we use three times the mechanical horse power per worker that England does. There is no doubt but that our more extensive use of machines results in a correspondingly higher wage rate. Even if we wanted to we could not turn back in our present program of automatizing business. However, at the same time, we must not ignore all consideration of physiological laws. Such necessary factors as rest periods, rhythm of performance, monotony of occupation, proper nutrition of the human body and healthful working conditions must be carefully taken into account.

Then there is the tendency of machines to level wages. In plants that are very largely automatized three-fourths of the employes can be satisfactorily fitted to their jobs in two or three days. It is not unusual for an American workman of roving disposition to can fruit in California, mine coal in Colorado, make soap in Illinois, work in a rubber factory in Ohio, and weave cotton in New England, all in one year. The knowledge necessary to run a machine can generally be acquired quickly, and this not only tends to make the wages of men uniform but it is acting to draw the wages of the two sexes closer together. In addition, the wide use of machinery is equalizing the wages of age and youth. Boys today frequently receive the maximum pay for a task at an age when the youth of a generation ago were working as apprentices for wages that were not even sufficient to afford them a living.

Automatic machines in offices affect the white-collar groups, and in the cotton fields of the South they tend to bring the wages of blacks and whites closer together. Phonographs and duplicating typewriters are entering into competition with stenographers, while new methods and devices in many offices have made the old-fashioned bookkeeper more or less an object of historical interest. The socialists who laud the benefits that would result from equality of income are just commencing to

(Continued on Page 182)

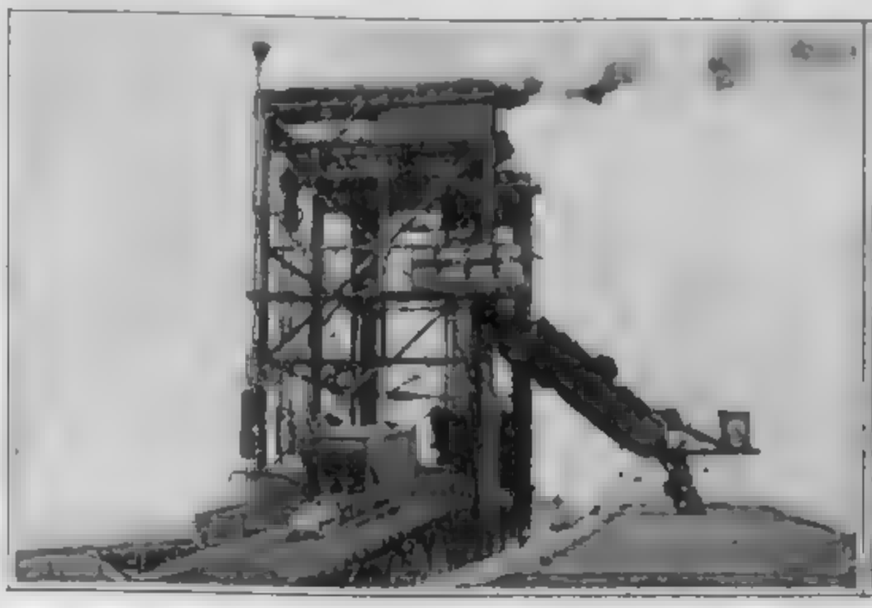


Five-Ton Trucks Being Filled by a Mechanical Gravel Loader. This Machine is Owned by San Luis Obispo County, California

Electrically Operated Movable Car Dumper. This Type of Dumper is Used Largely for Handling Materials on the Great Lakes

A Mechanical Conveyor in a Large Packing Plant Showing How Boxed Goods are Transferred From One Floor to Another

An Automatic Clay Digger at Work in the Mouth of a Tunnel. It Does the Work of Six Men. At Right—One Type of Coal-Car Dumper Used Largely on the Great Lakes. It is Operated by Steam. At Extreme Right—A Complete Concrete Road-Building Plant



THE LAST GREEN LEAF

By Lucy Stone Terrill

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LAGATTA

FOR the simple reason that I get a thrill out of him that I've never got out of any other man on earth," Neva Worthington complacently explained to her old friend Carrie Andrews, when that brusque person inquired as to why in the name of heaven she was making a fool of herself over young David Ellis. "And what's more, if I can't discover the secret of it I'll marry him," she languidly concluded.

She was breakfasting in bed—an amazing condescension to some unusual languor, and she only smiled at Carrie's disgusted rejoinder, "Oh, so you've coerced the poor infant into asking you, have you?"

"He isn't so young, dear thing," Neva sweetly evaded. "I remember I was older at twenty-seven than I am now—oh, much."

"And saner," Carrie grimly contributed, staring at the beautiful sleep-flushed face against her guest pillows. "I honestly think you've gone stark mad. And the Lord knows husbands are things that should be taken on at sane intervals."

Carrie's husband—the acquisition of a very sane interval—had attained to his nineteenth year of good standing, and was at the moment honking hideously on his auto horn in the vain hope of hastening Carrie for their morning round of golf.

"Well, if your example counts for anything, Carrie, I'd say I'm making for the highway to happiness. David's as much like Jim as anyone I know."

"You mean he may be like Jim was fifteen years ago," Carrie bluntly corrected. "I don't think they make husbands like Jim any more. Listen to the idiot; he'll toot that horn till he's exhausted. If you're in for another matrimonial attack, Neva, I must say I think the least you can do is to prey on someone with at least half your experience to protect himself with."

"Carrie, lamb, why insinuate that I'm old? I'm not! Look at me!"

Throwing back the light covers she complacently presented herself for inspection. Two braids of smooth hair fell over her shoulders like black satin ribbons. Carrie's quizzical friendly eyes frankly took pleasure in the picture, but she permitted no flattery to touch her tongue.

"Oh, you look well enough, conceited creature. But you're no miracle. There's always a last green leaf on every tree. But it's a lonesome thing, and the frost gets it eventually. Why don't you take good old Hunter Ripley and be done with it?"

Neva yawned. "Don't be tiresome, Carrie. You know very well how long I'd last on your nice stupid family-life stuff. There's about as much thrill in Hunter as there is in stewed prunes."

Mrs. Andrews opened her mouth, but her usual quick words failed of exit, and the pretty woman in the bed laughed delightedly, her laughter teasing forth a tempest in Carrie's freckled gray eyes. She sat herself down on the edge of the bed so vigorously that the silver on Neva's breakfast tray rattled noisily, but her swift truth-arrowed words did not temper her guest's emotionless, almost insolent gaze.

"Neva, you're such a worthless thing that none of us ever troubles much about you, but I'm going to tell you the truth for once, and if you want to walk out of my house in your nightgown you're at perfect liberty to do so. All your thrill talk makes me sick. You're always hunting and having thrills, like a boarding-school youngster. And what have they done for you? You spend your life parasiting around in your friends' houses because your friends' husbands reciprocate your thrills. I'll wager this is the only place you visit where you're not really the man's guest, and his wife puts up with you for diplomatic reasons. You take, take, take—and never give a thing."

"Is that how you feel about my merry years with Edgar?"

The quiet question intruded itself strangely above the other's louder words and the surprise of it visibly weakened Carrie's morale.

"Why—no-o, Neva, it isn't," she finally said, struggling to keep her voice free from the emotion that softened her keen gray eyes. "Since you mention it, that's just the reason we've all stuck by you in your wild career since—since ——"

"Since Edgar's death," said Neva quietly.

Carrie flushed. Edgar had arranged the details of his own demise, arranged them with satanic forethought, horribly. Neva said nothing more, so Carrie again plunged forward with her attack of facts.

With the Full Sun on the Flowers the Garden Was a Lake of Warm Fragrance, the Air Like Liquid

"Nobody denies but that you played a good game, Neva, after you began it. But that isn't the point. You didn't marry Edgar because you loved him or admired him or believed in him. You married him for the thrill of capturing a man who swore he'd never marry—a man who had outraged, safely and boastfully, because of his amazing personality, every law of decent society. You had your thrill, and I'll admit you paid for it. But so far as I can see, none of your thrills have ever been half worth what they cost you."

"Thrills, Carrie, are something one can't be mercenary about," Neva returned, tormentingly unruffled. "If you'd had any experience you'd never suggest it."

"Oh, I'm not such an old setting hen as you think I am; I'll match you any day on real thrills. The little pricky-up-and-down-your-spine sensations that you call thrills wouldn't interest honest-to-God thrillers any more than riding a sea lion on a merry-go-round would interest Woodrow Wilson."

There were times when Carrie Andrews' husband paraphrased her name to Carry-on—times when a particularly determined light visited her eyes. Neva recognized that determined light now, and in symbol of a white flag she languidly waved her handkerchief.

"Now, Carry-on, there's no use getting out the guns like this. I agree to everything—I surrender—I retreat. I told you last night I'd wired to David; why didn't you declare war then?"

"Because I happened to know that Jeanette Starr expected him there for the week-end, and I didn't think he'd come."

Neva's laughter was soft and pretty and unruffled—almost reflective. "I thought that it was John and Mary Ellis I heard talking on the veranda last night. I should think they'd give up trying to fasten Jeanette Starr to David, after while. Carrie, this is galumptious marmalade. I must get the recipe for it."

"Great heavens! You must be feeling domestic." Real alarm touched Carrie's critical eyes. "The Ellises wouldn't feel so easy if they knew you were seriously contemplating recipes and David in the same breath. They only consider you an antidote for the interior decorator."

Neva had never heard of an interior decorator, and she detested Mary Ellis, who was David's stepmother; but it was part of her philosophy to be always unangered and always unsurprised, and she poured out her words as lazily as she poured her second cup of coffee.

"Don't they realize that antidotes are sometimes dangerous cures?"

"Oh, bother! It's waste and ruin to talk to you! I'm going!" And she pushed herself to her feet, shaking her shoulders as if to free herself of the argument, but before she got to the door Neva surrendered to curiosity.

Incuriousness, or at least the outward manifestation of it, was another part of Neva's philosophy—a very considerable part—but there were the past six weeks of David's inattentiveness to increase the temptation of Carrie's casually mentioned interior decorator. But she conducted her investigations with strategy.

"Yes, do run along. And don't spoil your morning worrying over my future—or I should say, David's. If you see meddlesome Mary on the links assure her that they've nothing to fear from the—the lady of the decoration."

"Sweet of you, precious, but I'm afraid your assurances won't carry much weight. It seems you're not up on the recent developments, and from what David's father says, they've been rapid. You see he's had an excuse to be with her constantly every day—since the house has been in the finishing. You know children will be children. The girl's about his own age."

Neva's laughter was always her surest armor; with it she could shield herself from any arrow.

"You can't alarm me, pussy dear. How many trains did David wait after I wired him?"

Carrie wrinkled her nose from the doorway.

"But—you wired him," she drawled, slowly withdrawing her mocking friendly freckled face.

After perhaps two minutes of silence Neva broke the stillness of the gay sunny room with four words that squarely summed up the situation: "Yes—I wired him," she admitted.

Then, instead of the rage of jealousy that would have beset the meager-minded, came the still, white, self-devouring anticipation of the devout egotist. Even her body responded to it: her chest felt empty; her throat tight; her eyes hot and farseeing. She put aside the breakfast tray and quietly and carefully set about dressing, taking complacent pleasure in her beauty.

"Interior decorator—interior decorator—interior decorator"—the words whirled into a wheel of meaningless repetition in her brain, bringing no personality with them. What did it matter who the girl might be? What she might look like? Whom she might love? It did not even matter that she might love David. It would only give Neva the pleasure of power.

The girl must have been doing interiors for Mary Ellis' Berkshire house, and David, as its architect, would have been thrown into daily contact with her.

For six weeks she had experimented in letting David find his need for her; well, they had proved provocative. Perhaps they had made material for thrills. For the greatness of her adventure with David Ellis had sustained itself through the possibility of pain it promised. In all her man-mastering life she had never been hurt. Her husband had made her hate him, but he could not hurt her because she had not loved him. But David—he forgot her; he neglected her; he loved her; he took her for granted. His love bewildered her, and compelled her because of its very irritation. But a knowledge deeper than reason told her that whenever she sent for him he would always come, just as he was coming that morning.

Having dressed she went down to the south veranda to wait for him, and found there Hunter Ripley, bowing surprisedly with worship in his gray eyes, as if their meeting had happened by some rare God-given accident instead of by his own patient perspicacity. It seemed to Neva that every corner she had turned in the past fifteen years had disclosed Hunter behaving in just this fashion. He was a classmate of Jim Andrews, a contemporary also of Jim's state of baldness, stolidity and stoutness. As he

came eagerly toward her she forestalled his obvious greeting by a scoffing—"Oh, spare me, Hunter, spare me. I know I'm 'graceful as a lily stem and lovelier than all of them,' and it bores me to hear you express it less delicately. Aren't you fatter?"

"Yes; five pounds," he acknowledged, "but I've lost some hair and two teeth to make up for it. But my heart is always just as young as you are."

He put her into a chair of chintz and wicker, and settled down opposite her, rather like a huge Newfoundland resignedly placing himself at the disposal of an adored but none-too-gentle child. Little spiders of sunlight wriggled through the vines to dance on Neva's smooth black hair She had never deigned to follow fashion's coiffures, but had dressed her hair always simply—drawn straight from her face, as so few women can wear it, and braided in a crown about her head.

She laughed at the big man whose eyes loved her.

"All right, Young Heart. Let's have it over with. Your love for me is unchanged; you consider me the most winsome and wonderful of women; and you offer your hand in marriage for the fourteen millionth time. Am I rehearsed correctly?"

"We-ell, up to the last line you're all right. But that's been changed by the censors. I no longer offer my hand in marriage. Fact is, I withdraw the thirteen million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine previous offers."

"Hunter!" There was real surprise in her dark languorous laughing eyes. "Can it be that at this eleventh hour you're actually going to begin to be interesting?"

"Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say that exactly. It might just be, you know, that when an elderly young thing like yourself chooses to be conspicuous by her interest in college boys she ceases to be interesting."

It was the crudest thing he had ever said to her; she rebuked him by answering nothing. As the silence continued, a disconcerted flush climbed slowly to his broad high cheek bones.

"What in the devil do you see in the kid?" he finally said, giving his cigarette exaggerated attention.

"You and Carrie seem to have studied the same lines this morning."

"Not surprising. Do you answer her with evasiveness too?"

"Well, I can't see that it vitally concerns either of you, but the truth is that David gives me something in his love that no one else ever has." Such stark simplicity was not characteristic, and it embarrassed her into adding, with her accustomed banter: "Of course it may only be that it's so long ago since men of David's age made love to me that I've forgotten the charm of their methods."

"Then he does make love to you?" he asked unpleasantly.

"Well, Hunter, you haven't thought him abnormal, have you?"

He met her sarcastic smile with a straight stare.

"No. I was merely stupid enough to credit you with a dignity which you seem proud not to possess."

Again Neva met this unprecedented attack with a gentleness that plainly bewildered her big stolid companion.

"Hunter," she said, leaning forward to put one hand on his arm, "I really think I have learned dignity from knowing David. Now for heaven's sake [illegible] declare an armistice, won't you.

He had quickly covered her hand with his big one, and his armor dropped from him.

"Oh, Neva, I do love you so! [illegible] day in ten years—that's the [illegible] der I'm getting a little ragged [illegible] without hurting any more men? Why can't you let this kid alone? I know a girl he'd marry—like a shot, if [illegible] if you were out of it."

Neva thrust away his hand with a small gesture of distaste, leaned back in her chair and yawned

"Really, between you and Carrie I'm having a most enlightening morning. Which girl are you concerned about—Jeanette Starr or Miss—ah, what is her name? the interior decorator?"

Yes, he was surprised that she should know of the interior-decorator person; she read as much with her [illegible] less eyes, but there was no betrayal in those careless [illegible] of her own surprise at his knowledge. Apparently [illegible] alone of all her social universe had been [illegible] David's affair with the interior decorator.

"I'm not concerned about either of them," Hunter was saying, watching her. "I happen to be speaking, though, of Miss Brown."

Miss Brown. Miss Brown. So that was her name. David and Miss Brown.

"Don't you think, Hunter, that unless he would marry her—like a shot—in spite of my existence, he better not marry her at all?"

"No, I don't. The kid can't be expected to cope with the power of your experience. If you looked like Carrie instead of—the way you do, he'd be safe enough, all right."

"It seems odd, doesn't it, that men never develop this power of experience? The older they grow ——" She left her obvious conclusion unspoken. He ignored it.

"If you were sport enough to leave young Ellis alone for six months you'd see fast enough what he'd do—in the face of being disinherited, at that."

"Hunter, if I were to leave David alone for six months or for six years he wouldn't do a bit different than you have done. And you'll admit that I leave you alone, won't you?"

"Yes, Neva. I'm not old enough yet to be foolish enough to deny it. But your mind holds Ellis, and my heart holds me. Great difference."

"Oh."

The statement held possibilities. He took advantage of her slight thoughtful pause to continue his philosophy.

"If you'd leave him alone—and not want him—then, [illegible], you'd discover the difference between his love [illegible]"

[illegible] was a small silence, and the irritation to which [illegible] never exposed the beauty of her features or the tranquillity of her soft black eyes expressed itself only in a [illegible]ht insolent movement of her shoulders.

"Your theory will have to go untried, Hunter, because—I happen to want him, you see."

"The kid'll hate you [illegible] when he grows up."

"Because I'm older?"

"Ye-es; and because your vanity makes you think you're as young as he i[illegible]

Aren't you refreshing, though? Do you realize that I'm exactly as many years older than David as you are older than I?"

"That's beside the question. Women are always older than men."

"That argument's as antiquated as the cut of your coat. Age is altogether a matter of individuality."

"I'd say that it's a matter of adaptation with you. You seem to think you take on the age of whatever man you're with—like a chameleon."

"Then I'm not running true to form at the moment, Hunter. I've never felt old enough yet to go about giving impertinent advice where it isn't wanted. And I gather that's the only reason you're spending the week-end here, isn't it?"

"No. I didn't know about your infantile pursuits until last evening. I drove out with Ellis and Mary, and they were stewing all the way over what they'd do if David didn't stop seeing this Miss Brown. Then, after they'd gone, Carrie and Jim began lamenting over you. Fact is, I came out here with the intention of freshening up my permanent proposal—just as you supposed."

"Hunter"—her voice was hard, but her eyes were not—"I married a man without loving him. You knew him. Would you want me to do the same thing again?"

"No!" he said, and raised himself abruptly to his feet. "Well, I guess it's about time for your shepherd boy now, isn't it? I'm joining Carrie and Jim at the club for lunch."

She gave a little laugh. "Why! How did you know I call him that?" she asked.

"Humph! I've some imagination, my dear Neva, even if I do look like a sea lion. And I haven't passed through a decade of your pet names for nothing. I was Achilles once myself, if you remember."

As she smiled up at him amused reminiscence lighted in her eyes like a fleck of sunshine in deep dark pools.

"Why, so you were, you dear old thing, you. Of course Achilles was a hunter; but your heel's never got well enough for you to hunt any more, has it? Truly, I'm sorry, Hunter."

"Oh, never mind. I may hunt up some flapper, too, and amuse myself counting apple seeds with her. Oh, Neva" again his voice surrendered helplessly to his love for her—"oh, Neva, if only you knew yourself half so well as I know you! You ought to have some contentment in those bottomless eyes of yours, and a couple of shepherd boys of your own."

She was not listening Her gaze

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It Seemed to Neva That Every Corner She Had Turned in the Past Fifteen Years Had Disclosed Hunter Behaving in Just This Fashion

THIS FREEDOM

A Chronicle Bound in Red Tape

By a Millinery Saleswoman

ON THOSE evenings lately when I could hold my eyes open, I've been reading by snatches that story of Hutchinson's; and I've been wondering if, had Rosalie been as much interested in millinery as she was in office work, she would have—after a fair trial—continued to neglect husband and children for the joy of working in the millinery department of a great city store. Believe me, little Tessie Kearns, with your metropolitan yearnings, there's a wide difference between a real human being working in that cozy shop in Simsbury and a mere number, a cog in the big machine.

For several months past I myself have been entangled in the labyrinthine and tenacious web of efficiency—the web that becomes more and more complicated as civilization and city life become increasingly complex. I knew, even when I first assumed that I was one of the high-class, attractive-looking women asked for in the Help Wanted Column by Fieldenheim's for their millinery department, that I was not going in for something easy; but I soon found that I hadn't the tiniest infant's conception as to the ingenuity of efficiency experts in devising entanglements for the unwary feet of human ants.

The immensity of the system that must be absorbed into one's very marrow is indicated by the fact that the book of rules which the new employe receives consists of more than one hundred pages. On the first three days of the novice's engagement she goes to school for three hours daily, and during the remaining hours is not allowed to make any sales, but just drifts about the floor of her department, studying stock and methods. On the three following days she again attends lectures for two hours a day, and then stands a written examination. I spent my evenings for several weeks in conning my book of rules.

The first loop of red tape is thrown over you when you learn of your limitations as to dress. Your gown must be of solid color and in certain neutral shades, which are distinctly specified; as are also your shoes, your collars and cuffs, your hairdressing and even your camisoles. Spats are permitted only if they are of the same color as the shoes.

There is much reason in this. If everyone were allowed to select her own color scheme there would be a glorious jumble that might make an unfortunate background for the hats and dresses we sell, besides shocking the sensibilities of our more temperamental customers most dreadfully. You who are fortunate enough to live in a small town do not refuse to shop at The Elite or The Model Store because you don't like the self-selected costumes of the sales force; but put you in the hothouse atmosphere of Titanopolis for a while and your nerves and sensibilities would become so keened that you would demand a certain circumambience and stage setting for your transactions, and would be more or less visibly annoyed if you didn't get it.

Having Completed My Buying I Went Down to Another Desk on the First Floor, Where I Waited Until My Discounts Were Computed

Seven Bosses to Please

AMONG the first stimulating experiences of my job was that of discovering a new boss every day. This continued until I had catalogued seven, any one of whom was apt to countermand orders given by the others. The all-highest of our immediate superiors was the merchandise manager, who had entire charge of all the millinery and other departments on our floor of the building. Next below him came the floor superintendent, only one of whose duties I was ever able to discover, which was that of passing judgment on all checks offered us of more than twenty-five dollars—and I am certain that he took a chance on not a few of them. Next in rank came the millinery buyer, Miss Shanklin, who was the real head of our department, and her assistant, Mrs. Krall. Next came two section managers, Messrs. Johnson and Smithson; and lastly our floor manager, Mrs. Motz, who was in charge of the moderate-priced hats only. Above us, and separated as by a great gulf, was the Salon, where higher-priced headwear was purveyed; and below us were the untrimmed hats.

If I suggested to Mrs. Motz in the morning "Suppose I dress my case with sport hats today—those new greens and browns," and she replied "Good idea; go to it!" I had no assurance that just about the time I'd got the case all arranged Miss Shanklin wouldn't come along—perhaps in one of her tantrums—and say "Ridiculous! Take all those hats out of there at once!"

Miss Shanklin is one of the handsomest women and one of the most tasteful dressers that I have ever seen; and when at her best she can be one of the most charming; in other words, like the notorious little girl, when she is good she is very good, indeed; but—you know the rest of it.

She has a vast contempt for anyone not of metropolitan birth or experience. I've sometimes wondered whether if her own past were probed some disgusting fact wouldn't be brought to light, such as that she herself had been born in, say, Rainy Butte, North Dakota. You never can tell; but the exposure wouldn't change her attitude, even at that. She soon discovered that I had not been in the city very long, but had come from a smaller town; and I believe she decided at once that I'd never make the grade.

On my second day in the store one of the girls called me and said, "Miss Shanklin wants you—over there," pointing.

You see, she was impressing me with her power by making me walk across the floor to her, instead of coming to me. She stood eying me with huge disdain as I approached.

"You're from the country, aren't you?" she asked.

"Well, I've been in Titanopolis two years," I replied. "I came here from Mechanicsport."

I was rather proud of that little city of a hundred thousand too; but I could see that in her ears the name became as a byword and a hissing.

"Take that pencil out of your hair!" she commanded.

The pencil in question was about two inches in length. I had no pocket, and as yet no salesbook in which to carry it; and I was scheduled to attend a lecture in a few minutes, where I would have to take notes, so I couldn't do without that pencil. "Yes, ma'am," I replied meekly. "If you'll tell me where to carry it ——"

"That isn't my lookout," she snapped. "We don't carry pencils in our hair here in Titanopolis. It may be all right in small-town stores, but it don't go here," and she proceeded to sketch for me with vigorous strokes the vast abyss that lies between Titanopolis and the rest of America.

I had learned that she was our buyer, but that she was also one of my monitors was a new and disquieting idea. Later on in my career I made such a good sales record that in spite of my unspeakably rustic past I earned Miss Shanklin's respect, and her temperamental shrapnel didn't hit me quite so often as it did in those earlier days.

Rainy Mornings

ONE of the gorgons that the new clerk finds glowering at her is the penalty for tardiness. This is an all-too-prevalent vice in a great city where there are frequent traffic jams and where one must travel for miles on a fallible railroad train, street car or other public carrier to reach a given point. One must be on the floor at 8:45 A.M., ready for business, else one is considered late, and must get a pass from a designated official in order to get in. If the morning has been rainy or snowy and traffic conditions are much upset, there may be a hundred or hundreds late. Then we must form in line, shoving and jamming as if in a crowded car, and file slowly past a table, where two men fill out passes in a leisurely manner, chatting and exchanging badinage meanwhile with the girls they know. This process sometimes consumes thirty minutes of one's time. Our names, numbers, the date and something else—I've forgotten what—must be written on the pass. We showed this to the matron, who admitted us to our lockers, and then we carried it on to the section manager, who finally sanctioned our presence on the floor. The section manager placed his signature on the pass, together with such remarks as he cared to append, and the document was added to our ponderous and ominous record somewhere in the bowels of the great establishment.

I have no doubt that there are horn-spectacled acolytes hovering over those records who could declare at a moment's notice precisely how many times each of us has been tardy within a given period, just as they know how many people went up and down in the elevators or escalators between 12:01 and 2:57 P.M. on January 28, 1919. Of course, they do not know why those salespeople were tardy. That doesn't matter.

The complex system that becomes absolutely necessary to a great store with its increase in size is sometimes well-nigh heartbreaking to those who must struggle with it; and when efficiency engineers spend hours and months in thinking up additional and unnecessary tangles of red tape it's no wonder that salesgirls are willing to marry anybody who will rescue them. One always has a feeling as if picking one's way about through an endless jungle of machinery, where one may get caught at any moment between inexorable steel jaws or gears and ground to pulp. It reminds me of a visit I once made to the engine hold of a steamship, when I moved timorously over spidery iron staircases and platforms, through vast shadowy spaces, clutching the railings tightly, while great wheels spun, purring stealthily about me, and enormous, glittering steel pistons glided snakily in and out of the dusk, so close that I might have touched them. Every moment's stay seemed to be a risk. The great difference was that in the steamship I was in no real danger of getting entangled, and that the machinery there did not creak and groan from imperfect designing or poorly oiled bearings as it did in the store.

There are several colors of cash carriers passing through the tubes in the big store, each for a particular purpose; and to use the wrong one is a misdemeanor. We have

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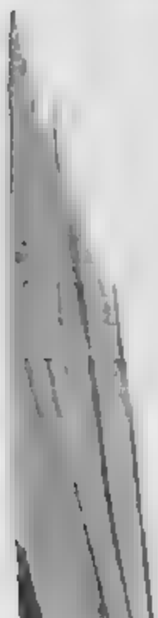
CHOOSE YOUR EXIT NOW

Walk—Don't Run!—By Katharine Dayton

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Why Do We Live? Tell Me That, Old Uncle. What Excuse Is There for Us?"

WHENEVER a straw vote is taken on that ever burning question, "Is anything wrong with our drama?" the ayes invariably have it. Expert and layman, critic and consumer alike are agreed that it has decayed to a point where all the gold filling in the world cannot save it a view that seems not at all exaggerated in its pessimism to one who has studied recent Broadway productions, which in the majority of cases appear to consist principally of exposed nerves. Yet so far, outside of a few suggestions that it be pulled, no one has put forward a sane and sound remedy. What more convincing that the crux of the trouble lies in the right audiences getting into the wrong plays, and vice versa, than the following pitiable cases which were recently brought to our attention? Mr Henry F. Klipp, the snappy young salesman of U-All-No Undies, from Nampa, Florida, who had only one night in New York and found himself trapped in one of those damp and depressing little dramas of peasant life, translated almost too freely from the Austrian; Mrs. Jabez Muzzy, president of the Fine and Allied Arts Society of Maplewood, Indiana, who discovered too late that Evadne, which she had supposed one of those whimsical Barrie things, derived its name from the Pullman sleeper in which the entire three acts, and some other things, were laid; and Miss Mignon Craw, who, always considering three dollars and a Saturday afternoon well spent if she gets a good cry out of it, purchased seats for One Sleepless Night under the impression it was from the Russian of Maxim Gorky, only to realize as the curtain rose on a double sextet of Pajama Girlies that it was, as she described it afterwards, anything but; consequently, we announce what we feel confident will prove the solution of this painful and perennial problem.



Taking our cue from the magnificent accomplishment of preventive medicine, we have prepared the following plays, or excerpts of plays, which are representative of those to be seen at any, and sometimes every theater on Broadway—classifying them, and indicating briefly the reactions they will arouse in the average audience. It remains only for the reader to choose the type which most strongly appeals to him, and on his next visit to New York to insist that his favorite agency procure him seats for a current attraction of the same type. The advantages of this sample system, with its elimination of acute suffering as well as waste of time and money, are incalculable. Especially to you, Mister Out-of-town Theatergoer! Don't spend your life regretting the plays you saw in New York that you didn't like. Find out what you do like—and insist on seeing something just as good. In other words, don't wait until the curtain rises to take the advice of the fire commissioners—choose your exit now!

CLASS I THE RUSSIAN PLAY

[Note: The first—and the essential—thing to remember about Russian drama is that, like Christmas presents, it is not so much the plays themselves as the spirit in which they are given.

Of late, tremendous strides have been made in the New York productions of Russian plays. Heretofore they have been given in English translations, which were very difficult to understand, but this season they are being given in the original Russian, which no one even tries to thus making it decidedly easier all around. We will print merely the English translation, bidding the reader bear in mind that the original will not sound much worse, although a little louder and gruntier. However, some of the noises are quite amusing.]

THE SECOND COUSINS

By Maxim Chokedov

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MASHA, *a woman*
ILIODOR MOMPOFSKI, *her husband.*
MIKHAIL USPENSKAYA, *their uncle.*
RUBLE, *an old man.*
POGROM, *his nephew by a former marriage.*
ANDREI GLOMPSTCH, *a middle-aged man.*
OLGA, *his wife.*
ELLA AMBUZHALOFF, *their bridesmaid.*
OPL UTSZCH, *a night watchman.*
TRAMPS, REPORTERS, MOTORMEN *and others*

ACT I

Night in the corner of a cellar in a Moscow glue factory. MASHA, HASHA *and* CASAWBA, *drunk and wrapped in filthy droshkies, are lying on dirty beds of caviar. Their dressing is authentically Russian. They are all coughing.*

MASHA *has measles, and the others flat feet.* IVAN *enters.*

IVAN: Ho! Swine!

MASHA *(with ready Slav wit):* You're another!

OLGA *(entering):* Eh? What's that?

IVAN: I called them swine!

MASHA, HASHA *and* CASAWBA: Ay, swine—the dog!

KOPECK *(entering):* What are you, then? What is man?

A PILGRIM *(entering):* Man is truth!

[All cross themselves and cough.

POPOVER *(an idiot, entering):* So goes the world, comrades! *(Sings):*

Ho! Little Flea!
Yip-i-addy-i-ay-i-ay!
Knowst thou the Terrible Czar
Comst to bring tears and death.
Hi! Little Flea-Mother!
Yip-i-addy-i-ay-i-ay!

GIORIOVITCH *(entering):* Why do we live? Tell me that, old uncle. What excuse is there for us?

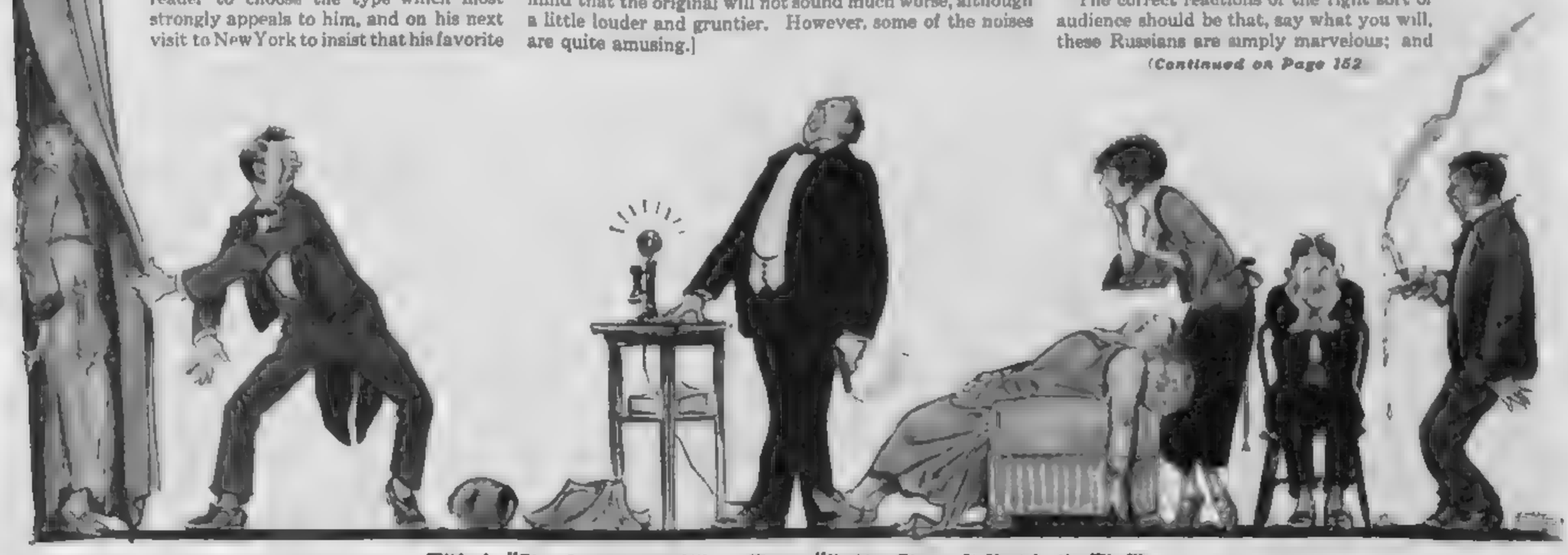
ALL *(coughing despairingly):* Aye why—why—why?

CURTAIN

Lack of space prevents our giving the four other acts of this moving drama of souls struggling in darkness, but each one is practically a repetition of Act I except that war, peace, capital, labor, the advantages of a high-school education and modern plumbing are discussed in the sensational Act III, and several of the characters—though it is difficult to distinguish just which ones—hang themselves at the very end of Act V.

The correct reactions of the right sort of audience should be that, say what you will, these Russians are simply marvelous; and

(Continued on Page 152



Wilford: "That Curtain Moved!" Watts: "Nothing There. It Must be the Wind"

BARBRY

By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

At the Thunder of His Voice the Bay Horses Plunged Forward Nobly, and Dug Hoofs Into the Grass. He Pulled Behind Them

VI

"Oh, I've got the mumps, the chicken pock,
The measles and lumbago,
The influenzy, the outfluenzy,
And the ticka-de-hollaroo"

BARBARA, on her way home from a three-mile errand, paused and wheeled about to listen. She stood where two roads parted. Whoever it was advancing down Pagan's Fork toward the river road, he bore his sufferings joyfully and turned them into song. His voice, clear and deep, rose with a hearty ringing note behind the dark roadside firs and cedars:

"Oh, I've got the jumps, the doleful dumps,
The gout and Parson Quinzy ——"

"Hallo!" he cried, bursting into view. "Hallo! How are ye?"

He was a huge old man—six feet and a half tall, in girth like an ox—with bare snow-white head glistening in the morning sun, a crinkly snow-white beard that lay spread upon his chest, a jovial face and bright blue eyes set all about with the funniest of wrinkles. He came down at a marching gait, springy and youthful. On his right shoulder he carried a brand-new broom, which he kept twirling like a toy windmill.

"Hallo, girl!" he boomed.

Barbara pinched the sides of her skirt and ducked in a curtsy.

"Good morning, sir!"

The white-haired giant hung over her mountainlike in the road, standing close, with feet braced apart. She felt glad that his broom was not a club.

"How's your own health, my dear? Ever have the hen flew endways?"

"No, sir," replied Barbara faintly.

"Nor the ticka-de-hollaroo neither?"

Stealing a look upward, she found the giant's blue eyes were laughing slyly at her, and so were all his wrinkles. Something in them or in his big singing voice drove all her fear away.

"No," she answered. "I—I hope it doesn't ache you much, sir."

To her surprise he threw back his head and, tilting his broad white beard toward the fir tops and the sky, sent up a kind of bellow.

"Me!" he shouted; then staring down again, quite solemn, "Well, no, dear," he said. "Least not in sunshiny weather like today, that would make a swamp angel lick his chops or a bobcat purr. No, thank ye, I don't suffer no real pangs; that is, not worth callin' my neighbors in to set up nights. You wait, I'll show ye. Ever see any sick man do Jim Crow?"

Broom in hand, he gave a monstrous jumping-jack leap into the air, then another and another, cracking his boot heels loudly each time, crossing the road back and forth, now laughing, now singing a quiet little accompaniment, while dust laid by the last night's dew sprang round him in a cloud and left a mazy pattern of white footprints beaten on the road.

"Takes a limber-toed nigger for to jump Jim Crow!" he sang, and, ending with a double whack, balanced the new broom on his nose.

Barbara stood lost in worship.

"Well, there!" exclaimed her strange friend. "What a fool I be!"

Coming to rest, he shouldered the broom again and saluted her.

"The fault of such a morning 'tis, dear, so fine and bright it warms through the legs of a man, to make him cut up rusties. Three score year and five are my age, ducky, and three hunderdweight o' mortal clay; if by reason of stren'th they be four score year, by cripes we won't become too dignified for never to jump Jim Crow! Why, bless your swarty little face, I got a boy ain't more'n twice older than you."

Barbara now saw that he wore smooth navy-blue cloth with horn buttons, and long bootlegs under his trousers. He did not act or talk like a farmer.

"Where ye bound?" he asked.

"Up river," she said. "Up home."

He looked at her more closely from his wrinkled eyelids.

"O-ho!" he chuckled. "You're that little girl belongs by law to Barn-Owl Bion the hoss deacon? Let's walk thidder in fellowship, then. I'm goin' up so far as to sweep out the Lord's house. This is my broom. Who shall go up into the hill of the Lord?"

He presented arms with the broom, rather solemnly, as though it had been symbolic; then tossed it under one knee and caught it between thumb and finger; then shouldered it like an ax and marched on. Barbara trotted alongside, taking great joy in his company. Before they had gone a dozen paces the giant turned.

"Look!" he commanded, pointing back through a gap in the trees. "Look how my ro'd pours after us, would ye?"

The river highway merely dipped into a vale behind them, and broke off against a dark-green wall of fir tops; but on the right Pagan's Fork came swooping from high inland, from southwesterly down the hills in three long curves. Every curve meant speed—graceful speed through pointed evergreens from a notch in the sky line.

"More like three leaps of a greyhound," declared the speaker thoughtfully; "more like three flights of a barn swaller than a plain ro'd for wagons to plodder on. Hey?"

He looked again slowly at Barbara.

"How d'ye feel?" he asked. "When ye behold grand hefty frameworks of the world rearin' a form so beautiful,

and rushin' up so distant again' the heaven, how does that make ye feel? Kind of little, or big and swellin' grand?"

The question, like the scene, was too much for her; therefore, while she gazed, she grew lonely; therefore she knew at last how to answer

"Little. Yes, sir. Awful small and little."

The old man took her by the hand.

"Guess you'll do," said he gruffly, turning away. "Come!"

They entered the winding corridor of a fir wood, where the road burrowed cool and deep through shadow, now downward, now upward, in short wavy contours. Balsam sweetened the air along this journey, with now and then a warmer breath of herbs, grass and flowers drawn from some hidden clearing. Ferns closed in, bent with dew, ablaze wherever the sun caught them like hedges of silver. The road swerved on, dark and peaceful. Uphill, magenta fireweed, shining butter-and-egg or the brave Spanish colors of snapdragon peeped once or twice through evergreen dusk; and a most lonely, shy, musical bird sang "Old Ben Peabody, Peabody, Peabody!"

The huge broom bearer walked along silent, in a rolling gait.

"I do love them woods!" he cried all at once. "Old gype like me talking so! But I dote on 'em and gloat on 'em."

Barbara could put a word to that.

"And I can see the river," she gossiped, "shining way down amongst the roots of trees!"

He understood her; for at their right hand glimpses of water, far below, sparkled through the pine and spruce trunks that went stepping in twilight, half green, half russet, down to a craggy shore.

"Ah!" mused the old giant. "Ah, jesso! I pity them whose lives don't comprehend it"

Thus, talking at random, they climbed forth into warm sunlight on the northern end of Boxberry Hill. Here stood a little white wooden church with a dumpy spire, overlooking farm lands and the chain lakes of the blue river that stretched away toward the head of the tide

"Mornin' is young," said the man, "for look, the snake spit ain't failed off the flowers"

Indeed, as they went toward the church, Barbara saw that under the daisy tops clung balls of white froth, not yet melted by the sun.

"Come along in with me, dear. Le's go sweep out the house of the Lord. Them that has clean hands, that has not lifted up their soul unto vanity —— Ho-hum-a-day! You hain't ever done so."

He drew from his pocket a big iron key with which he unlocked the church door

"Walk in. You and me, seeing we're both in our childhood together, fust and last, maybe we'll git us some grace."

The church, inside, was dark and chilly and full of a queer Sabbath odor somewhat like the smell of black cloth. Barbara went by force of habit to Bion Savory's pew. While she sat thinking how strange it was to be there on a week day, her companion flung up windows, opened shutters, let in broad bars of sunlight and began to ply his broom. Along the aisles, under the very jaws of the pulpit, he sang and whistled at his work:

"But oh to see the devil go home
With all the whigs afore him!"

So cheerful became the church, so transformed by the sunlight, the spruce-wood breeze, and this funny white-bearded singer of jig songs, that Barbara felt altogether at home. A certain question long had puzzled her. Now was the time for asking it.

"Oh, mister!" she called.

The unknown giant stopped and with his brown paw made a friendly gesture across the ranks of pews.

"When you want me, call Captain Barzy," he said "Barzillai is my name. 'Twould signify the Iron o' the Lord. Wish I was too. Go on. What's trouble?"

Barbara looked down at her dusty boots on the Savory hassock. The question was a delicate one to put.

"Why," she stammered, "I don't know, but you said, outdoor—what is a child o' grace?"

Captain Barzy faced this poser like a man. He did not smile, neither made a solemn countenance, but leaned his elbow on a window ledge and spoke directly.

"A child of grace? You're one. I'm another. We're all childern, or ought to be. Send us marcy to keep so."

"Amen!" groaned a sad voice.

They both turned. In the doorway stood a lean form, or shadow, a man drooping, with head bent, and clasping a black felt hat against his bosom. They were caught. Parson Belden himself had found them talking and whistling before the face of his pulpit.

"Amen!" he repeated as he came toward them through the vestibule. "I heard a child inquiring"

"Mornin', parson," said Captain Barzy, who fell to work with his broom again. "How are ye?"

Mr. Belden gave him a soft answer and slid into the next pew ahead of Barbara's.

"Let me instruct you, my child." He slewed about sidewise, crossed his legs and began.

Barbara got little good from the instruction. Mr. Belden, a youth who seemed old even to her elders, had a gentle, eager way of talking which troubled her at long range on Sunday, and now over the back of a pew frightened her. So did his clean, flushed face and burning gray eyes. Soul-piercing words flew round her in a shower. She trembled.

"While we do not know all things," he urged, "yet, nevertheless, some things are known by us. Though our sins be as crimson, they may be washed ——"

(Continued on Page 120)

Here Were Old Friends, Troilus, Cressida, Many Others; the Same Noble Company Who Swept Through These Other Pages, Leaving Her Dazzled

PIÑON AND THE WILD ONES

By Will James

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

YEARS ago, when a horse's hide wasn't worth even a dollar, the range stuff—studs, mares, colts—ran almost entirely unbranded. Broken stock was kept, but they weren't worth much either, far as money was concerned. They strayed everywhere and picked their own range, winter or summer. Once in a while some Indian would catch a fresh horse to break for his own use. Outside of that, the horses of the plains weren't bothered much of any. They got wild—wild as antelopes. What was left of the mustang strain that was running free was picked up again in the better-blooded wild horse and scattered from Sonora, Mexico, through the Buckskin Mountains in Northern Arizona and up into the Nevada deserts.

There was a time when you could count them by hundreds, and it would seem as if the whole side of a mountain was moving, so covered was it with broomtails and so uniform was their movement. Sometimes they'd get started by some rider and bunch up that way till there'd be four or five hundred in the herd. There are big valleys in the wild-horse countries—some a couple of hundred miles long and fifteen or so wide, going north and south, and flanked on both sides with steep, rough juniper and piñon-covered hills. These valleys used to be dotted with bunches of fuzztails, or wild horses.

Considered worthless at that time, they enjoyed their freedom for years until the migration of the farmer to the West started a demand for horses. In the East, too, a market sprang up, with the result that the boys around the cow camps started buying whale line. The rope was used in forty-foot lengths, with one end slipped through the fork of the saddle and tied fast to the horn, the other end swinging a twelve-foot loop.

The Wild Horse is Always Ready to Go a Long Way, Spring, Summer, Fall or Winter

Getting Wise to Human Wiles

THE fuzztails were easily enough caught at first. They could be hazed into almost any kind of trap. But unless you were satisfied with some old mare or jug-headed yearling, you sure had to be mounted for roping a good one. Besides, roping was too slow. Generally you had to use relays of fresh horses and it was mighty hard on good saddle stock. Then the blind trap was brought into the game, and that's where Mister Wild Horse started using judgment. A trap was made either of cottonwood poles or of woven wire averaging eight feet high and fixed up with junipers to look as if it weren't there. There were two corrals and wings stretching out sometimes a mile long on both sides of the main gate. It'd take a month or so for six of us to build such a trap, but when it was done it'd fool any human.

I remember that occasionally strangers going through the hills would get caught in our traps while following a trail and didn't know it till they were right up against the corral gate. I used often to think it'd be a humdinger of a place to run a horse thief into; he'd sure have to hoof it from there on, 'cause no horse could go through it.

The wild horses were thinning down in numbers and they were getting so they wouldn't run at every small scare. They began to save their legs and hoofs for a pinch. I remember when they would run thirty miles at just seeing some rider, not interested in ponies at all, passing through the valley. They got over running without reason and made sure that a rider was after them and meant business before they'd start. Even then they'd only keep a safe distance ahead; if the rider stopped or turned they'd gradually do the same and go on feeding.

They grew wiser right along to the ways of the human. They kept shy of the timbered hills where traps were known to be and grazed in the valleys where they could see ahead what they were running into in case running was necessary. We went to relaying on them on the flats and once in a while we'd get a bunch to work the way we wanted and head them into the hills. If we crowded them too much they'd split and go in all directions. We had to use our heads, 'cause the fuzztail sure used his. They had no rest in the valleys or mountains. They'd leave their home range to go to another only to get chased back.

Every cow-puncher with a string of his own ponies was soon running mustangs, cow-punching being too slow. Some were good at it and others only educated the mustang and made him harder to catch. A trap with a spring and a rope buried was invented for use on trails. When it was set off the rope'd fly up, circle a leg and draw tight. The other end of the rope was fastened to a log. A trapped mustang would tear up the scenery a heap at first and then settle down to dragging that log far as he could, leaving a trail easily followed and seldom more than four miles or so in length. This sort of trap caught some horses, but generally they were old mares, the leaders of the bunch. The fuzztail got wise to this snare and as there were cattle on the same range he'd use them as leaders. He'd follow the cattle as they started to water. If a trap caught anything, it was usually a steer that dragged the log. The leading horse would look back and nicker, seeing if her foals were all present and accounted for. And they would be.

He Did Just What I Expected, Giving the Prettiest Exhibition of Bucking I Ever Saw

Once while looking over the prospects for a new trap site, my outfit had stirred up a bunch of wild ones here and there to see which way they'd run. There must have been about three hundred head a few miles in front of us, covering the country at a stiff trot. We lagged behind and watched where they would naturally run without crowding.

More than two-thirds of them went through a big gap called Devil's Gate—a dandy natural place for a blind trap. We set to work there and the trap was up and strong in record time. Our saddle stock had a good rest and a steady feed of grain and they were rearing to go. The mere sight of a bunch of wild ones made them walk on two legs.

Meanwhile I'd been noticing a paint stud up on top of a big ridge at one side of the gap. He must have been a young one, 'cause there were only two fillies in his bunch. He had made his appearance a few times while we were building the trap and seemed to take a lot of interest watching us. I figured him to weigh close to eleven hundred. He was so good to look at that we decided to run him in first chance we got.

We were up long before daybreak the morning of the first run to our new trap. We'd had breakfast, our horses were caught and grain-fed and we were riding out of camp by sunup. It was fifteen miles to the trap and we planned to scatter from camp, hazing in wild ones on the way over. With another rider I headed on straight for the trap. We took our places close to the wings to help crowd the mustangs in and to keep them from leaving the trail before they got there—a ticklish job. We were off our horses and hidden behind a knoll, one man on each wing.

No Place for a Nervous Man

SOMEHOW when I think of it now, I certainly feel sorry for the man that has never run mustangs. Anybody who likes excitement of the right kind sure would get it to his heart's content upon looking back over the trail, winding around peaks on the mountain tops, while for two miles in depth, one right behind the other, come the wild ones! Every one of them on the trail and every color of horse-flesh represented. And all a-coming in, to order! I don't know how many heartbeats I lost or gained. And I was afraid those mustangs would hear the thumping under my shirt, for the leaders passed on the trail a few yards from where I was hidden. The rest followed, sniffing for a suspicious sign, but we had taken good care that there would be none. The drags went past and I got on my horse, falling in behind. The boys caught up with us and before the mustangs knew it they were free no longer. That fence, which they couldn't see, was hard on them and skinned up quite a few, but they gradually quit hitting and started to

He Gave Us a Farewell Whistle Before Proceeding, Full of Pride, Out of Sight

milling. There were fifty-six head in the bunch, but scattered out as they were on the trail they seemed three times that many to anybody unused to the game.

About this time we saw the paint stud up on his ridge looking down at us. We'd get him next day, we agreed. But next day he wasn't to be seen in the neighborhood, nor the day after that. So we took our catch out of the trap by roping each one and tying one front foot to the tail close enough so he couldn't use it except to rest. They were fence-broken by this time and we took them to a big pasture furnished us by the outfit we were running for. The outfit owners wanted the range cleared of wild horses so that grazing for their cattle would be better. We were working under contract, the arrangement being that we take away all the horses caught except the branded ones. There was only one out of twenty bearing an iron and the remainder we shipped or sold to buyers. It looks like easy money, but a lot of mustang runners got disappointed in it and left the country with nothing but a few stove-up saddle horses.

The second drive to our promising trap looked better than the first. Being out on circle with three of the boys I could see that the wild ponies were coming in and taking to the trail fine. It wasn't just luck for us. It was because we'd been at it a lot and knew what we were about. We credited the mustang with brains and used ours against his. And ours won—sometimes.

The boys on the mountain flanks were riding in a steady lope with the fuzztails hitting it up half a mile or so ahead. All was working pretty and I'd already picked as a saddle horse a bald-faced, stocking-legged sorrel stud up in the lead bunch. They were as good as caught, for a quarter of a mile ahead were the wings. Then on that ridge at the right of the gap I see the familiar paint stud, appearing all agitated. Head and tail up, he's coming down and heading for our bunch, snorting at every jump.

For Two Miles in Depth, One Right Behind the Other, Come the Wild Ones

Score One for the Fuzztails

ONE of the boys at the wing tries to turn him back, but there wasn't a chance. That paint knows just where he's headed and what to do, and nothing but a trap fence could stop him. A loop spreads and reaches out, but it falls a couple of feet short. With a whistle and a snort the paint keeps on straight for the leaders that were behaving so well. As he nears them there's a sort of confab in horse language. And the paint takes the lead, seventy head of ponies following him! They broke out on their top speed, their tails a-popping, and down the mountain off the trail they went.

I'd figured something was going to bust when I saw the paint butting in that way and I headed my horse for the left flank of the herd. There were three of us trying to check the stampede and, even though we knew there was no use, we certainly rode and tried. We got them ahead of the paint [illegible] with the rest of the herd right [illegible] We [illegible] we tried to [illegible] but they kept coming and split on all sides of us. Two ropes sang out and settled over the paint's head with him going downhill full speed. The whale lines stretched out like a fence, tons of horseflesh hitting them, two pounds to the ounce. It was against our judgment, but we were mad. My saddle was jerked off my horse and I went sailing with it to Mother Earth, where I saw more horses' legs at one sitting, so to speak, than ever before in my life. The other rope broke and away goes the paint, bucking down the pinnacle and dragging my saddle and another piece of rope along with him. The horse I was riding joined the wild bunch, too, and when I calculated my losses I was short a new rope, a sixty-dollar saddle, a horse and even my six-shooter, which had taken a squatter's right in some badger hole; anyhow, I couldn't find it. We had many reasons to get the paint now. He'd turn every bunch we'd bring. He knew where the trap was and he'd give us away every chance he got.

I rode to camp back of one of the boys and the next morning I made as a substitute saddle a relay rigging consisting of two stirrups, a strap and a blanket. It took thirty-five pounds' weight off my horse. We were all riding our tops that morning and I knew if we got sight of Mister Paint he was a gone gosling.

A Complete Loss

FROM a summit we sighted out on the flat. I took first turn and sashayed him for a good fifteen miles. Then one of the boys relieved me and took him on. When I saw the paint again the fourth man was at him; he'd covered a good sixty miles in mighty fast time. I could see he was going on his nerve, but he had plenty of it. The fifth man jumped him, and after a quarter-mile run on a fresh horse the paint was his. There was no trace of my saddle with him; my rope must have broken at the hondoo. An unraveled piece of the other rope still hung to his neck. We took good care of that boy so he wouldn't get away. We put him in the trap he'd watched us build, leaving him there overnight to think things over. In the morning we found him stretched out with a broken neck. Unfortunately he had hit the corral a little too hard.

Everything went well during the next circle we made till we got to that spot where the paint had spoiled things. It seemed as if there were a couple of fuzztails from the first bunch that remembered the turning point. Two of them took the lead away from our trap, at any rate, and we lost the bunch. It got us on edge to see such a promising trap site result in such disappointment.

We ran two weeks and had caught forty head more when one day lightning struck and burnt a juniper down right in the main gate. That cooked our goose. You couldn't get a mustang within a mile of it.

(Continued on Page 156)

My Saddle Was Jerked Off My Horse and I Went Sailing With It to Mother Earth

ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?

III

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IMMEDIATELY after breakfast Lita had geometry, and then a study period. During this she received a message that Miss Barton wished to speak to her. Such a message was not necessarily alarming; as chairman of the self-government committee she was consulted on many school problems. It was known that Miss Barton relied more on her judgment than on that of the senior president. Still, with a poor classroom record for the past week, and that unlicensed hour and a half on the infirmary steps, Lita did feel a trifle nervous; not that she could care very much about such minor matters. And then there was Matthew and the flivver ——

The head mistress was sitting at her desk in her study, with its latticed windows and the etchings of English cathedrals on the walls. Her head was slightly on one side, which meant, according to school lore, that she was going to be particularly airy. She was.

"Oh, well, come, my dear Lita," she said. "This is really going rather far—a bit thick, as our little English friend would say."

"But what is it, Miss Barton?" Lita breathed, with all the pearly innocence of young guilt.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said Miss Barton. "So we have nothing on our conscience!"

"I have a great many things," said Lita quietly. She knew just how to talk to her chief—if that would do any good.

"One asks oneself whether girls are worth educating at all if this is the way the more intelligent ones expend their time and energy." And Miss Barton handed Lita the crumpled but familiar letter to Valentine. "I've had a sharp note from your father this morning, and I must say I don't blame him—really I don't. The grammar would be a sufficient humiliation to any school, even if the letter were addressed to your grandmother. And I may tell you that five different photographs of Mr. Valentine have been discovered hidden about your room—most ingeniously, it is true, but quite against our rules. Really, it's a question whether the school can keep on if this sort of thing is general."

Lita listened in what appeared to be the most respectful silence. Her relief was intense. Also she was trying to remember what Miss Barton said word for word so as to repeat it to Aurelia, to whom, after all, it justly belonged. Aurelia did a wonderful imitation of the head mistress, and could make use of every phrase; she was always on the lookout for material.

Lita was dismissed with a warning that she was to be kept in bounds until the holidays, and all her mail, outgoing and incoming, would be watched. This was rather serious, as Dacer had distinctly intimated that he intended to write. Still, a way could probably be found —— She would speak to Aurelia about it.

She did not see Aurelia until the late afternoon. Dacer, as she expected, had gone; but he had left a message for her, Aurelia said—a very particular message.

"You are Miss Hazlitt, and Very Like Your Picture. I Should Know You Anywhere"

With what extraordinary rapidity does the human imagination function! Between the time Aurelia announced the fact that a message existed and the giving of the message, Lita had time to envisage half a dozen possibilities, from the announcement of his immediate return to an offer of marriage.

The message was this: "He said to tell you that he had no idea you were so fond of the stage, or he would have behaved very differently. Do you understand what that means?—for I don't."

It meant, of course, that Miss Barton had told him about Valentine; had possibly even shown him the letter. It was just the sort of thing that she might do. Lita could almost hear her describing the comic complications of a head mistress' life: "This note, for instance, discovered in the pocket of one of my best girls; not even English; that hurts us most."

Why did Aurelia do such silly things—write such silly letters? Then, her sense of justice reasserting itself, she admitted it was not her friend's fault that the authorship of the letter had been mistaken. She was conscious of a physical nausea at the idea that Dacer was going about in the belief that she, Lita Hazlitt, had written thus to another man.

In the first few minutes she sketched an explanatory letter to him, and then remembered that her mail—in and out—was watched. That wouldn't do. In fact, there was nothing to do but to wait for two interminable weeks to pass and bring the Friday of the Easter holiday. Once in the same town with him, she could make him listen to her. There was nothing agreeable in life except the recollection of a large hand on hers, and even that memory was beginning to take on mortality.

She had not even the attentions of her parents to console her—not that forty thousand parents would have made up to her for the estrangement of Dacer. Her mother wrote conscientiously, but coldly. If she had seen her mother Lita would have told her everything, but the next Sunday was Mr. Hazlitt's official visiting day.

He came, but he came in a somewhat disciplinary mood. He gave Lita a long talk on how men felt when women forced attentions upon them. Lita did not dare take the risk of telling him; she had so little control over him that he might possibly tell the whole story to Miss Barton and involve Aurelia. At the same time she did not want him to find it out for himself by a futile visit to Valentine. Before he left she asked him point-blank if he contemplated such a step.

"Of course not," he answered.

And at almost that exact moment Freebody was ushering Valentine into Mrs. Hazlitt's library. For Mrs. Hazlitt was not a woman to let the grass grow under her feet, where her maternal obligations were concerned. The more she thought the matter over the more obvious it became that one or the other of Lita's parents must see Valentine and let him know that, however silly and forthputting the child had been, she was not without conventional protection. Of course, this was her father's duty; but since men as fathers were complete failures, all the disagreeable tasks of parenthood devolved inevitably on mothers. After Dacer had put her on the train the Sunday before, she had gone home and taken the powder he gave her and slept through a long night; and when she waked the next morning she had seen her duty clearly—to interview Valentine herself. It was a duty which implied a reproof to her former husband.

She looked for Valentine's name in the telephone book, but of course he was not there. Then she called up the theater where he was acting, and they refused to give her his address, but said a letter directed to the theater would reach him. Mrs. Hazlitt was in no mood to brook the mail's delays, and telegraphed him that it was necessary that she should see him for a few minutes at any time or place convenient to him, and signed her name with a comfortable conviction that all New York knew just who Alita Hazlitt was.

Now Valentine, like most people busy with a successful career, was utterly uninterested in conventional social life; he hardly ever opened his mail, rarely answered telegrams; and if, by mistake, he did make a social engagement, he always told his secretary to call the people up and break it. In the ordinary course of events Mrs. Hazlitt's telegram would have been opened in his dressing room, and would have lain about for a day or two until

Valentine thought of saying to someone who might know, "Who is this woman Alita Hazlitt?" And then it would have dropped on the floor, and would eventually have been swept up and put in the theater ash can.

But, as it happened, Valentine had always cherished a wish to play the balcony scene in Romeo and Juliet before he was too old to wear a round-necked doublet; and a charitable institution, of which Mrs. Hazlitt was a most negligent trustee, had made a suggestion that Valentine should help them out in a benefit they were about to give. So Valentine, remembering her name on the letterhead of the institution, jumped at the conclusion that she had been selected to clinch the arrangement.

And so not more than three or four days went by before he answered her telegram by calling her up on the telephone, and it was arranged that he was to come and see her on Sunday at five.

She felt nervous as the time approached. She kept saying to herself that she had no idea how to deal with people like this. So awkward for a woman alone; but she was alone—utterly alone. She had become rather tearful by the time Valentine was announced. She waited a moment to compose herself and became even more unnerved in the process.

When she went down she found him standing by one of the bookcases, reading. She saw with a distinct pang that he was a handsomer man off the stage than on, with his fine, hawklike profile and irrepressibly thick, furrowed light hair. He slid a book back into place as she entered, with the soft gesture of a book lover.

"I see you have a first edition of Trivia," he said. "I envy you."

Mrs. Hazlitt, who had thought up a greeting which was now rendered utterly impossible, was obliged to make a quick mental bound. She had never opened her edition of Gay, which she had inherited from her grandfather, and had never suspected it of being a first.

She said, "Oh, do you go in for first editions?"

"Not any more," answered Valentine. "I've become more interested in autographs and association books. I have a wonderful letter of Gay's from—from—oh, you know, where he was staying when he wrote the Beggar's Opera—that duke's place—well, it will come to me."

But it never did come to him—not, at least, until he went home and looked it up—because, glancing at his hostess, he saw in those anxious, dark-fringed eyes that she wasn't a bit interested in his Gay letter; and so, with the tact that all artists possess if they will only use it, he said gently, "But it wasn't about autographs that you wanted to see me, was it? It's about your benefit."

"The benefit?"

"No? Well, what is it then?"

"Oh, I hoped you would understand without my being obliged to dot all the i's."

She said this with a great deal of meaning. Leaning forward on her elbow, in her mauve and silver tea gown, behind her silver tea tray, she looked very charming. Valentine thought that he had never known a woman who combined such perfection of appointments with such simplicity of manner. He had a strong instinct for the best in any art. It struck him that for a certain sort of thing this was the best.

She went on: "Perhaps you will think I should not have sent for you; but what could I do? I am so alone. My husband and I, as you perhaps know, are divorced."

Valentine achieved just the right sort of murmur at this, indicating that he personally could not regret the fact, but found it of intense interest.

Mrs. Hazlitt hurried on: "I feel I must apologize for my silly child—so vulgar and absurd, though I suppose girls must think they're in love—not that I mean it's absurd to think—I mean in your case it's natural enough—your last play—so romantic, dear Mr. Valentine—only, would you mind telling me just how it was you brought my daughter home a week ago Friday?"

Valentine emerged from this like a dog from the surf; successive waves had passed over him without his having had any idea what it meant.

"I don't think I have the pleasure of knowing your daughter," he said.

"Ah, not by name!"

She was ready for him there. She rose, and taking a silver-framed photograph from the table she thrust it into his hands.

He studied it and said politely, "What a charming little face! How like you, if I may say so!"

"Don't you recognize it? Hasn't she sent it to you? Hasn't she written you letters?"

"Possibly," said Valentine; and he added apologetically, "You know, I can't read all my letters. The telegrams I do try to manage, although ——"

Mrs. Hazlitt could not pretend to be interested in how Valentine managed his telegrams.

"You mean you didn't bring Lita home last Friday—a week ago?" she said, and her eyes began to get large.

Valentine leaned back and looked at the ceiling, stamped one foot slightly on the floor and crossed the other leg over it. This seemed to help him to think, for almost immediately he said:

"We were putting in our new villain"; and when he saw that Mrs. Hazlitt did not grasp the information, he added, "We were rehearsing all that afternoon."

Of course, she told him the whole story, and heard in return many interesting and surprising incidents of a popular actor's life. He was extremely interesting and sympathetic; so different from what she had expected—delightful. She felt she had made a real friend. In fact, she had promised to have tea with him at his apartment the following Thursday. She was so glad he had not said Friday. Lita would be back for her holidays on Friday, and somehow it would be hard to explain after all she had said against actors; though, of course, Lita herself would be called on to explain how she had allowed—and who was the man who had brought her home? Thursday would be safe, though; and she did want to meet this new Spanish actress Doria for whom the party was given. Valentine had assumed that Mrs. Hazlitt spoke Spanish, and when she insisted that she did not he was perfectly tactful. His own, he said, was getting rusty; but Doria was all right in French. He said he would come for her himself on Thursday. She thought that very kind.

(Continued on Page 74)

"Perhaps You Will Think I Should Not Have Sent for You; But What Could I Do? I am So Alone. My Husband and I, as You Perhaps Know, are Divorced"

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 19, 1923

The Taxpayers' Outlook

MR. HARDING'S guarded utterances in respect to the possibility of lower taxes, coupled with Secretary Mellon's recommendation that the maximum surtax be lowered to 25 per cent, holds out a cheerful but rather puny hope that the burdens under which the country labors may, within the next year or two, be somewhat lightened. We see no reason, however, why the average taxpayer should be unduly elated, or why he should assume that his tax troubles are likely to cure themselves in the near future.

There are two major considerations that induce governments to lower rates of taxation; and, if we leave out of the reckoning motives traceable to political expediency, there are only two. The first of these considerations is the conviction that a lower rate will result in a greater yield than the old rate that it is to supersede. Such a change of basis is an acknowledgment that the imposition of the rate to be scaled down was a blunder, in that it was higher than the traffic would bear. More cash with less grumbling is a bright lure to any finance minister.

The second and much the rarer and more reassuring state of affairs that leads to a lowering of taxes is the deliberate intention of collecting a smaller total. This motive is predicated upon the belief that government is spending too much money; that it can and will get along on less; that the burden resting upon its citizens should not be merely eased or shifted, but actually lightened. When convinced that this is the ruling consideration, taxpayers can take heart again.

It should not, during the present year, be held to the discredit of the Harding Administration if it seemingly intends to be governed by the first of these motives rather than by the second. No belligerent country is yet out of the woods. No government can afford to be caught without funds with which to carry on. Caution must be the order of the day. Government must grope toward daylight rather than run toward it. Until daylight appears at the end of the tunnel, and the necessity of groping warily is past, it is futile to expect lower taxes based upon smaller total requirements.

If the optimistic forecasts and predictions of the conservative element of the Republican Party are somewhat chill and scant, they are far more reassuring than the avowed program of the radical wing of the same party. Mr. Frear, of Wisconsin, speaking for the so-called Progressive group in the House, has enumerated a litter of proposed measures that must have been hailed with delight by every radical in the country. These proposals, which include restoration of the discarded excess-profits tax, a retroactive tax on undivided profits, heavier inheritance taxes and a new gift tax are not, to be sure, quite so drastic as an extreme socialist would desire; but any plan that implies the eventual abolition of private capital by the imposition of progressively confiscatory taxation must necessarily be regarded in socialist quarters as a step in the right direction, even though it does not traverse the whole distance. It must be this progressive loading on of new and heftier tax burdens that gives Mr. Frear's group its name, for there is nothing else about it that can be called progressive by any reasonable stretch of a healthy imagination.

A typical conservative view of the so-called Progressives' tentative program is that expressed by Representative Hawley, of Oregon, a Republican member of the House Ways and Means Committee:

> Business was taxed to death during the war, and we have been trying to lighten its burdens since. Business men are not going to take a chance on the investment of large sums of money in productive enterprises if their profits are all taxed away from them. If there is an incentive to business men they will go ahead. The more business activity there is the better will be conditions in general, and the laboring man will have plenty of work and good wages.

Mr. Hawley's wholesome sentiments are justified and approved by all our recent experience with excessive and ill-distributed taxation.

Great Britain has definitely turned about and headed back toward normalcy in her tax requirements; and it was a striking fact that the radicals who are now so strong in Parliament passed over the reduction of income taxes lately proposed by Mr. Stanley Baldwin and reserved their hostility for the government's failure to lower taxes on such commodities as tea and sugar.

At home we bear our tax burdens with such mild and ladylike protests only because we are unaware of their real extent. So many counterirritants have been applied to us that each great burn makes us forget half a dozen little ones. Federal taxes distract our attention from those levied by state, county and municipality. We spend so much time nursing the sting of the income tax that we practically ignore the tariff tax, and little would be heard about it if the high price of sugar had not dragged it to the fore. Local taxes divert our attention from the ceaseless and silent nibbling that takes a penny here and a penny there; pennies on your alarm clock, something on a draft, dollars for your automobile license, more or less for a smal. loan at the bank, and so on up and down the line.

This situation will undergo no material betterment until nation, state, county, city, township and all other political subdivisions are honestly and resolutely determined to spend less money. When that attitude is reflected in a modification of tax rates, and the wiping out of a whole nest of little nibblers, the country may feel that substantial relief is in sight. It must be admitted that this happy day does not appear to be near at hand.

The Endless Stream

LARGELY true, although commonplace, is the statement that the success of any venture depends upon the personal equation of its operators, upon the man at the helm. In such activities as war, statecraft, art, literature, education and science, people follow leaders, and it is not surprising that human nature should work about the same way in business affairs. Nearly all men are engaged in following leaders, whether it be in seeking social prominence, athletic prowess or safe bonds and profitable stocks.

In the main it is a fair statement that if the manager of an enterprise is both honest and competent, in the larger sense of these words, the chances of profitable operation are excellent. But unfortunately when it comes to investing their savings, people are led astray too often by false gods. The very emphasis which is laid upon the personal equation, upon the element of management, opens the door to the visionary and the charlatan, who proclaim their superiority in terms which are just as convincing to thousands of citizens as the quieter assertions of those whose sense of responsibility puts a brake upon mere vociferousness—if not more so.

Unfortunately substitution and, more especially, imitation permeate the whole field of finance and investment. If the great interstate corporations, dealing in such necessities as transportation, power and communication, adopt a policy of widespread employe, customer and public ownership of their stock issues, a score of plausible quacks and impostors will quickly and far more loudly tell the world that they, too, believe in letting the public into their particular schemes.

There is no device of finance which cannot be adapted and adopted at once by the faker. Usually, too, he blatantly lays claim to ideas which are in no sense original with him. Obviously a substantial proportion of all persons who put money into valueless stock promotions are either so ignorant or so blinded by greed that they are incapable of judging the real character and abilities of those who promote or manage these enterprises. Infinite wisdom is not given to man, and even Morgan and Rockefeller have made their sad mistakes in judging associates or lieutenants. But such pathetically large numbers of stock buyers possess what amounts to no other than a blind spot in noticing even the more obvious signs of fraud and quackery. Hardly a month passes in which there does not blow up at least one scheme whose suspicious symptoms were publicly indicated without scaring off thousands of small investors who did not know enough to retreat while there was yet time.

This is a very old story; it has gone on for years. Yet hope springs so eternal in the human breast that in almost every newspaper one may read a new project to wage war on stock frauds and to protect the investor from throwing his money away. Pretty nearly every conceivable form of law enforcement has been suggested and tried.

"The answer to the whole difficulty," says a recent writer, "is the establishment of a bureau of free investment information." But such bureaus have been tried, and stock frauds or semifrauds continue to operate on a by no means diminishing scale. What, indeed, has not been tried? Three separate Federal departments or commissions have power to investigate or prosecute. Nearly all the states have blue-sky laws, and many of them have fraud acts. Bankers' associations, investment bankers' associations, stock exchanges, chambers of commerce, advertising clubs and newspapers according to their various abilities have fought the evil. The simple truth is that nothing is quite so powerful as the combination of unscrupulous greed on the part of promoter and unreasoning greed on the part of the investor.

It will be a long time before the supply of sheep waiting to be sheared gives out. To so many investors mere words, verbiage, platitudes, promises, fuss, noise, seem to count.

Large mining operators who employ the best of geologists and engineers do not necessarily expect to be told by these experts that a mine is good; what they ask and pay for is an analysis of the degree or factors of risk. Then if they are full-grown men and mentally sound they apply their own tests of judgment and common sense to the problem of whether they can afford to enter a proposition containing such and such factors or degrees of risk.

It is not that the analysis of risk is such a difficult or secret process. Quite humble and ignorant persons are capable of carrying it on. But the desire to acquire riches quickly deadens the reasoning powers; it kills the logic inherent in almost every mind much faster than blue-sky laws or bureaus of investment information can extirpate the desire to play a long shot.

The rise and fall in land values, the discovery of oil and mines, and indeed the very price uncertainties of the staple crops themselves—these breed in the national mind a far from easily eradicated speculative leaning. This taint, this blemish, should probably be regretted, but only amateurish, superficial thinking will dissociate it from the inevitable conditions of growth and buoyancy.

THE TANGLE OF TAXATION

By Isaac F. Marcosson

WHEN that eminent American jurist—I believe it was John Marshall—declared that "the power to tax is the power to destroy," he had in mind, of course, the fact that properly constituted authorities could mulct an individual or a community out of existence. Unconsciously, however, he must have been looking ahead to this economically perilous period when the heavy and complicated burden of taxation is a first aid to poverty.

Run the range of live American issues, and even with so favorite a target for hostile criticism as the railroads a gleam of friendly feeling is sometimes revealed. Not so with the present system of taxation. It is the prize provoker of a grouch. The rich maintain that they are unmercifully soaked; big business finds itself handicapped; the salaried workers protest that they bear the bulk of the burden, while the intelligent wage earner generally maintains that he is penalized. Apparently the only people in the United States who have no complaint against the taxgatherer are those who think they pay no taxes.

It is no exaggeration to say that a considerable portion of the widespread American indecision today—certainly that part which affects commercial enterprise, or rather the lack of it—grows out of discontent over the tax burden. Nor is this due to the fact that the pocketbook, as such, is the most sensitive of all visible areas. The larger element of national economic progress is involved. Hence no program for tomorrow can be formulated without an analysis of the whole business of taxation and some presentation of remedies for the costly and aggravating situation that has developed.

This article will deal with frank American opinion about this all-important subject. I use the word "frank" with hesitation, because to reproduce most of the comment in the original phraseology would require a considerable employment of asbestos paper. No attempt will be made to go into intricacies or technicalities. Such a performance would require the coöperation of a whole flock of lawyers, and even then a sane or tangible result is doubtful. You have only to look at that instrument of mental torture called the work sheet of an income-tax return to realize how futile would be the task for the lay writer, or how drastic the imposition upon the lay reader. As someone has remarked, "The Government should supply a board of alienists to every large taxpaying community just prior to the period for quarterly payments."

Some Basic Defects

SINCE the average man pays the freight of taxation, the vital matter is to find out what he thinks about it and what he wants done. Are we taxing away our future? Is taxation increasing more rapidly than wealth? Are tax-exempt securities creating a plutocracy and endowing the nonproducer? Is the present system equitable? How does the burden of taxation hamper industry? Is the sales, or consumer's, tax a remedy? Shall every income, no matter how small, be taxed, so that the class element can be eliminated? Has the present complicated process stimulated evasion? These are some of the questions that rise up in any survey of the problem, and an attempt will be made to answer them.

Most people have an idea that the animosity aimed at taxation is a comparatively new brand of revolt. This is because we were immune from an income tax over such a considerable period. Americans are apt to forget that this great republic of ours really had its inception in a certain tea party in Boston Harbor. That diversion was inspired by a taxation without representation that was construed as tyranny. Curiously enough, today we have a taxation with representation in which misrepresentation seems to play the most conspicuous part. In the United States, judging from the point of view that I encountered during the course of my investigation, there is apparently no taxation without damnation. It has produced a universal language—for no country is immune from the tithe mulcter—that is not Esperanto but profanity. Internal revenue, in the popular mind, has become infernal revenue.

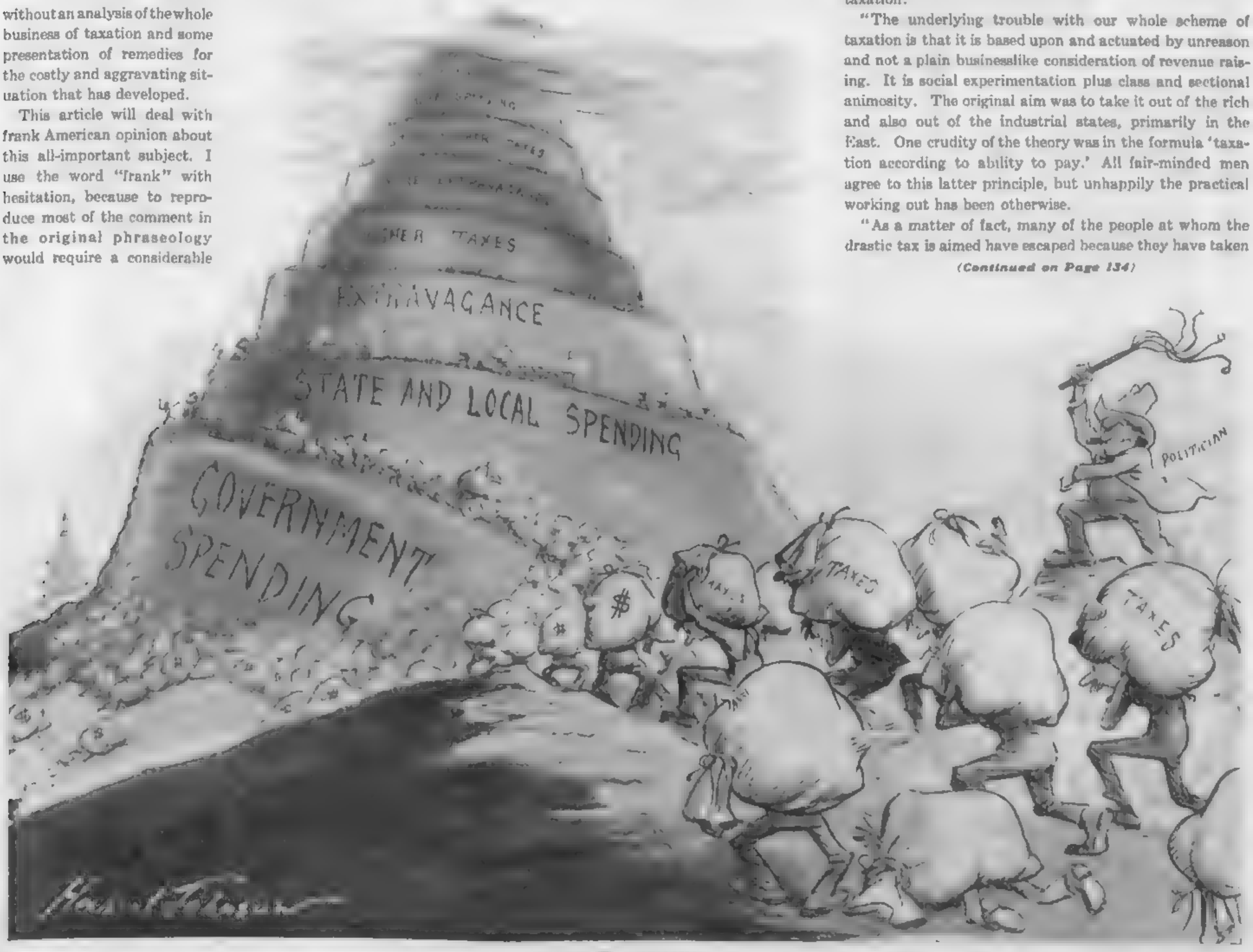
Any examination of the system of taxation in the United States must fall under two heads. One is the system, and the other the burden of actual payment. As the average man views the process, it constitutes a twin impeder of mental and economic traffic.

First, let us get what might be called the general attitude toward the problem, in the words of a well-known New York banker who has made a scientific study of taxation:

"The underlying trouble with our whole scheme of taxation is that it is based upon and actuated by unreason and not a plain businesslike consideration of revenue raising. It is social experimentation plus class and sectional animosity. The original aim was to take it out of the rich and also out of the industrial states, primarily in the East. One crudity of the theory was in the formula 'taxation according to ability to pay.' All fair-minded men agree to this latter principle, but unhappily the practical working out has been otherwise.

"As a matter of fact, many of the people at whom the drastic tax is aimed have escaped because they have taken

(Continued on Page 134)



THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

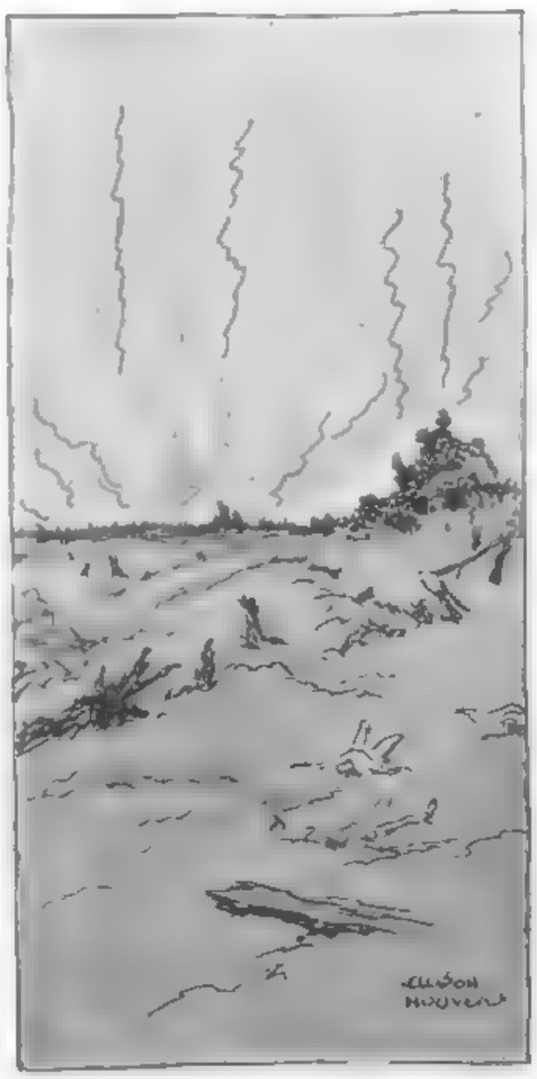
Warning Against Moths

THESE moths have most expensive tastes;
They dine on furs and velvet waists,
They gnaw my evening trousers.
Though cotton does not please them much,
They dote on woolens they are such
Extravagant carousers!

By choice they make their cozy nests
In moth-proof drawers and cedar chests;
They thrive on naphtha vapor.
They lay their eggs in Paisley shawls,
They play croquet with camphor balls
On sheets of tarry paper.

As a Vassal State, 1700

ARMENIA
As a Protectorate State, 1850



As a Sphere of Benevolent Influence, 1920

You see, I know their customs well;
For years I've kept a moth hotel
And set a first-class table,
And never have I known a moth
To fail to pick the finest cloth
That bore a tailor's label.

The moth is mighty hard to kill,
Though people try, as people will,
To spank him while marauding;
For when we vainly clap our hands,
The stuck-up creature understands
That everyone's applauding!

If anything that flies can beat
A moth in finding just the meat
It wants, I haven't met it;
So if "the Moth desires the Star,"
They'd better wrap the star in tar—
And then the moth will get it!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Uncertainty

THAT English writer, of wide fame—
I don't know how they call his name.
I asked the wise Professor Tracy,
And he informed me it was Strachey.
But just as wise is Mr. Blackie,
And he declared it should be Strachey.
While a young officer in khaki
Was positive it should be Strachey.
A highbrow lady, rather mawky,
Said she had always heard it Strachey.
And someone wrote, in letters splotchy,
"That name, oh, yes, of course, it's Strachey."
And an old man whose voice was shaky,
Said, "I think the right way is Strachey."
And one whose culture's rather patchy,
Said, "I opine it should be Strachey."
And then I asked my cousin Rachie,
And she said, rightly, "Why, it's Strachey!"

—Carolyn Wells.

His Mother's Husband

FROM the Stratford Herald: "Drake and Bradford, the well-known theatrical impresarios, announce that they have just purchased a new play by Will Shakspere, our talented young neighbor. Mr. Shakspere is related by marriage to the Hathaways, of 17 Pitkin Avenue, Stratford, and will be remembered as the author of Romeo and Juliet, which was produced here with great success last winter by the Young Folks' League of the First Baptist Church.

"Mr. Shakspere's new play is called Hamlet and is said to deal with the adventures of a young Danish prince who becomes mad. Mr. Burbage has been selected to play the title rôle. After a short engagement on the road the play will open early in the fall at the Globe Theater, London."

"My! My! Them Old Gypshuns Musta Been a Pore, Skinny Lot"

SCENE: *The London office of* DRAKE *and* BRADFORD. DRAKE *is seated at a desk, a roll of manuscript before him.* BRADFORD *lounges comfortably in a big armchair.* WILL SHAKSPERE, *looking rather miserable and uncomfortable, sits facing them in a stiff, high-backed chair of the period.*

DRAKE: It's no use, Bill the public nowadays won't stand for a sad ending.

SHAKSPERE: But this is a tragedy.

DRAKE: It doesn't matter. The public likes its tragedies to have a happy ending.

SHAKSPERE: But listen, Mr. Drake, the idea of the play ——

DRAKE: I get it all right. You got a swell idea there, kid, but it won't do the way it is now. Hamlet has to kill the King and marry Ophelia.

BRADFORD: Drake and I have been in this game twenty years and we know what folks like. People want to be amused. There's enough sadness in real life, I always say.

SHAKSPERE: But he can't marry Ophelia. She's drowned.

DRAKE: That's all right. We're going to get Kit Marlowe to rewrite that scene. I've got it all doped out. Ophelia is out picking wild flowers, and slips and falls into the lake. Hamlet comes along, jumps in and rescues her.

BRADFORD: We're going to use that tank scene with real water that we bought for that Beaumont and Fletcher show that failed last year.

SHAKSPERE: Don't you see the whole point of the play is lost if you do that? Do you remember when Hamlet says in his soliloquy——

DRAKE: We've cut out most of that soliloquy; it was too long anyway; it interrupts the action.

BRADFORD: Another thing. That ghost idea of yours is great, only you don't give him enough to do. We're going to have a big staircase running up the center of the stage in the first act ——

SHAKSPERE *(miserably)*: Angels and ministers of grace!

DRAKE: —— and then when Horatio comes along the Ghost throws him down the stairs. See?

SHAKSPERE *(with bitter sarcasm)*: Perhaps you might have Hamlet and the Ghost sing a few songs.

DRAKE *(enthusiastically)*: Now you're talking!

BRADFORD: Say, that's swell! We'll have Jerry Tudor do the music and Walt Raleigh could write the lyrics.

SHAKSPERE *(protestingly)*: But wait a minute ——

DRAKE *(waving him aside)*: That's all right. There's just one other thing. If Hamlet is a Dane why not make him talk like a Dane? For instance, take that "to-be-or-not-to-be" stuff you wrote ——

SHAKSPERE *(eagerly)*: Yes? You're going to leave that in?

DRAKE: Sure, we'll leave it in. It's one of the best comedy bits in the piece. Only Hamlet wouldn't speak that way. Marlowe

(Continued on Page 161)

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

The best way to prepare delightful cream soups!

Make them with Campbell's! On the label of each of the delicious and nourishing Campbell's Soups shown here you will find a few brief sentences telling just how to prepare them as cream soups. By using milk (or cream) instead of water, you have ready for your table in a few minutes rich, thick cream soups of choicest flavor. So attractive and so convenient when you entertain! So extra-nourishing and delightful for the family meal! These Campbell's purees are made from the finest, selected vegetables, blended with golden butter and seasoned with delicate care. Order a supply of the different kinds from your grocer—to vary and brighten your daily menu.

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

NORTH OF 36

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

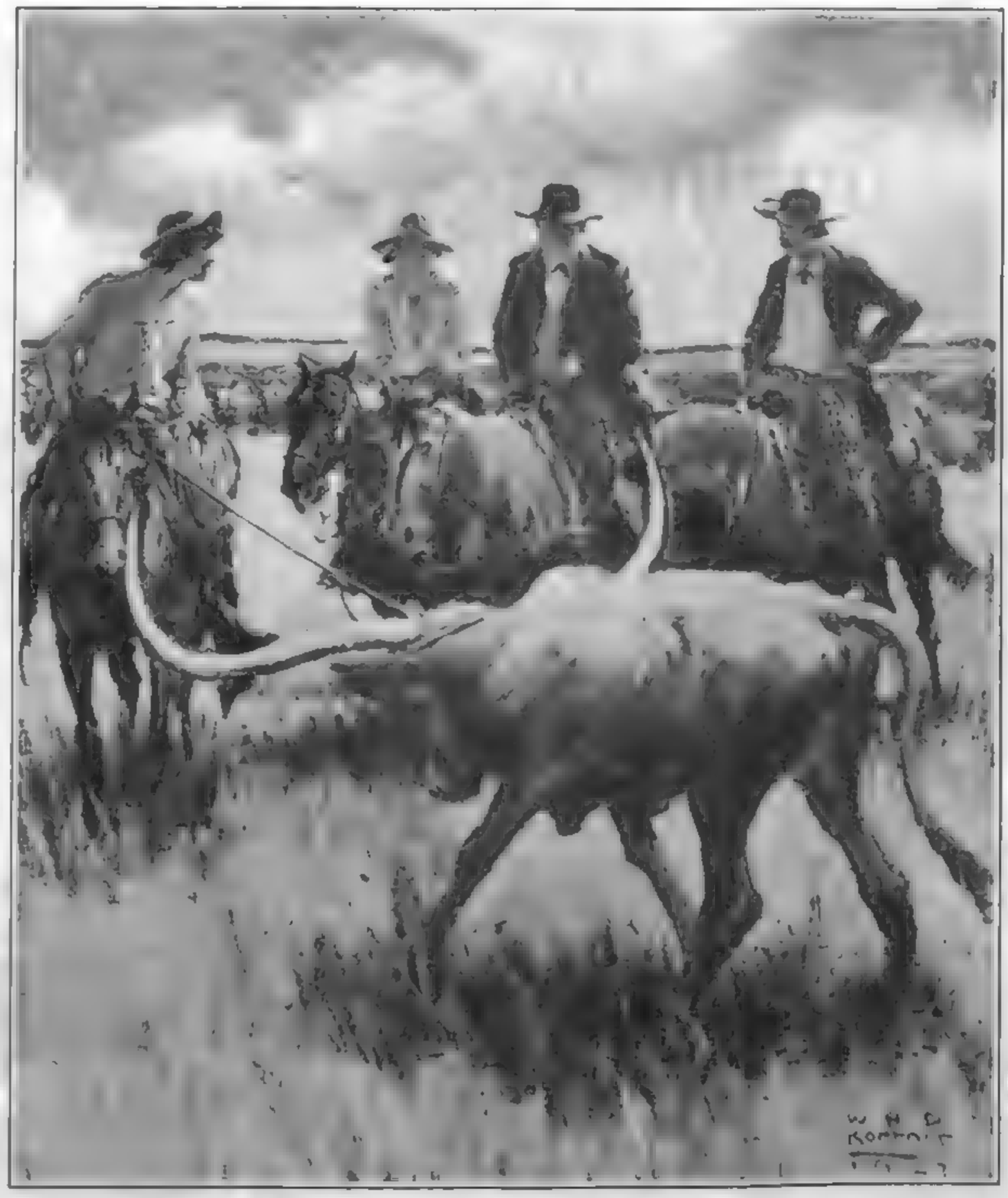
XXXVII

IN THE front room of a raw board building, on which carpenters still were laboring noisily, sat a tall man at a table, pleasantly humming a tune to himself as he bent over his task.

In appearance he was a Viking; a very strong man, bulky, above six feet in height, and yet lithe, easy, graceful, with perfect coordination of physical faculties. His eye was very blue. His yellow hair was long, like that of ancient warriors; so long that it fell in ripples on his shoulders; and, as hair of any warrior should be, it was admirably kept.

The garb of this striking-looking man—one of the handsomest men that ever crossed the Missouri in the days of the frontier, which is much to say of males—was on the whole devoid of pretentiousness. His dark clothing was ready-made, but his boots never were ready-made. He showed the influence of the South, where a man may be slouchy in all things save as to his feet. This man's boots were of fine calf, closely cut to cover a small foot. A pair of gloves lay on the table, the best of buckskin. His hat, of the finest felt, was wide of brim and low of crown—the hat of the upper range, distinct from the steeple-crown Mexican sombrero.

Had the entire border been combed, a finer example of the better type of border man could not at that time have been found than this one. In any corner of the world his appearance would have called attention. Two or three men sitting across from him against the wall in the hotel office—for this building was no less than the Drovers' Cottage of Abilene, soon to be famous across the Western world—eyed him with silent respect as he sat busy, humming his carefree melody. They very well knew Wild Bill Hickok, whom rumor reported to be sought for as the new town marshal of Abilene, first of the cow camps.



"My Lord!" He Exclaimed. "What on Earth Is That? Is That the Way Cattle Grow Down in Your Country?"

The famous marshal of Hays City—as he then was—now was engaged in the daily task which he never neglected and never gave to hands other than his own—that of cleaning his two heavy revolvers. No hand but his ever had been allowed to touch one of these weapons, even in the slightest or most friendly way. He himself never failed to examine them every morning.

They were very long-barreled revolvers, and their owner's artistic fancy was indulged in them to the extent of ivory handles. The metal work was dark. The front sight on each had been filed down low. That was just before the day of fixed ammunition, and all revolvers still were muzzle-loaders as to the cylinders. Under the barrel of each piece worked a hinged ramrod, and the backs of the cylinders were indented and tubed to permit admission of the percussion caps. They handled a large round ball. Some of these, with the small flask of fine rifle powder, lay on the table near at hand. With a short, well-polished round stick of hickory, Mr. Hickok was now engaged in cleaning barrel and cylinder so thoroughly that not a speck of dust remained. His boots and gloves were clean; his shirt was clean; his face and hands were clean; and, be sure, his guns were clean.

He finished his task at length, replaced each cylinder and pushed down the pin on which it revolved. Then, with eyes narrowing and lips pursed, he poured into each cylinder barrel an exact—very exact—charge of the fine powder, gently jolting each charge home, and on top, with the utmost care, seating the round ball and pushing it home with the hinged ramrod. Each load was precisely like every other load. Then he capped each nipple of the cylinder, held back each hammer and rolled the cylinder with ear intent to see that the click of the lock came absolutely even. After this he slipped the long weapons into the greased holsters at his heavy belt. His coat tails unobtrusively covered the equipment. He walked to the new washbasin at the new sink, cleaned and wiped his hands on a towel not absolutely new; and so was ready for the duties of the day, whatever these might be.

"Well, Bill, going to get somebody today?" one of the loafing skin hunters against the wall guffawed, trying to be offhand, friendly and humorous. The tall man looked at him steadily, his own face absolutely emotionless, and made no reply at all. His dignity was that of a lion among small animals. He was a man of few confidences and no familiarities.

When Wild Bill Hickok stepped out into the street he saw coming across the railroad track a stranger, a young man tall as himself, though not so heavy of build. The newcomer was clad much like himself, in dark clothing, with neat boots. His coat swung easily free, but to the specialized eye of Wild Bill it covered something on either side. Moreover, he presently noted that the young man wore his guns in an odd way—the right-hand stock pointing back, the left-hand one pointing forward. This peculiarity he had never seen in the equipment of any man—cowman, gambler or professional bad man. He asked himself, if this man should happen to be left-handed, or if he were a two-handed man, which gun would he use first? That constituted, as Wild Bill admitted then and there, a sort of mental problem which it might take the thousandth of a second to decide.

There was no pretentiousness about the newcomer more than there was about Wild Bill Hickok. They both were simple, quiet men, low of voice, pleasant of address. Two more typical killers did not then stand west of the Missouri stream, although they were from widely separated countries. The range, north and south, upper and lower, ran well-nigh two thousand miles in its longer dimension, and covered wide variations in all types.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the young man, advancing. "I know this is Marshal Hickok. I am McMasters, sheriff of Gonzales County, down in Texas."

The blue-eyed man put out his hand readily.

"I know about you," said he. "You are in the Rangers, too, down there. That's a good body of men. I reckon they need to be good.

"Well, it's a lovely morning," he continued. "I've not had a drink yet this morning."

They walked down the ragged street, if street it could be called, passing over the railroad track, whose rails as yet hardly had been burnished by any wheels; a track which ran but a few hours' journey west of Abilene at that time. There was a switch which would accommodate perhaps twenty cars, some pens which would hold perhaps five hundred head of cattle, some chutes which never yet had been used. Like all the rest of Abilene, the yards presented an aspect of raw newness. The residential portion of the city consisted largely of sod houses, dugouts and canvas tents, although it did not lack unpainted pine in its more ambitious structures. The broken expanse of high-fronted wooden buildings along its single main street offered the appearance conventional in the new railroad town of the frontier of the West. There was a Golden Eagle Clothing Store; two or three offering general merchandise. There was no drug store, but there were two barber shops and the Twin Livery Barn. There was no church or school. But, as the apostle of Abilene had said, there were many saloons and free dance-halls, each advertising its wares.

Toward the saloon of his choice—which also apparently offered dance-hall accommodations at seasonable hours—Wild Bill bent his steps. The interior still presented a certain dishabille. A sleepy negro was sweeping out the corks. A barrel in a corner held empty bottles in careless profusion. The chairs presented an order apparently not preconcerted, and the legs of some were broken. There was no billiard table in all Abilene, and mahogany was not yet known in any bar of Abilene. None the less, here was a goodly plank, and back of it were arranged shelves still holding bottles of liquid contents in spite of the late obvious demand. The interior was not, to any imagination, howso violent, a lovely thing to see in the ghastly light of day. The light now was rather dim. Two or three kerosene lamps still were burning, yellow and sickly, not devoid of fumes, which joined the other fumes.

"I usually come here for my liquor," said Wild Bill, "because I know Henry Doak has a barrel of real bourbon, besides what he sells. It ain't poison. I never go against the liquor game very hard myself."

(Continued on Page 34)

To destroy stale odors and flavors—*"double action"* cleansing

Cleansed with Sunbrite—not only free from stains but sweet and odorless

SO many foods of piquant flavor—onions, green peppers, fish—make great precautions necessary in the care of cooking utensils. Their very piquancy clings with a stubborn persistence that daily dishwashing does not seem to affect.

Special measures are necessary to destroy completely all trace of lingering odor and stale flavor. The use of a sweetening, purifying agent is required to keep utensils fresh and odorless.

Sunbrite, the double action cleanser, has just this purifying power. It cuts the grease and scours off stains as ordinary cleansers do, but it goes much further in the cleansing process. It also sweetens and purifies, destroying all stale odors and strong flavors.

For in **Sunbrite** there is an element which has this sweetening quality—very mild but thoroughly effective.

Sunbrite is abrasive enough to scour well and yet it will not mar by scratching. Nor will it irritate the hands, having in it no harsh chemicals to roughen and redden the skin.

Double action—yet **Sunbrite** sells for less! Its low price, made possible by the great production facilities of Swift & Company, offers a new opportunity to save on little things the cost of which totals so large in household expense. And every can carries a United Profit Sharing Coupon.

Save the work of those extra precautions you take to keep things sweet and odorless. **Sunbrite**, the double action cleanser, purifies as it cleans and scours. Try it on your cooking utensils, for all kitchen uses.

Double action *yet costs less*

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion; then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there. A Sunbrite cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor

(Continued from Page 32)

"It isn't best," said McMasters. "Still, the oldest man I ever knew told me he'd lived so long because every morning before breakfast he took two or three fingers of bourbon—when he could get it—and rubbed his chest with a fresh corncob."

"As good a way as any," said Hickok. "A man never dies till his time comes—and then he does."

He was humming to himself as he searched for the bottle which suited him.

"No three or four fingers for me," said he. "Too much, especially if you have got anything particular to do."

A short gray man with white mustache and goatee shuffled in, not vouchsafing any speech at all. He brought them glasses and motioned Bill to a quiet corner of the room, where at the hour they found themselves quite alone.

"Well, Mr. McMasters," said Bill, "I am glad to see you in Abilene, and I wish you were going to live here. It's not just the healthiest place for a peace officer. It maybe won't be any healthier if the Texas herds ever do begin to come in."

"I know of one on the way," said McMasters. "It will be in now almost any day."

Hickok nodded.

"They used to drive up the Neosho in towards Sedalia, a few years ago. Those toughs in there used the trail men mighty rough. Dougherty, Ellison, Hunter, McMasters, Lockhart—they were all good men that tried to drive in there from Texas. It would have paid St. Louis to have sent her whole police force down there and cleaned up that gang of cattle bandits. They've just headed off all the Texas cattle that came up that way."

"Yes, I know about that pretty well," assented Dan McMasters. "You say McMasters. Calvin McMasters was my father. They killed him. He was a friend of Col. Burleson Lockhart. They killed Lockhart too. I've been in there since, once or twice, on business of my own. That gang were very largely friends of Dave Tutt."

Their eyes met silently. Dave Tutt was a man whom Wild Bill Hickok killed in a street duel on the public square of Springfield, Missouri, in the presence of his friends, all of whom had threatened to kill Hickok on sight.

"Well, those people couldn't seem to make a living any way except by robbing folks," said the border man after a while. "The real brains of that outfit was a fellow called Rudabaugh—Sim Rudabaugh. I heard that he went South; to Austin, I think."

"Yes, he got some sort of Northern political pull back of him, I don't just know how. He has given us a fine example of organized Reconstruction politics. He has put on foot the biggest plan of wholesale cow stealing and land stealing and general highway robbery that ever was started, even in Texas."

"Using his old trade, eh? Working large?"

"Yes. Just now he's getting hold of all the land scrip the state ever issued—you know Texas retained her own lands when she came in. His plan is to get hold of about all of Texas north of the Buffalo Gap, and then to steal cows enough east of that to stock the whole Staked Plains."

"That sounds like a pretty large order!" smiled Hickok.

"It is a large order. The man is crazy who would ever think of it. I don't doubt that Sim Rudabaugh is crazy—crazy with his own egotism and his success in deeds that no sane man ever could have thought of doing."

"Have you got any personal quarrel?" asked Hickok of him quietly.

"That word doesn't cover it, sir! Mr. Hickok, I have said that Rudabaugh killed my father and Colonel Lockhart. That is, I am practically sure of it. My father was sheriff of Gonzales before they put me in. I could not refuse. I knew I was elected to end the Rudabaugh gang.

"Quarrel? I can't call it by so small a name. For every reason in the world I have got to have that man, dead or alive. And you'll think I am crazy myself," he added, "when I tell you I want him alive! He is worth much more to Texas alive than dead. The fact is, the whole peace of Texas—and the whole end of the big steal in Texas—depends on my bringing that man in, not dead but alive."

Hickok looked at him in silence for a time.

"You have had to shoot sometimes."

"Several times. I have made a good many arrests as sheriff in my county and as a captain in the Rangers in other counties."

Hickok shook his head. A light drinker, he pushed his glass aside not much more than tasted.

"No good in making arrests. There is only one way with a man like that—let him make his break."

McMasters went on to explain the circumstances of Colonel Griswold's talk with Yellow Hand, below the Washita, giving the details of the fight.

"We put a pretty stiff crimp into them there," he said. "I don't think Rudabaugh has more than two of his best warriors with him—Baldy Collins and Ben Estill. He got Estill at Caldwell. He'll maybe pick up some more recruits over toward the Missouri line. He's been trailing our herd ever since we started out, maybe a thousand miles, and he'll never quit if he can help it. As I have explained to you, it has been all to his interest to break up this herd If word of its success got back to Texas this season, that would end his dream of cheap land and cheap cows. All Texas would be on its guard. You see why I want to arrest Rudabaugh. You will see, too, I've got to have him alive if possible."

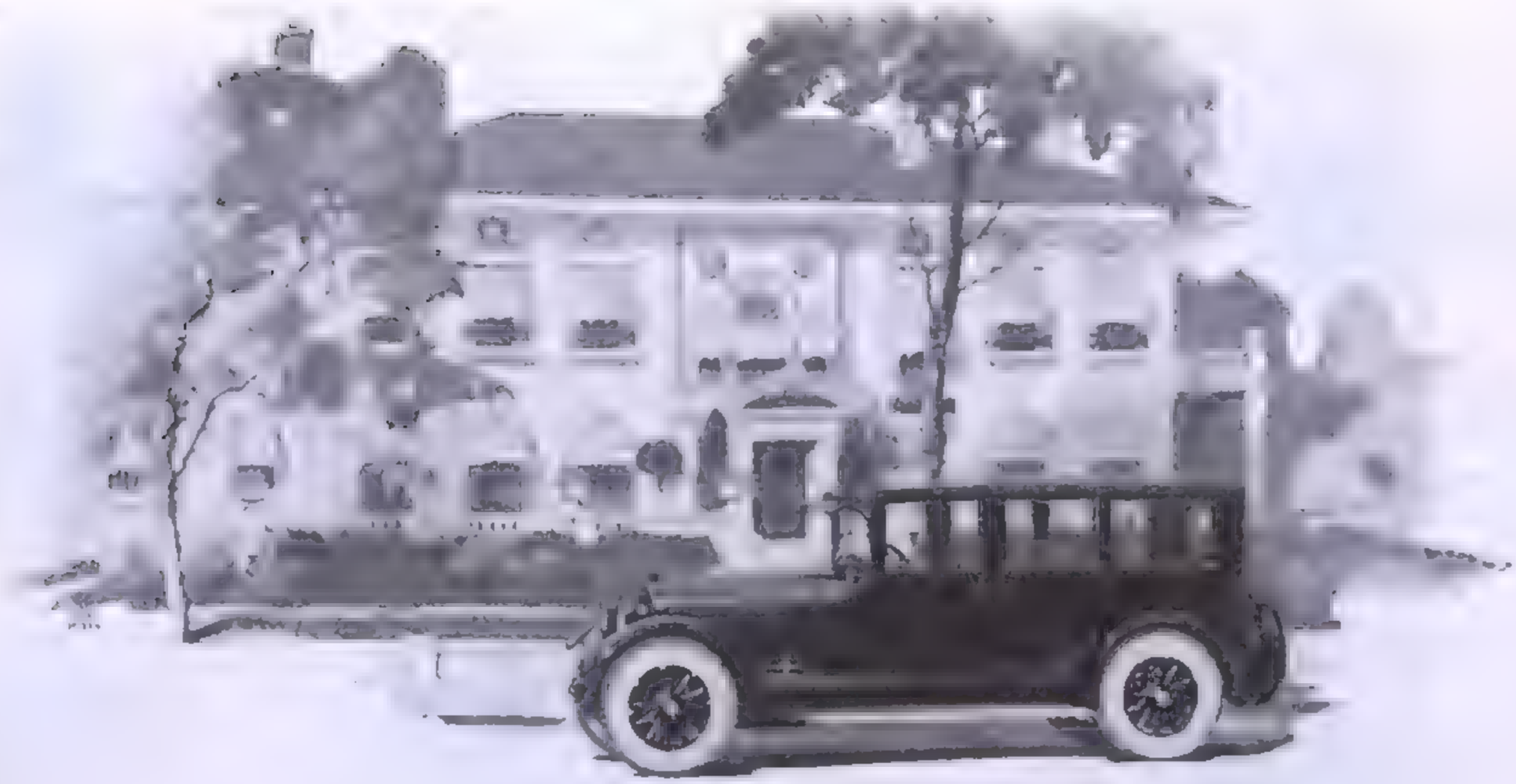
"Then why do you want to see me? I'm not living in this town, though I may later. Besides, my specialty is not taking people alive." Wild Bill's forehead wrinkled in thought. "I don't believe in arrests for that kind of people."

"I'm not so particular about any of those men being alive except Rudabaugh," replied McMasters. "I haven't got any warrant for him, and can't get one, and couldn't stop to prosecute him if I had. I couldn't prove that he killed any of the drovers of the old Shawnee Trail. I don't want to prove anything. I've got no warrant and no requisition papers. All I want is to get my hands on him.

"But I can prove that he killed the two Indian women down near the Arbuckle Mountains. There is no white jurisdiction down there, and in Kansas it's no crime to kill Indians. But there won't be any habeas corpus if he is

(Continued on Page 36)

Had the Population of Abilene Sought a Circus, They Needed Now No More Than to Look About Them



If you were to ask the owner of a Cadillac which of its attributes he values most, he undoubtedly would answer, its dependability.

But he would also inform you that its other qualities likewise engage his admiration, and none more so than its dignified and distinctive appearance.

He realizes that the car is representative of his taste and judgment, and he takes much the same pride in it as he does in a beautiful and well-ordered home.

In its form, finish and appointments, he recognizes the type of beauty which is both striking and restrained, and which he knows will reflect credit on him wherever he drives.

He admires this quality for its own sake—for the pleasure and satisfaction which artistry gives to a cultured taste.

He admires it even more as the reflection of that inner worth and dependability which single out Type 61 Cadillac as the leading fine car.

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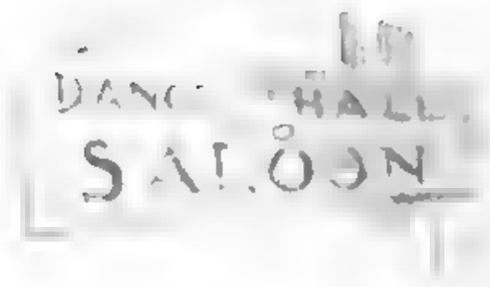
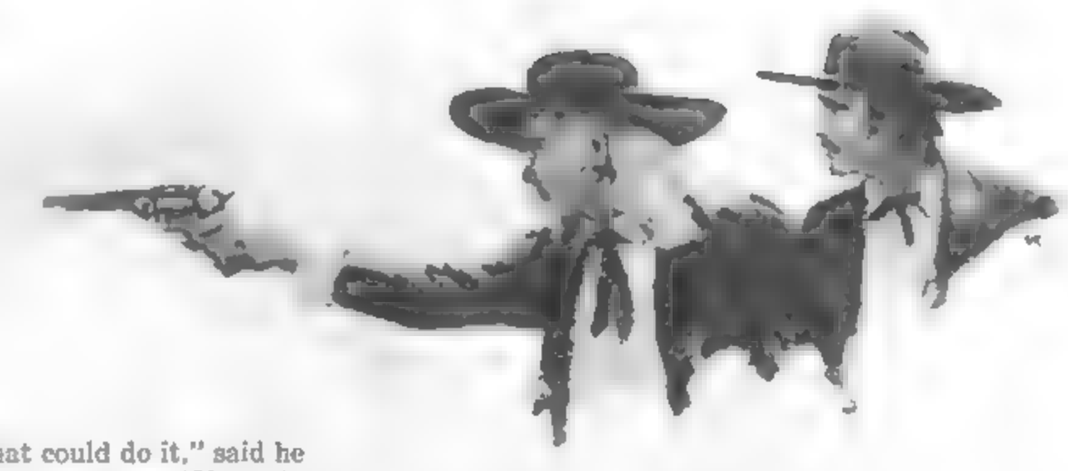


He Raised One of His Weapons to a High Level and Fired the Six Shots of the Single-Action Piece With Unspeakable Rapidity



(Continued from Page 34)

ever brought before the court of the Comanches. That's the court I want! That's what Griswold wants, and he wants that because it means peace with the Comanches. Don't you see? It means that they'll come in out of Texas and go on their reservation. That will open up everything. There'll be any number of cattle cross at Doan's Store, and even farther west, as quick as the drovers know it is safe against the Comanches, in farther west than where this herd crossed the Red.

"So you see, Mr. Hickok, just why I want Sim Rudabaugh alive. That's why I came to Abilene. I heard you were here, and I thought maybe Rudabaugh'd come here. If you don't mean the law here, there's going to be no law in Abilene."

Hickok sat for a time in silence.

"Well," said he at length, "I suppose I am generally intended to keep the peace. If I help you to get Rudabaugh in Kansas I am helping keep the peace in Kansas. And if they want me for town marshal here maybe I'd better give them a sample of the goods. Every town marshal in the world ought to help a Texas Ranger.

"But listen, friend," he continued; "when two men go into a business of this kind each puts his life in the other man's hands. Mostly I'd rather risk my life in my own hands. Are you a married man?"

"No, sir."

"Are you a good shot with a revolver?"

"Yes, sir."

Hickok rose lazily, leaving the liquor in his glass.

"Let's take a walk out-of-doors," he said.

They stepped to the front of the saloon and stood looking up and down the street. Some forty yards away a sign hung out over the walk: "Dance Hall and Saloon."

"I'll take the right-hand O," said Hickok quietly.

With the ease of great practice and native genius—and all the Army men rated Hickok as the best shot with rifle or revolver that the West ever saw—he raised one of his weapons to a high level and fired the six shots of the single-action piece with unspeakable rapidity. He carefully returned the gun to its place. He did not look at the sign. He knew!

"That's fine work, sir," said Dan McMasters with undisguised enthusiasm. "Your reputation is deserved. Quite often I doubt a man's reputation as a shot until I see him shoot."

"How about your own?" demanded Hickok. "I myself never shoot in public. I don't want anybody to know how I shoot."

"Nor I. My reputation? I haven't any this far north."

"Well, there's the left-hand O. Can you see the one I shot?"

"Perfectly," smiled McMasters.

"You've a good eye. Can you hit it one time out of six?"

"I can hit it six times out of six, sir."

"You think so?"

"I don't think so. I know it."

"Cut loose!" said Bill succinctly.

For an instant McMasters stood facing his mark, both hands poised above his heavy guns after his invariable fashion, which had swiftly become a tradition on the lower range. Hickok did not really see which gun he chose, his own eye for the time being fixed on the signboard. But a gun did rise in Dan McMasters' right hand. And once more, with perfect spacing, came six reports.

By this time a crowd had poured out in the streets. Men were at their heels as the two walked close to the signboard. Wild Bill saw the six bullets grouped close, splintering one into the other at times, not one touching the outer rim of black.

His own eyes narrowed. He looked curiously, studiously at the face of the first man he had ever been obliged to credit with pistol work approaching his own. The face had changed. It had not lost its concentration. It was a mask, expressionless. Hickok studied the mask for a moment. He saw in it his own face also. He put a hand on McMasters' shoulder.

The two turned down the street, Hickok flinging back his long yellow hair in a gesture habitual with him.

"Take a good look at the work on them two signs, men," said he, accosting the curious followers. "You ain't apt to see better. This man and I are going to see peace and quiet in Abilene. He's my friend and my deputy.

"I didn't think the man lived that could do it," said he to McMasters as they walked away together. "Your six are bunched as good as mine, and your time is perfect. Come on down to the Cottage and let's sit around for a while.

"Halloo, what's that?" he added. A group of men was coming up at a fast gait from the southern edge of the town. Among them was one, apparently a leader, whose rapid discourse occasionally was broken by wild whoops. "Who's that?" laughed Hickok. "Some more wild men from down the trail?"

In effect, it was Mr. McCoyne, explaining to the citizens of Abilene that beyond a peradventure he had met and traveled with an actual herd of cattle, actually bound for Abilene. Moreover, the said herd was then and there camped just below the Solomon, within easy reach of town.

This certainly was news of interest to McMasters as well as to Wild Bill Hickok. McCoyne was too much excited to identify anyone, did not remember McMasters, whom he had not recently seen and never had known well.

"Listen, men!" he shouted. "We've got to have a celebration. Get all the Eastern men together. Go see if our new band is sober enough to play any sort of tune. Get 'em down on the portico at the Drovers' Cottage in an hour or so. When I bring the herd into town, and we get right opposite the Cottage, tell 'em to strike up. We've got to show these people what a real live town is.

"Now, come on," he resumed. "I own a interest in the Spread Eagle Saloon"—it chanced to be the one whose sign had served for a target just now, later a matter of much pride to the owner—"but I'm going to change the name to Lone Star. Come on and have a drink with McCoyne, president of the Abilene Stockyards!"

By magic, from their tents and dugouts, their sod huts and log hovels and their residences of raw pine boards, the men of Abilene assembled—border men, skin hunters, loafers, gamblers, thieves, citizens and aliens, merchants and cattle buyers; a throng sufficiently motley for a total population of a very few hundred. They crowded into the saloon, formed an overflow meeting upon the outside; primitive men in a primitive day.

Around this primitive scene stretched a wide and primitive world. The blue sky, flecked with fleecy clouds, bent over an endless sea of grasses growing to the very edge of Abilene. The flowers nodded and beckoned in the gentle wind. Not a furrow of plow was there. These rude men of Abilene were forerunners of an inland empire soon to come but not yet over the horizon.

Hickok and McMasters did not go beyond the edge of the crowd. The former seemed now, as so often he was, absorbed in the sheer beauty of the prairies.

"It's pretty," said he, waving his hand. "I hate to think of its changing." A tinge of his occasional melancholy fell upon him. "Of course, it will change and change fast," said he. "Well, I was a part of this."

Without affectation, he spoke in the past tense. There never was a killer who gave himself a long life.

Inside the saloon, mounted on a chair, McCoyne, president of the Abilene Stockyards, was addressing the multitude.

"They're a strange-looking people, them Texans," he was saying. "They've got no wagons; only some carts, each with two yoke of oxen. There ain't a whole pair of breeches in the outfit, nor a decent hat. Every morning when a fellow wants a horse, where his rope lands, that's his—and he has to ride to stay with it. They can ride any horse in the world. They've got a fighting chicken on top of one cart and they say they'll bet the herd on that rooster—and here us folks ain't got a single one in Abilene! They'll bet anything you like they've got the fastest horse in Kansas. They say they've got a man they'll back in a shooting match against anybody in the world."

"They must mean Wild Bill," said a voice.

"No, his name is McMasters—Dan McMasters. But he ain't with them now. Besides that, they got something else; you can't guess. They've got a woman!"

"Aw, go on!" A voice.

"Yes, they have. Young woman, too, and prettier'n any picture you ever saw in a frame. She owns all the herd. She's rich as she is pretty. Her name's Lockhart—Miss Lockhart, from Caldwell County, Texas, but not Caldwell, Kansas, gentlemen. She owns the Del Sol ranch down there. They raised this whole herd on that ranch; or anyhow that's what they say. Men, here's to Miss Anastasy Lockhart, the finest girl in the world and the first one up the Texas trail!"

Two men of the crowd who had been listening quietly stepped out at the door, looking at one another but not speaking. They passed close at hand; the future town marshal of Abilene and his deputy.

XXXVIII

FOR the last two hundred miles of the long trail up from Texas, life was less eventful for the Del Sol men. The cattle now were shaken down to the daily routine of marching and gave little or no trouble. They took the smaller streams almost in their stride; and as to the last large waterway, no problem of note existed, for at the Arkansas River, the trail maker, Jesse Chisholm, again had provided passage in the scow he had left moored not far from Wichita after it had served his own purposes. It was merely a procession north of the Arkansas to Abilene, across beautifully undulating country whose attractiveness would have been hard to match in all America.

Arrived now at the Solomon River, however, almost at the environs of Abilene, they found that civilization had prepared a bridge—the first and only bridge of the entire journey of perhaps a thousand miles. It was a structure of raw pine, well enough meant but done by men in ignorance of the actual nature of Texas steers. It served well enough for the carts, but the herd would have none of it and insisted on swimming, as they had crossed so many other streams. It was after they had crossed that, yielding to the supplications of McCoyne, a halt was called until the latter could go into town and complete certain arrangements of his own. He asked Nabours to bring on the herd later.

For some anxious moments the apostle of Abilene stood in the street looking southward. At last he waved his hat.

"Here they come!" he cried.

Tears ran down his face, perhaps alcoholic tears, but not unworthy, and pulled up in his straggly beard. He had verified his prediction. Here came the cows!

A cloud of dust approached, blown by the prairie wind. By and by the men could see the head of the herd advancing steadily, a mingling sea of longhorns in a procession interminably long. The word passed now, and even the saloons were emptied. All Abilene came to see and welcome the first herd up the trail. It seemed a large event to them. Not a man of them, not the wildest dreamer of them all, ever guessed that it was the opening of one of the greatest epochs in American history. Men even would have scoffed at the assertion that thirty-five thousand cattle would reach Abilene that year, seventy-five thousand the year following; that soon the state of Texas would be trailing north over a million head a year.

Ahead and alongside, mounted on wiry little horses, rode men ragged, coatless, long of hair, bearded; tall men, sinewy, insouciant. The saddles of these men had double girths, wide low horns and deep leather flaps hanging low over the feet of the riders. Each man had a thin hide reata coiled at his saddle horn. Each man wore a heavy belt at which hung a heavy revolver, and a few carried rifles under their legs. They came easily, steadily, ahead, their own eyes full of wonder but not of fear.

Well to the front and paralleling the column to windward came the great wheeled carts with white tops, each drawn by two yoke of oxen. On the front seat of one sat a black woman with a long musket across her lap. Upon yet another was an old woman, dark, wrinkled of face, attending strictly to her own business.

The tilt flaps of the lead cart were closed. The cattle which drew it followed the horseman who rode just ahead—an old man, of face also dark and wrinkled, who wore a very tall conical sombrero, the first of the like ever seen in Abilene, the only one of all his company. His cotton clothing was meager, he himself was meager, his horse was meager. Upon his saddle horn there was perched what proved to be a bird whose plumage bore a luster of its own; a bird somewhat battered and bedraggled, with certain feathers of wing and tail missing and a crest somewhat torn and dragging; which none the less raised its head from time

(Continued on Page 164)

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Seven-Passenger Sedan—
Five Disc Steel Wheels Included

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A distinguished new Chalmers Sedan that rivals the finest of custom-built cars.

The well-bred beauty and style, the European touches of design and the high quality of body-work, heretofore reserved to owners of the costly built-to-order creations.

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Body and hood finished in town car blue, with upper structure of long-grain landau-leather, and disc steel wheels, in black. Belt panels of light blue beneath the door windows and circles of light blue around wheel hubs.

Taupe mohair velvet interior trim; genuine Circassian walnut window mouldings; satin-finish hardware.

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Regular equipment includes a spare wheel carried at the left side forward; full-nickeled radiator, head lamps and parking lamps; motometer; two-bar, full-nickeled bumpers front and rear; car-heater; windshield visor; windshield wiper; rear vision mirror; Yale door locks.

Chalmers Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

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HER CROWDED HOUR

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"OH, CAPTAIN RATHOM!" called Isabella, coming out of the front door of the Wallace house, to an old gentleman in blue who was stumping along with a cane on the concrete opposite. "Are you going past the post office?"

Captain Rathom waved his hickory stick and Isabella hurried down the steps, across the street, and gave him the letter in her hand. She had been writing steadily for the last two hours, and looked pale but determined. The evening mail went out at six o'clock and it was now half past five. The envelope was bulky and addressed with meticulous legibility to John Faxon, Esq., Brahmakund Lumber Company, Care Tessiger's Bank, Bhamo, Upper Burma, via Hong-Kong.

"Wind's pulled round to the west'ard," remarked the old man genially. "We're goin' to have a run o' fine weather."

"I noticed the glass was up," she assented. "Don't put that in your pocket now, will you?"

"No, no!" he chuckled, peering mischievously at the address. "I won't let nuthin' fall afoul of it between clearance and port of destination, I promise ye!"

Isabella watched him with an expression in which relief struggled with regret as he tacked down the sidewalk under the elms. Then she bit her lips, smiled faintly and retraced her steps. Well, that was over!

If it had not been for John Faxon, Isabella would not have so readily referred to herself as an old maid. But when a man has given a woman the untiring devotion of twenty years, and urges her by every mail to accept his standing offer of marriage—particularly if that be a fact familiar throughout the local community—it rather takes the curse off what might otherwise be an animadversion. Isabella was an old maid by choice, and everybody knew it.

Indeed she could have married twenty times in as many years, had not the law and her loyalty to the love of her youth intervened. She had never loved anybody but John; she had never considered for a moment marrying anybody else; and even if she had been willing to, there was nobody in Bellehaven good enough for her, as all agreed.

Undoubtedly Isabella was an exceptional woman, even if—generally speaking and with a few collateral exceptions—the Faxons had as good blood as the Wallaces. Her heritage and John's were much the same. Both came of families of English stock who had settled upon the Maine coast more than two centuries before and had in one way or another always followed the sea, and both had been brought up in the like love of independence and solid self-respect and in the culture that comes not only from books but from familiar knowledge of countries and people, acquired round the fireside by personal intercourse with those acquainted with them at first hand.

Isabella's great-grandfather Wallace had fought the Barbary pirates with Decatur, and her grandfather had commanded a twenty-gun frigate during the Civil War, while John's forebears had steered their own clipper ships down the Penobscot on eighteen-month voyages to the Argentine, thence across to Liverpool, down to Málaga, Constantinople, Smyrna, Odessa, and back again, or even round the Horn on longer trips amid the palm-fringed atolls of the Pacific. Both had in them the hardy, adventurous blood of the men of Biddeford and Devon, who followed Drake and Hawkins westward-ho to the New World, or occasionally made their hatred of the cruel Don and bloody Portugee an excuse for less commendable adventures upon the Spanish Main, over which the Jolly Roger could have been flown with more propriety than the English Jack, and for which the Garter of the Bath would have been a less appropriate reward than a knotted rope at the yardarm under the left ear.

Yet in this these two differed not a whit from the rest of mankind. For each one of us is the product of ten thousand ancestors, the offspring alike of priest and pirate; of cobbler, husbandman and gypsy; of barmaid and princess; of street hawker, student and camel driver. Their voices cry in our blood. One must on occasion hark to them all. For one day he will be Marco Polo or Captain Kidd and the next Erasmus, and none shall say whether he be more of the one than of the other, until what is to be written shall be written.

"Say," He Laughed, "How'd I Do for a Blueberry Buyer?"

Bellehaven is a town of retired sea captains, the cupolas of whose white-pillared mansions—some of them ascribed to no less an architect than Sir Christopher Wren—look out across the running whitecaps of Penobscot Bay toward the three thousand islands that lie scattered about the Fox Island thoroughfare, the Eggemoggin Reach and seaward round Isle au Haut. All the world might go Bolshevik and Bellehaven would never know it; or, if it did, would ignore the fact as a vulgarity, for it has its own firmly established aristocracy of birth, knowledge and public service. It is a well-ordered place, widowed of its old-time prosperity, but living decorously upon its past reputation and a gradually diminishing income; doomed to ultimate decay, yet with an old age as vigorous and serene as that of its own sturdy white-haired mariners who haunt the wharves, gazing without spectacles so calmly toward life's vanishing point.

Bellehaven recognized that its real life was over along with the pirates and Medford rum, the Spanish sailors with bearded lips and rings in their ears, the clipper ships and—it must be confessed—the slave trade. Steam had choked it; gasoline had asphyxiated it. There had been a recrudescence after the Civil War for a brief space, and spasmodic revivals from time to time along with the merchant marine. But it was atrophied—dead at the top, however green the lower branches. For this reason the young people—all who could manage to get away—stayed there no longer, but went up to Bangor or Boston, or even to New York and Philadelphia, to learn to be bankers or doctors, lawyers, architects, or professors, for the Maine man is a clever fellow, with character and brains; while a few, responding to the atavistic call of the sea, entered the Navy or adventured forth in ships to trade like their forebears in foreign parts. Sometimes they came back there for their summer vacations—that is, the bankers and professors; and all looked forward to ending their days there, though they never did—dying, of course, in harness in the cities of their adoption. Only those who could not get away remained, and Isabella had been one of these.

She was nearly forty now, and for the last six months had been living entirely by herself in the big house on Main Street, save for the negro couple whom the captain, her grandfather, had carried home from Jamaica nearly sixty years previous as a result of some not too closely scrutinized arrangement with an English planter. Though William and Mary were nearly seventy years of age, with a multitudinous progeny living in the neighborhood, they were both still cheerful and hearty, like Bellehaven itself; and not only did between them all the work of the household, but looked after Isabella with much the same solicitude as when she was ten. And their language and enunciation were those of the Court of St. James.

The Wallace house stands high above the elm-shaded road on a grass terrace, bright green always, to which one mounts by a short flight of granite steps on which is carved the date, 1843. Two huge pink-and-white conch shells repose at the top on either side, brought back by Grandfather Wallace from the Pacific before Commodore Perry knocked at the hitherto closed gate of China. There is a wide white door with a shining brass knocker and overhead a very fine semicircular green blind sunburst, and when you have pressed the electric bell on the side—you have to know just where it is—you wait only long enough for old William to put on his white-duck jacket before he ushers you into a long, low-ceiled hallway hung with colored prints of ships, from which a narrow colonial stairway ascends abruptly.

Doors flanked by tall jars of blue and white open to right and left into spotless rooms with glossy hardwood floors, where horsehair furniture shoulders cozy chintz and polished Russian basins and samovars reflect the leaf-tempered sunlight to priceless Oriental screens and plaques, to Lowestoft and Staffordshire, carved iridescent shells from the South Seas, to ebony and lacquer, to Sheffield plate and brass-bound sea chests of strange conceit. There are intricate models—dark with age—of frigates and barkentines, done in sandalwood and mahogany to wile away the fo'c'sle hours on round-the-globe cruises. There are faded flags framed in wrinkled glass, dueling pistols in polished boxes lined with velvet, a riding whip of General Washington's, a little brass cannon that once stood on Paul Jones' quarter-deck, and inlaid furniture of the Empire. There are Malay creeses and Turkish scimitars, Afghan spears and assagais, cannibal war clubs and necklaces of shell and bone, porcelain idols, miniature Chinese temples and Indian ivories. There are rugs from Ispahan, Samarkand and Kandahar; and behind Isabella's baby-grand piano stand the huge tusks of a walrus and a rather rusty stuffed penguin brought back from the Antarctic when her grandfather went down in '59 to photograph the transit of Venus.

It is cool and quiet in the Wallace house, even in midsummer, and from the garden behind the lilac hedge floats through the windows with the drone of bees the

(Continued on Page 40)

893

The pattern on the floor is Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 323. The 6 x 9 ft. size costs only $9.00.
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[illegible]	x 9 ft.	11.25		3 x 3 ft.	1.40
9	x 9 ft.	[illegible]		3 x 4½ ft.	1.95
9	x 10½ ft.	[illegible]		3 x 6 ft.	2.50
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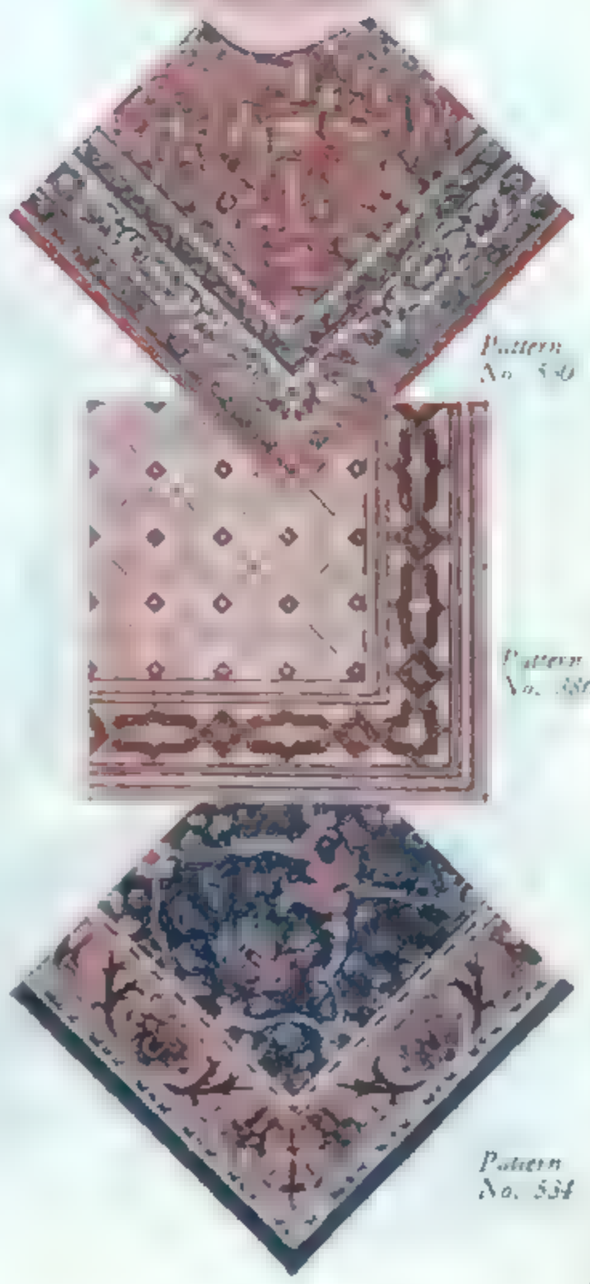

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

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scent of roses and heliotrope, of meadowsweet, clove pinks and mignonette, and mingles with the elusive, almost imperceptible odor of tar and dried wood, of spices, aloes and incense and the more-pungent hint of borax and carbolic acid. Few of us live, as did Isabella, surrounded by the outward and visible signs of the richness and variety of our multiplex inheritances.

Now she would never leave it. That was settled for good at last. No more worry and fuss. She could never have stood it out there, even with John. Her life was here in Bellehaven. She climbed slowly up the granite steps, noticed an infinitesimal spot upon the knocker, rubbed it off with her sleeve and walked through the hall. Valiantly she assured herself that she had done the sensible thing. She was an old maid, and an old maid had no business to tear herself up by the roots and go capering round the compass as if she were a skittish young girl, much less to some outlandish, unhygienic and septic place full of fleas, elephants, malaria and cheroots.

William was puttering round in the dining room, setting the table and arranging the candlesticks.

"Supper's most ready, Missabel!" he assured her as she passed the door. "They telephoned from the penitentiary that your automobile was all painted, and requested that you remove it—tomorrow if convenient."

"All right, William," she answered, "I'll be in the garden."

"Yes, thank you, Missabel," he said, bobbing his head.

"Missabel," the name by which William had always called her—an elision of Miss and Isabel—warmed her heart. Dear old William! Imagine leaving him!

There was a huge oak, a century old, in the middle of the garden, with a rustic seat beneath it, where Isabella usually did her sewing, and she went over wearily and sat down upon it out of habit. The book she had been reading was still lying there—Social Environment and Moral Progress—and she picked it up to take it inside. Isabella read constantly, because she was one of the committee that selected the books for the Bellehaven Library. It was surprising how much there was to do in so small a place, and to what extent people depended upon her for things. In her heart of hearts she knew that a lot of them bored her—the book had bored her. With a gesture of impatience she laid it down again.

Then she automatically raised her eyes to the window where for as long as she could remember her invalid widowed mother—that querulous Old Woman of the Sea—had always been peering down at her until her death six months before. That was her reason for not having left Bellehaven and married John years ago. If she had raised her eyes once to that window in the last twenty years, she had raised them several million times. Only the streak of Covenanter in her—the Methodist-Huguenot strain of her great-great-grandmother Hodge—had held her rigidly loyal to that thankless, antipathetic duty imposed upon her by the Fifth Commandment of acting as day-and-night nurse to the mother who apparently never understood that she was making the slightest sacrifice and accepted it as a matter of course; yet it was that—and only that—which had imperceptibly turned the rather dashing Isabella of eighteen into the old maid of thirty-eight.

Now, though the window was empty, she could not help lifting her eyes to it just the same. All the rest of her life, she told herself a shade bitterly, would be just like this—an almost automatic reiteration of rather pleasurable but trifling duties connected with the church, the Sunday school, the Women's Aid Society, the library, the reading club, the Y. W. C. A., the Seaman's Home and the musical society, of which she was the president. At first, as a girl—but that was only at first—she had found it hard to work off her surplus energy, and had been constantly dreaming of what was going on in the world outside Bellehaven; but she was by tradition cosmopolitan, and with all the newspapers and magazines she wanted upon her library table she felt the limitations of her birthplace far less than others might have done. Yet to become what she had become had required an amount of restraint she little appreciated. A great deal of what she regarded as habit was, in fact, merely self-control.

But one habit had her strongly in its grasp—the habit of fastidious living—and the real reason why that afternoon she had finally written John that she had decided never to leave Bellehaven had been her more than reluctance, her dread of abandoning the house into which she fitted like a snail in its shell, with its atmosphere which was part of herself, the precision of her routine and all the creature comforts and daintinesses of her tranquil existence. Besides, having lived for nearly forty years without a man, the idea of adjusting herself to one, particularly one of John's breezy variety, was too startling. Yet as she sat under the oak, having dispatched the letter by Captain Rathom, there was an ache in her heart, in spite of the fact that her head declared that she had done the only sensible thing. Once more she took out John's letter, a great wad of flyspecked yellow sheets, stamped "Brahmakund Lumber Company," covered with his blurred, angular scrawl and ornamented with several large blots.

It really is not bad here at all, Isabella; I swear, if you come, I can make you comfortable in a way quite surprising. Business is fine, and the demand for teak, which you know is our specialty, is increasing all the time, owing to the spurt in shipbuilding. Now, dear, don't keep me waiting for you any longer. Don't throw yourself away living on like an old woman in Bellehaven. Some day, if you want, we can go back there. I have waited for you twenty years, and you can't say you haven't given me any encouragement, can you?

The climate here is much cooler than you would expect, being up in the mountains—quite like Maine—and I am sending down to Rangoon for a bath tub. I don't believe when you get here you will find Bhamo so much duller than Bellehaven. Just cable me, care of Tessiger's, "Coming," and I will have the finest bungalow in Upper Burma waiting for you. I've got the best Chinese cook in the native states already. He can't be beat! Makes griddle cakes, doughnuts and fish balls. You say you are getting to be an old maid. I know that is a lie. I bet you don't look a day older. Darling, you know I don't know how to write, but if you were here I could say it all right. I love you.

JOHN.

As she read the awkward epistle over for the fiftieth time a flush came into her cheeks and her pulse beat faster. In the shaded sunlight of the oak she did not, in fact, look a day older than when he had bade her good-by on that very spot on just such an evening twenty years before. She had always had a high color—it was the Devon dairymaid in her—and she had it still. There were no lines in her face except such as to give it an added character and charm, and her eyes were as deeply and clearly blue as the white-capped waves of Bellehaven Bay. The years had brought to her dignity without stolidity; they had not impaired, they had only tempered her vitality. It would not have been seemly for Isabella, the last flower upon the Wallace family tree, the pride of Bellehaven, to have lived other than decorously in the old-fashioned sense. So while other middle-aged women under like circumstances might have played golf, she cut roses in her garden and entertained the ladies of Bellehaven at high tea in the low-ceiled dining room whose mantel bore a row of pewter tankards which had once served as the official measures of the town in the days when gentle folk drank Madeira and Jamaica rum and paid for it in the wood with doubloons.

After all, John need not have gone away; he could have stayed in Bellehaven, as his father had done. But the next minute she was ready to admit that she could not see John staying on in Bellehaven, where the maximum scope of his activity for the past twenty years would have been to run the bank or general-merchandise store, eventually at fifty to serve his turn as town clerk and selectman, and finally from seventy and on to go clumping up and down like Captain Rathom looking at the weather. No, John never could have done it. In the first place, they hadn't a cent. Commander Faxon, John's grandfather, had been a grand old man, and made money; but his son, who had stayed in Bellehaven, had lost practically all of it in a

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"I'll Not Hurt You," He Announced. "But They've Missed Me, and I've Got to Grab Your Car. It's My Only Chance for a Get-Away"

Peerless

The comments continually being made by owners of the New Peerless, are notable on two counts.

Not only for the friendly enthusiasm they voice; but because they come from people accustomed to the best they can buy in motor cars.

These owners dwell upon the fact that Peerless power seems to have no limit; and they exclaim at the low cost of the comfort and the luxury which such power means.

They speak of the new experience of having an engine remain fresh and lively for thousands of miles without removal of carbon.

In short, they tell of a kind of motoring enjoyment, a completeness of motoring satisfaction, that they have never encountered in any car but the Peerless.

Peerless Body Styles—*Four Passenger Touring Phaeton; Seven Passenger Touring Phaeton; Two Passenger Roadster Coupe; Four Passenger Town Coupe; Four Passenger Suburban Coupe; Five Passenger Town Sedan; Seven Passenger Suburban Sedan; Five Passenger Berline Limousine; Four Passenger Opera Brougham*

How Cleveland and Whitney Made the New Navy—By George F. Parker

ONE of the most fertile subjects for writing known to our history has been the American Navy. Neglected at the beginning, looked upon at various times and often by classes or types of Presidents and Administrations with distrust, sometimes starved, seldom fully appreciated, the fact remains that the heredity of the American naval officer and the American sailor was so strong that it was never possible, even under the most adverse conditions, to overlook them. Whether it was in the Revolutionary War, when privateering was the principal method, in dealing with Barbary outlaws, the War of 1812, the Civil War, the War with Spain or the Great War, the American sailor in all his ranges of activity has been the figure already indicated. In addition to the fact that England, according to Edmund Burke, had thirty-six thousand American sailors in her service in 1765, the achievements of our seagoing population were so distinctive that the romance has never really left them.

The United States Cruiser Chicago, Authorized and Begun Under Chandler and Completed by Whitney. This Was the First Vessel of the Navy to be Propelled by Both Steam and Sail. At the Left—William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, 1885-1889

I shall not deal with the history or the achievements of the officers and sailors of the Navy. I am, however, moved to tell how this machine, always efficient in its personnel, high in the honor of its officers and the courage of its sailors, with its full share of success and with only that share of failure always to be expected, was made over and thus preserved its character as an ever-ready agency for watchfulness in time of peace and for aggression in time of war.

Striking though the achievement has been, little attention has been given to it outside the routine or mechanical chronicles incident to such a service. The American Navy, like every other great branch of government, had to pass through such a period. The strain incident to the Civil War, when a large amount of effort had to be made without any adequate preparation, when men had to be picked up from every direction without regard to their fitness and when they were often chosen for personal, party or sometimes for sinister reasons, made it impossible to maintain anything like the activity that had been necessary. So from 1869 until the beginning of 1882 the Navy was like a foundling left upon the doorsteps of the incompetent secretaries assigned to its care. It was therefore not unnatural that it should not only lose force and influence but that, like its own useless vessels, it should become covered with rust or incrusted with barnacles.

The Turn of the Tide

THERE was practically no sentiment in favor of the maintenance of an efficient navy because few thought that there was any need for it. Hence it is not surprising that the country passed with more or less patience through the period of Borie, Robeson, Thompson, Goff and Hunt. There was no sentiment in the country demanding that the Navy, however small, should be absolutely efficient and up to date. None of the men at the top foresaw the possibility of any war which would make it necessary to have armament on the sea; even on the coasts the great mass of the public was indifferent and practically incompetent to form an opinion, while the hinterlands, whose people had never seen the sea or hardly heard of a vessel, could not be expected to set the pace.

When Mr. Cleveland succeeded to the Presidency he had to confess in his first annual message, "We have not a single vessel of war that could keep the seas against a first-class vessel of any important power," while Mr. Whitney's first report as Secretary of the Navy, upon which the President based his conclusions, emphasized the fact that "We have not a single vessel that has either the necessary armor for protection, speed for escape or weapons for defense."

I shall almost suppress consideration of the period from 1869 to 1881 and outline the methods by which these conditions were overcome and thus explain why the American Navy now exists, whereas before it was as weak as it had become in the early days of the country, during Jefferson's Administration, when it was avowed that we did not want a navy and when our vessels were burned or rotted at their wharves. None of these things was creditable at any period. The officers and sailors of the American Navy, few in number, were efficient in character, and stood almost at the top of their work so far as the judgment of the world went.

This condition of affairs continued until April, 1882, when, under the reorganization of the Arthur cabinet, William E. Chandler became Secretary of the Navy. Here was a new type of man—intelligent, keen, sharp, ambitious. Exceedingly desirous to distinguish himself by doing good work, he started under discouraging circumstances. He himself was perhaps as bitter and unrelenting a partisan as any known to our later history. If there was in the country any man who inspired lack of confidence—almost hatred—among the Democrats, who were then in power most of the time in the House, it was Chandler. He saw some of the needs of the Navy and did excellent work in meeting them, but his party position, his uncompromising attitude and a somewhat unattractive personality kept him from doing what he would have liked; but in spite of all these, by excellent executive work he corrected some of the gross abuses incident to the management of the Navy. When history is written a large amount of credit must be given to Chandler; but he had the defects of his qualities and came in at a time when it would have been almost impossible, perhaps, for any Republican so to gain the confidence of the country that he could have inaugurated and carried out a large policy.

When Mr. Cleveland went to Washington as President he had no knowledge beyond that of the average intelligent citizen of conditions in the American Navy. He knew it was in desperate straits, but that was all. He also knew that of all the departments of the Government it was the one requiring an assured knowledge of larger and broader conditions than any other. Though it was technical it also demanded great organizing powers and conspicuous executive ability. I have already explained about Whitney's relations to the campaign of 1884. His friends expected him to go into the cabinet, but the choice of a Secretary of the Treasury from New York disconcerted them for the moment; but when they picked their flints and tried again the President made up his mind that, as he wanted a young, pushing and vigorous man, he would name two men from his own state.

William Collins Whitney was then in his forty-fourth year. Why he came up as quickly as he did, why he had attained such a striking position had not generally been recognized, and naturally it could not be understood then. The philosophy of his origin and early life is little known even now. The most difficult task that has fallen to me in this series of Cleveland episodes has been to get and then to give a fair insight into Whitney and his springs of action.

William C. Whitney's father was Gen. James S. Whitney, of the Western Massachusetts town of Conway. Deriving from a family long conspicuous, he was from the beginning prominent in his community, well-born, prosperous, belonging to a type in our American life that has almost disappeared. These men of trained minds were leaders in all activities, political, religious and social. They not only knew their particular neighborhoods but as a class they dominated their states. So young Whitney, brought up from his birth in such a circle, came not only to know everybody in Western Massachusetts but by the associations peculiar to the whole country at that time he learned or found out everything that was to be known about political processes and both saw and knew the men who made and used them. His father was active, almost dominant, in all state organizations. Such a boy from his birth had an almost uncanny knowledge of how politics in all its various ramifications was conducted.

W. C. Whitney's Early Career

IT IS not surprising to find that, when in June, 1863, it fell to his lot to deliver the valedictory oration at Yale—an honor earned by genius and hard work—he should elect to deal with a political question. It is now difficult to realize how much the valedictory meant in the university life of that time. Every bright and aspiring student, especially if he expected to enter politics, looked forward to this high honor as the opening door to a career, and it so happened that this young man was one of the most popular not only of his class but of all that had been seen in Yale for years. Prominent in the Skull and Bones, active in everything, he held the lead during his four-year course not only in his classes with his fellows but with the faculty—sharing the most conspicuous prize with William G. Sumner, who became later a professor.

His address could not be partisan, but having reached what was for him the mature age of twenty-two, he had seen and come to know things far beyond his years. The subject was The Democratic Element in the State, upon which, with merciless logic, he proceeded to express his opinions about the future and in doing so to expose some of the tendencies of the past and of his own day. His point of view is indicated in almost his opening sentences by the following:

> By the agency of the events which are now happening, the old landmarks and courses are fast disappearing, and experience is robbed of half its value; new difficulties will obstruct men's paths, new burdens will weigh them down, while new and more serious dangers, which are certainly approaching, must be averted from our institutions and state. For civil war, when it is fought to the bitter end, as ours promises to be, is not wont to leave a nation without stamping its political constitution with changes, which ever after mark an era in its history.

Proceeding, he expressed the hope that by a few practical words he might engage the thoughts of his fellow students. From this time forward his thesis consisted of a bitter and settled assault upon what is now known as popular government. Pursuing his argument he insisted that the people had been intrusted originally with the

(Continued on Page 44)

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So marked is the low level of the selling price of GMC trucks, when compared dollar for dollar with the quality of each part, and with the completeness of every detail of their equipment, that this question invariably is asked—

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First, because GMC trucks are built by the General Motors Truck Company, a unit of the General Motors Corporation.

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General Motors Trucks

GMC

(Continued from Page 42)

control of only the Lower House of Congress, the Senate having been allotted to the state governments, the judiciary to the Executive and Senate, while the executive was to be chosen by independent electors or the House of Representatives. Thus far his attention was concentrated upon the checks which originally surrounded the popular element. He then expressed the fear that, proceeding from the control of the House, the Senate would next fall into the clutches of this element, and indulging a doubt about the judiciary he enforced the conclusion that it was certain to appear there, perhaps beginning in states and districts, and extending itself upward.

He emphasized the conditions that would result when the President and senators became fully dependent upon popular favor for their election and their policies. He insisted that none of the founders would now give his blessing to our institutions, arguing that the government they formed was a symmetrical structure, every portion of which occupied in turn the whole mind and soul of each and was laid carefully in its place with their earnest prayers. It had had neither remodeling nor reconstruction, but neglect had allowed changes to creep in and destroy the model of the edifice; changes adopted for no reason and to serve no purpose; changes, many of them those that the founders of the Government openly disapproved; changes, which seemed only the working of a blind and inexorable fate, which, carrying the democratic element to an unlimited and despotic sway, makes it the minister of death to the republic which it rules; and in reaching his conclusion he asked, "Who shall say that the ugly visage of democratic absolutism is not staring us in the face?"

The First Torpedo Boat

Precocious Insight Into Politics

HE OUTLINED the changes in standards from the time that all the thirteen original states had some sort of qualifications, many of them stringent, and traced the departure of each of these in one state and another until universal suffrage had become the rule, insisting that even this had been watered down by a "vast crowd of foreigners, who, with no settled attachments, unused to liberty and self-government, hazarding no stake in the nation, and ignorant at best, have entered and peopled the byways and blind alleys of our towns and cities; and universal suffrage has admitted the whole class to American citizenship and to the control of the destinies of the nation."

Although only sixty years after, it now seems strange that any young man looking forward hopefully to a public career could have indulged in the following declaration:

> Party organizations rule the politics of the nation; but parties are only the means of organizing and making effectual the power of the people in the mass. By ascertaining how far they carry their action, we shall determine how far the power of the people, which makes effectual their decisions and nominations, extends. Do we find these parties nominating candidates for representatives alone, which was the limit of the direct power of the people? On the contrary, they nominate the President also, and the people choose then directly who shall be the Chief Magistrate of the nation. They indeed go through the form of choosing electors, but only to deposit the choice of the people. In addition to this, they more and more frequently nowadays nominate United States senators—and so the people more and more frequently choose them. It may not be a formal nomination, but if the matter is contemplated and men are appointed to the state legislature on account of their known predilections, there is a tacit agreement, and the choice is made by the people, and not by the state legislature. This indirect mode of choice is more common, though hardly less effectual, than a direct nomination and choice.

He adjured his classmates to remember, while in the presence of these everyday occurrences and events, where they should soon stand as actors in the scenes and the demands of duty which would call upon them, to strive honestly and earnestly to understand the philosophy of these events and to recognize the weaknesses of our institutions.

It has seemed odd thus to resurrect a college performance from this long dead past and to find in it utterances which showed the thoughtfulness and the courage of something more than a precocious schoolboy, and thus to contemplate along with it the career, bold, active and pushing, through which this man was destined to pass.

After leaving Yale in 1863 Whitney went thence to the Harvard Law School, where he graduated in 1865. He came at once to New York and began the practice of his profession with his double classmate and future brother-in-law, Henry C. Dimock. They were nearly of an age, had come from Massachusetts, where they had like connections, and though neither was rich they did not encounter the usual difficulties in getting started. They had sufficient resources and more than enough energy to carry them over. Whitney at once formed his associations, social and business, and, naturally, along with them, his professional connections, all of them fitting into his advancement. Before the new firm had been at work a year it had made important connections with Western railroads, some of which were in difficulty and required the utmost care, which these young men gave; and from that time forward their success was rapid and deserved.

It was not long before Mr. Whitney was recognized as the political member of the firm. By 1870, when the Tweed exposure was in sight, he was of great assistance to Mr. Tilden and the men active in the Democratic Party, to which he had inherited an affiliation always maintained. In the following year, when the Committee of Seventy was organized, Whitney, though not a member of it, acted with a still younger man, the late Francis Lynde Stetson, and many other progressive men who were to modify the future of New York. It was, indeed, a notable aggregation of young men that were brought together in that great contest. In this year Whitney, in spite of his feeling about politics as shown in his graduating address, became, for the only time in his life, a candidate for an elective office, running for district attorney at a time when there was no hope of success. In 1874, William H. Wickham was elected mayor and at once appointed young Whitney, then only thirty-four, as corporation counsel.

It was a vital time in the legal history of New York and the new official at once showed his strong qualities. He surrounded himself with the best men, making Stetson his assistant and drawing to him E. H. Lacombe, later judge of the Circuit Court of the United States; Francis M. Scott, who was to become a well-known State Supreme Court Justice, and many others destined to make their way in New York life and politics. His record as the corporation counsel was so outstanding that in 1881 he and the late George Bliss and Peter B. Olney were appointed a commission to compile and afterwards to revise the state laws as they affected the interests of the city. Their report was adopted by the legislature as the Consolidation Act of 1882 and constitutes Volume II of the Acts of that year. Mr. Olney always insisted that Whitney was practically the author as well as the compiler of this act.

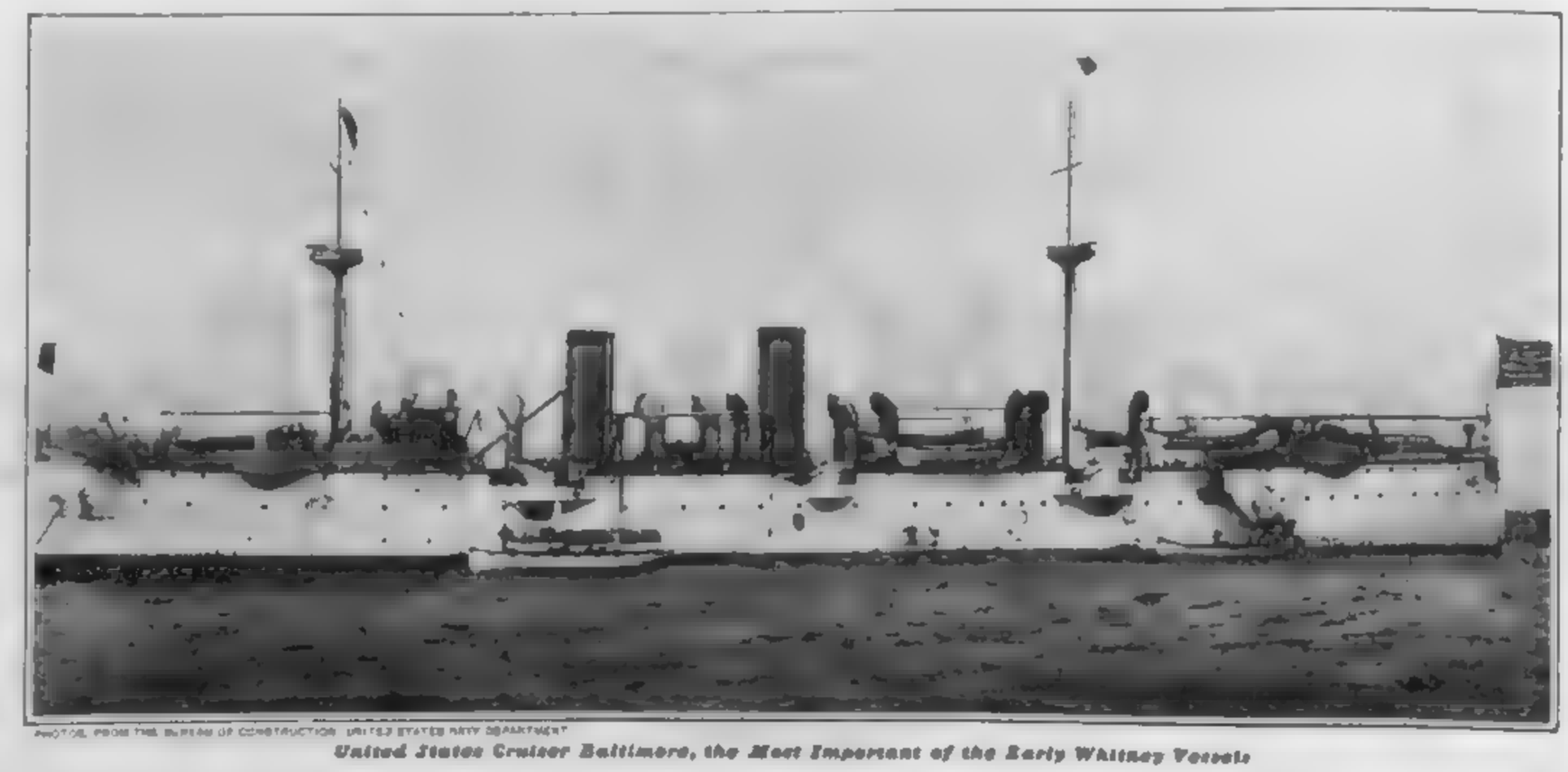
When the County Democracy was organized in 1881 as a protest against Tammany, then accused of having betrayed General Hancock in the preceding year, perhaps the leading spirit in it was Whitney. In the same year he had become a state figure and as chairman of the resolutions committee took an important part in the Syracuse convention, from which Tammany was for the first time excluded. This inaugurated a division thereafter of delegations to the state convention between Tammany and the County Democracy, somewhat modified later by the Irving Hall Democracy. Whitney went as a direct delegate to the National Convention at St. Louis in 1876 and young as he was, he was a factor in the nomination of Tilden and Hendricks. He continued this larger work, as a delegate to the Cincinnati convention of 1880, and his prestige was still further enhanced by his wonderful work in Chicago in the nomination of Grover Cleveland in 1884. At every turn he had proved himself a consummate manager of men.

Appointed to the Cabinet

FROM that time forward his position was assured, so that his selection as a member of the first Democratic cabinet to take up power since 1860 could in no wise be deemed an experiment. He had solidified his strength in New York and perhaps knew more men influential in the country at large than any other man of his age in the country.

Nor was his ambition to enter the Navy a mere whim. The practice of his profession, his high adaptability to the methods of great business, together with the assistance that he was able to command from every quarter, had shown him that his best field lay in organization and management. As the Navy Department needed these most of all, he was placed in the position that might have been his if he had taken the receivership of some great railroad or other interest needing reorganization.

He had married the daughter of Senator Payne, of Ohio, who, in perhaps a higher degree than almost any other woman in our history, had the social instinct. By this time her brother, Col. Oliver H. Payne, had acquired large wealth, for which Whitney up to that time had shown no special desire. He and his wife were of similar character, and studious. One of the interesting stories told me by Mr. Charles S. Fairchild, later Secretary of the Treasury, was of calling upon the young couple one Sunday in a small comfortable home, and finding them reading together



United States Cruiser Baltimore, the Most Important of the Early Whitney Vessels

(Continued on Page 46)

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The Delco-Equipped Oldsmobile that made this remarkable record

BRINGING FORTH every quality of endurance in every part of the car—driving it a distance equal to twice the circumference of the earth in 150 days—

Or, to put it differently, crossing the United States from coast to coast 16½ times in the same length of time—accomplishing this mileage *with no attention whatever required by the car's electrical equipment*—

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Virtually every manner of road was traversed; every variety of weather and temperature was encountered; ten years' mileage was accomplished in 5 months.

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Style B287F

Boys' Brown Russia Fancy Oxford

(Continued from Page 44)

Euripides in the original. So, not only was the head of the house ready for work, but it was equipped all round, able and willing to undertake the task that confronted it in Washington. It has always been the fairly accredited gossip of the time that Mrs. Whitney went to Washington with an almost unlimited allowance from her brother for entertainment—quite sufficient to put her and her husband upon such a basis that they could carry on their work without much worry about resources.

Immediately knowledge of his appointment came to him, Whitney began to prepare for his task. He retired from his profession, never again to enter it, and put into other hands whatever business connections he had. This done he devoted himself to learning what he could about the Navy, to which he had never given any special study.

From the day he reached his desk in Washington, so far as the Navy Department was concerned he did not know the meaning of party politics. After he had been there a little while and had recognized the necessity for the reorganization of the Navy Department from top to bottom, he sat down one day and with his own hand wrote the following order to the heads of bureaus, giving special attention to that dealing with construction:

I wish to get at the knowledge of each applicant of the business or craft which he is applying to be given the charge of. General requirements I consider unimportant. Bear in mind that certain traits of character are necessary to a good foreman and these are entirely distinct from his acquirements. The qualities which enable a man to direct others and get good and efficient service out of a force cannot be got at through competitive examinations. An applicant's appearance and conversation will enable you to judge somewhat as to this and I desire the result of your observations in each case as to these matters. The examination is for the purpose of sifting the applicants and getting out those who should be fairly considered. . The antecedents and amount of experience of each man, where he has worked, and in what capacity, you will, of course, ascertain in every case. . . .

You will treat all foremanships of skilled labor as vacant, and allow all present incumbents to compete. I desire, however, a new force, and, except for very good cause and an exceptional record in the Navy Yard, shall not appoint a foreman whose habits have been formed through navy-yard work of recent years.

When the new Secretary took charge, on March 6, 1885, he found himself confronted with twin tasks. The first was to take a business machine which had fallen a victim to indifference, incompetence and lack of attention, and to make it over into something that would at least have the semblance of business management. Practically he found nothing in it except its wonderful personnel, from which it could not escape if it had tried, because the methods of choice, the discipline through which its members had to pass to get their training, and the high order of men from which they were drawn were all in its favor.

Limited Funds

His second task compelled him so to deal with the American people as to make them realize that if they were to have a navy at all it should be efficient and creditable. This second task was far more difficult than the first, because for this he had to surround himself with men, and with them make a new atmosphere. It would have been impossible to work in the air that had surrounded the old Robeson and Borie machines.

It is true, he had a comparatively small amount of money, considering the objectives he had set for himself. Though each demanded a different set of faculties and diverged from one another in the genius and power of organization necessary to fuse them, they presented practically the same problems namely, that of knowledge of what he had to do, the power so to organize as to do it, and the tact to carry out his plans without confusing, rather than instructing public sentiment.

I count myself fortunate in dealing with both these elements because I have been able to go to original sources for the necessary information. On the first, dealing with the detail and routine work of reorganization in 1885, my mentor and guide has been Rear Admiral David Watson Taylor, for many years chief constructor of the Navy, who graduated from the Naval Academy in the year that Mr. Whitney assumed office, and was immediately sent abroad as a student. He had taken whatever mathematical honors the Naval Academy could give, obtaining the highest marks that had been accorded to any student, and fixing a standard that has not since been surpassed. When he went into the Royal Naval College, at Greenwich, he made the same record, and wherever he went this was to follow him, as it was, to quote William McAdoo, to make him "the greatest naval constructor in the world; indeed, one of the world's leading men in all shipbuilding, absolutely without a superior."

On the other phase, I was equally fortunate in my ability to gain from Magistrate William McAdoo, who, before he became Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in the second Administration, had long been a member of the House Naval Committee, where he had become an expert in his knowledge of all navies, but especially of our own. He had done such efficient work in this capacity that Mr. Cleveland, in the first week after his return to the Presidency in 1893, insisted that Mr. McAdoo should take the Assistant Secretaryship, which made him the second holder of an office instituted during the Harrison Administration. I was thus able to procure from this high authority the story of how Mr. Whitney had gone about it so to organize public sentiment as to make possible the work that he finally did.

Rigorous Tests

With the advent of William E. Chandler into the Arthur cabinet there were signs of an aroused interest in the Navy. This was especially manifest in the House, which during most of the years from 1875 onward had been Democratic. The Committee on Naval Affairs in that body in due time fell under the chairmanship of Samuel S.—Sunset—Cox, who represented the metropolitan district, and being a man of ability, experience and patriotic purpose he had manifested a real interest in the question and by the time the Cleveland Administration came to power the importance of his committee had become recognized. Among other members of the committee at that time was Mr. McAdoo. He also represented a seaboard district—that of Hoboken, New Jersey. The *matériel* of the Navy was then about at its lowest position. The ships were wooden, light and inadequate, and modern shipbuilding, so far as the United States was concerned, was almost a lost art. But this newly aroused interest was so slight, its hold upon the country was so feeble that it was impossible to obtain anything like fair appropriations or to formulate a policy that would cut away from the old-time bad traditions. Thus practically nothing was done and in spite of Chandler's earnestness he was handicapped in carrying on the work with needed vigor.

There was entire distrust of the shipbuilding work, most of which had been done by the Roach Iron Works at Chester, the head of which, John Roach, was a remarkable Irishman, who started and worked for many years as a day laborer at Allaire, in New Jersey, where iron was made from bog ore with wood for fuel. He steadily grew out of this humble position until he became a shipbuilder, a man of character and force, who built or started the first iron or steel ships for the Navy while Chandler was Secretary. These were the Chicago, the Atlanta and the Dolphin, which lie at the foundation of the modern Navy.

They had not been completed or paid for when Whitney became Secretary, and the lack of confidence in shipbuilders in general was a factor in the campaign that preceded the election of 1884. Thus when Whitney came to the department he was keenly alive to the necessity for a complete reconstruction. He had no technical knowledge, but experience and natural aptitude for big affairs had been shown by his work in connection with railroad systems. His suspicions of the Roach yard were so strong that he started in to break down the monopoly that he thought existed. To this end he put the new vessels built to the most rigorous test, sending the Dolphin on a long cruise in bad weather to test her seagoing qualities. They had been built from home plans, and the inefficiency incident to both construction and supervision made it necessary to get to the bottom of everything, which Whitney was determined to do.

The Naval Committee had been for years working away, beginning in a faint-hearted way under Arthur and continuing with a fair amount of effectiveness during the first Cleveland Administration, a policy which was maintained during the Harrison period. But as this was not enough, Whitney overcame his initial difficulties, and devoted himself to the education of Congress and to arousing the nation to the absolute necessity for building a proper navy. He made one appeal after another to the committees in both Houses, appearing before them and explaining the necessities of the situation.

Mr. McAdoo, speaking of him, said: "Looking back at it now it is no disrespect to Mr. Whitney's memory to say that there was enough champagne spilt at the weekly open receptions at his house and at Navy Yard and shipbuilding inspections to float a considerable-sized vessel; and if the terrapin is to become an extinct animal I can distinctly account for it from my own observation."

Whitney did not keep up a big establishment in Washington for fun. He went there with a distinct purpose, always avowed to his friends, of educating the American people in any honest way that he could to the need of a navy and to a realization of the fact that there was only one way to get it, and that was to go about it and do it. Naturally the people of the South and the West knew almost nothing about a navy, believing that it was mainly a project for putting money into the pockets of shipbuilders. The mass of indifference was obstinate to a degree, and was more difficult to overcome than was active opposition, but when, without much ceremony, a man of real genius appeared before naval committees, when he devoted himself in a social way to the entertainment of members of Congress without regard to party, residence or opinion, when he was always as ready to meet opposition as he was to welcome coöperation, when he persisted week in and week out and year in and year out in this policy, declining to suspend his activities for summer vacations and overlooking nothing that would help in his main object, it is easy enough to understand how, in the course of time, he made his influence felt.

Foreign Plans

The President in his campaign had demanded a reform of the navy abuses, but this did not of necessity commit him to a big far-reaching program; so that Whitney's first task was to convince the President that unless the proposed building program for the Navy was supported existing ships would soon go out of commission and the country would be without any defense on the water. He also showed him that a moderately progressive policy could be carried out honestly and efficiently with the expenditure of little more money than what we had been wasting without results. He convinced his chief, and perhaps this is the greatest triumph of his administration, because if the President had taken a narrow view of the question and had become stubborn, as many of the little-navy advocates expected, no more ships would have been built.

One of Whitney's first acts was to change the existing conditions about plans for ships. He believed that as the result of our neglect the domestic product was not adequate and insisted upon throwing the whole of the work open to competition, which was to be free to the whole world. In that way the plans of the battleship Texas were obtained. The successful competitor was Mr. John, an English naval architect, not connected with the Admiralty, but a very active and progressive man in the line of his practice. The Secretary was so convinced that we were behind that he resolved to get the best abroad, and having started with one he bought the plans for the cruiser Baltimore. These were made by the great naval architect then in the employ of the Armstronga, William White, who later became so famous as director of naval construction of the British Navy, his promotion and his knighthood having perhaps followed from the connection he had made here. This cruiser was largely a development out of the Japanese cruiser named Maniwa Kan, which the Armstrongs had built. As it was an advance over anything then accomplished so was the Baltimore an improvement upon its model. As the Secretary went on he purchased other

(Continued on Page 48)

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Because it was a Packard the soundness of Single-Six engineering was accepted from the first as a foregone conclusion.

It can be judged now, however, both by time and by numbers—thousands of Single-Sixes having been in the hands of owners for more than two years.

Its history may be summed up at this moment as one of individual instances of deep satisfaction, multiplied by thousands.

Never in Packard history was the familiar advice: Ask the Man Who Owns One, more pertinent—never was the answer surer than it is in the case of the Single-Six.

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after tobacco has been properly aged-

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- the sooner you smoke it the better it is

now 15¢

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Now, wherever - whenever - you buy Tuxedo, it is

fresh from the factory

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FRESH Tuxedo TOBACCO

(Continued from Page 48)

plans, each showing a step beyond anything then known. The Armstrongs were already turning out the best war vessels that sailed the seas. Difficulties arose about the Texas, owing to the fact that our constructors were hardly expert enough to take up such complicated plans and carry them through with success.

As time went on the naval committees, especially that of the House, were spurred to great activity. One active member of the committee, the late John R. Thomas, of Illinois, in spite of the fact that he was a Republican from the interior of the country took such a deep interest in it that the department made plans which were named for him, and though no vessel was built under them the competition and emulation thus generated were highly satisfactory and the work finally moved on in an active, almost feverish way.

Foreign-Trained Experts

The navy yards were used as far as possible but were found to be both slow and ineffective. So Whitney began to send out his vessels to contractors after the practical disappearance of the Roach firm at Chester. The great shipbuilding development of the time was at Philadelphia in the Cramps' works, in whom Whitney had the very greatest confidence as being the best men engaged in the business. He was able to get away from the ever-ready charges about the intrusion of politics, both Roach and Cramp being Republicans. As an effect of this activity, shipbuilding, which had fairly fallen into rack and ruin so far as the mercantile marine was concerned and had been neglected by the Government, took on new life. As under the new policy all designs were to be made in the department by the most efficient of naval architects, and as the construction was to be done here, there was something for ambitious and able young men to work for, and they took advantage of the new opportunity.

It was not in designing and building alone that this revived interest was shown. Early in his term Secretary Hunt had sent abroad for study in the naval schools or shipyards of England and France two young officers, Richard Gatewood and Francis T. Bowles, both assistant engineers. The method adopted was to take the students who had graduated at the academy with highest marks and send them where they could obtain the finest training in their profession. In fact, it was the institution of naval post-graduate study. This policy was continued by Chandler, who sent abroad four young men of this type, among whom was Lewis Nixon, who was to become one of the most distinguished and best known of modern shipbuilders, and with Admiral Bowles may fairly be termed the first fruits of the new policy. Whitney called Nixon home from foreign service, as he did also two of his associates, Captains Woodward and Linnard. This policy had so approved itself that during Whitney's four years he sent abroad nine young men, and by the end of his term this had become a settled policy. His successor, General Tracy, during the Harrison Administration, sent ten, half of whom had graduated during the administration of his immediate predecessor. The policy then adopted was continued and I have followed it nearly through the second administration of Mr. Cleveland, finding that between then and 1894 thirty-four such assignments had been made.

These officers remained three years, were accorded in both England and France every facility granted to students in each of those countries; when they completed their studies they came back and gave at once an added impetus to modern construction. Some resigned; among them Nixon, who entered the Cramp shipyards and later went into business for himself, and Bowles, who went into the Fore River works, both with great success.

Thus the whole naval establishment was placed on a scientific basis not only in the management but in all its ramifications. As the establishment was enlarged standards were raised, until it became unnecessary to send our students abroad for this high training. As construction went forward upon the lines fixed by Chandler and Whitney and continued by Tracy and Herbert, the all-round future of the Navy was assured

The Navy Department is full of stories about the experiences of officers as the Navy began fairly to grow and the vessels made their appearance in foreign ports—ports, indeed, where the American flag had perhaps seldom been seen. The most important protected cruiser designed abroad under Whitney was the Baltimore, which among other features had unusual provisions to get the air below to the exceptionally powerful boilers. This made necessary a large number of ventilators, which were very conspicuous.

It is said that on one occasion a paper in a British colony, east of the Suez, had an item stating that "an American man o' war came into port yesterday with a cargo of ventilators."

The Navy's Great Charter

When Whitney came into office there were a number of monitors that needed armor, for which, before his time, contracts had been placed abroad. He followed the same policy in obtaining the armor for the original battleship Texas. Efforts were then made to find facilities for making armor in this country, but none could be discovered. It opened the door for further action. Though the Gun Foundry Board did not intend to take up the armor question, it had endeavored to find which of the navy yards had the best location and was best situated for a government foundry and what methods should be adopted, if any, for the *matériel* and heavy ordnance.

When Whitney found that a successful plant could not be equipped at the navy yards for making both guns and armor he turned to the Bethlehem Company. This was the outgrowth of the Navy Act, signed August 3, 1886, a little more than a year after the new régime had begun its work. In that act, which in naval circles is still known as the Great Charter of the Navy, provision was made for armor of domestic manufacture and the Secretary was authorized not only to purchase at a satisfactory price but to make advances which would enable the Bethlehem Company to install the necessary machinery for experiment and actual production. A like provision applied to engines, boilers and equipment of new vessels. Strictest regulations required that the drawings and specifications should be made at home, and took a step that was perhaps the most important in the history of the department, by providing that no plan changes should be made at a cost of more than five hundred dollars save upon the written order of the Secretary When made, the actual cost and the damage cost should be ascertained and determined by a board of naval officers. This limit was so low that it removed any temptation to make or suggest changes without authority.

Armor Plate Competition

It was soon found that there were several kinds of armor. The English had what they called a compound armor, and the French had developed nickel-steel armor. The original contract with the Bethlehem Company did not provide for nickel steel. Competitive tests were provided for at the proving grounds at Annapolis, and later in the Whitney administration on the strength of these tests the nickel-steel variety was adopted. The only serious criticism, after these plans had been adopted and installed, was as to the price. The original price paid was somewhere in the neighborhood of five hundred and fifty to six hundred dollars a ton, and as success was registered the makers were naturally desirous to take foreign contracts. A close corporation existed at that time in the armor business, the British having a strong combination made up of three prominent manufacturers, who did not compete with one another. The Bethlehem people, waiting anxiously to get into the business and in connection with some Russian work bid for armor at two hundred and fifty dollars a ton. In Admiral Taylor's picturesque phrase, "That completely spilled the beans." The matter came to the attention of Congress and the fact was developed that the Bethlehem people could supply armor to foreign countries at this price while charging more to the United States, and thus was started all the armor trouble; yet the original prices compared favorably with those paid for armor in foreign countries. In the end the result was that our armor manufacturers agreed to reduce the price to about four hundred dollars, which by this time was apparently sufficient to give them a reasonable profit.

One of the important developments in connection with the making in this country of armor plate was its influence upon the steel industry. Previous to June 1, 1887, when the first contract was made, the Bethlehem Iron Company had made plates and certain structural shapes out of rolled wrought iron. They had also for some years been engaged in the manufacture of steel rails under the Bessemer process. No such thing was known as the manufacture of structural steel, which was first undertaken at Bethlehem some years after the first armor contract, that company being the first to make such shapes here. The period in which structural shapes—that is, for buildings, bridges and heavy structures—were first rolled was somewhere between 1887 and 1889. Admiral Taylor therefore has a right to insist, as he does, that the introduction of armor plate through the Whitney contracts resulted in the introduction to America of what has become

(Continued on Page 50)

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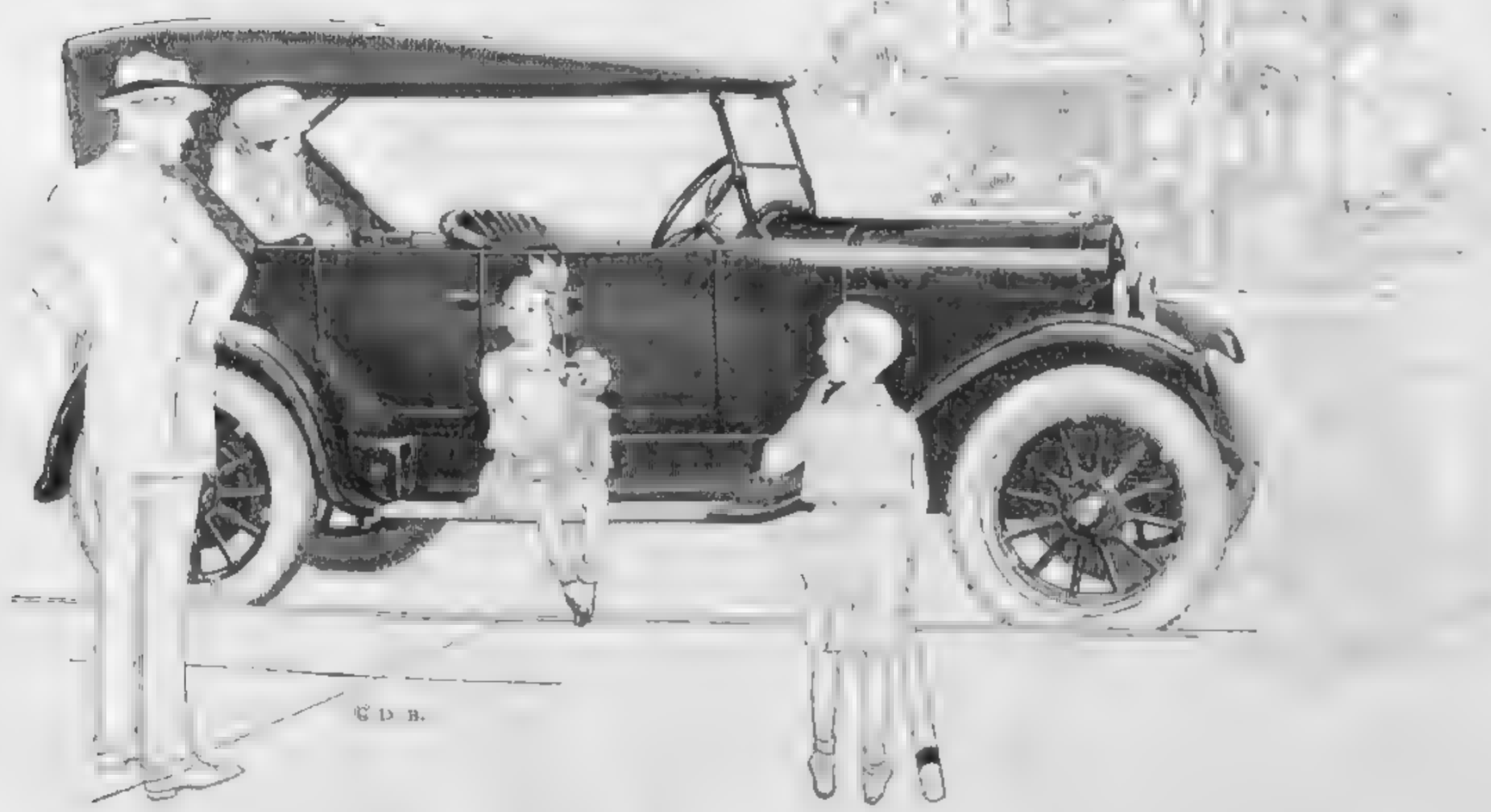

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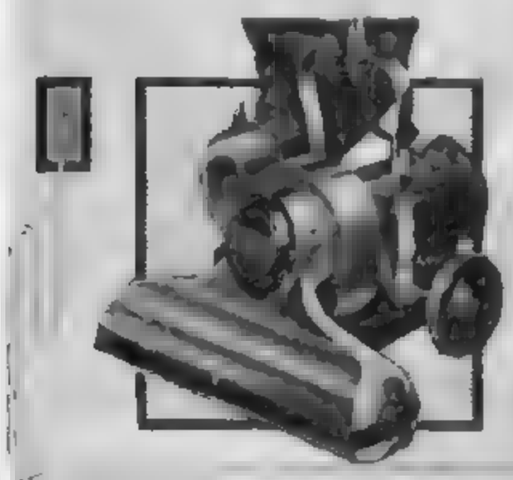

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(Continued from Page 48)

perhaps the most important branch of the metal industry.

Mr. Lewis, of what is now known as the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, has given me still further information about the wide range of development that grew out of this apparently simple contract, enumerating among other things that it resulted in the following: Hydraulic forging machinery with high-power hydraulic pumps; machine-shop tools of much larger sizes than had ever before been attempted; overhead traveling cranes and handling apparatus of sizes much greater than had before been employed; the manufacture of alloy steels and the heat treatment of the same, which was, up to the time of the first armor manufacture, wholly unknown; chemical research as it was carried on in connection with the manufacture of guns, projectiles and propelling powder; large plate-rolling mills for battleship armored decks; and the casting and handling of large unit masses of steel in ingots.

If any student of economics will analyze the influence of this single act he will probably find that more rapidly and surely than any avowed protective legislation in the whole history of the country this one single action on the part of the Government has promoted the growth of industry.

It is interesting also to find how the legislative department of the Government took notice of these things. In the Forty-ninth Congress, which lasted through the period already mentioned, the Secretary appointed a select committee known as that on "Steel Producing Works in the United States." It was one of the strongest of committees, as it was composed of Senators Hawley, of Connecticut; Aldrich, of Rhode Island; Morgan, of Alabama; Butler, of South Carolina; and Sewell, of New Jersey. Figuratively speaking, the little armor pebble that Mr. Whitney had cast into the sea soon made circles that included what are now our most important and vital industries.

The Naval War College

The making of public sentiment and the organization of the machinery necessary to bring it about were not to be the only things that were undertaken by Whitney. He began promptly the reformation and reorganization of the Navy itself. He went in with an idea, which was, to make the department confided to him as efficient as if it had been a great steel works or railroad. In doing this, although he had a fair organization back of him, he did not rely upon it for doing novel and original work. His main dependence in it was Admiral Mead's brother, who had been employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was taken into the department as a civilian, put into the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, where he did his work, and although the methods of a great railroad would not always fit the case it was a beginning.

There were then inaugurated methods still in use in the department today. They have been expanded, and there has never been a time when either the Secretary or the bureaus under him have become dormant or careless. In the language of Admiral Taylor, "The tree was planted by Mr. Whitney, and he is entitled to the credit of having started what has been shown in the stress of war to work very well." He organized all that portion of the business of the department, that is, the consolidation under one head, something which soldiers insist has not been possible even yet in the Army. His agent under whom this work was done was not employed directly by Whitney, but was under the chief of the bureau. From the very beginning, after Whitney had procured this expert advice, he insisted that the *matériel* work of the department should be consolidated under one head, and, as a step in that direction, when the chief constructor's term expired he did not reappoint anyone, but kept the position open for a long time, hoping and expecting that he would be able to command the necessary legislation to carry out his policy of consolidation—a policy which, indeed, has never yet been perfected.

In due course there was developed at Newport, separate from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, the Naval War College. It was originally the suggestion of Admiral Luce, and was placed at Newport because of his residence there. It had gone on for some years with an honorable but rather mild growth and without producing either any heads or lectures that stood out from the ordinary. But a change was in sight. Alfred T. Mahan, born in West Point in 1840, was graduated from the Naval Academy and began that routine service of the American naval officer which perhaps furnishes the highest education that can be given. He served through the Civil War, had independent commands on various vessels, saw service at several of our most important navy yards and had been an instructor in the Naval Academy, all without showing the great gifts which he was to demonstrate in later years. He was forty-five when, in due course in September, 1885, he was detached to the Naval War College. He began his work in what would have been supposed to be the ordinary way, delivered his lectures, which were well received by his comparatively small class, but attracted no great attention. He did some work as president of the Pacific Navy Yard Commission, but without interrupting the special studies and the duties that were so congenial to him, so that it was not until late in 1889 that he was detached temporarily from the War College, and returned to it again in 1892 as president.

Captain Mahan's Well-Won Fame

In 1890 he finally published his first series of Newport lectures. These were revised until they were given high literary finish, the utmost limit of precision and the highest development of the naval knowledge of the time. They then became the volume known as The Influence of Sea Power Upon History, and at once, as is usual, the prophet was not without honor save in his own country. His recognition here was slow, but within a few months, when the book found its way into England, France, Germany, Japan and every other nation which either had or wanted a navy, it was recognized as the most profound contribution thus far made to the history of naval warfare. Everywhere he was hailed not only as the historian of the past but the prophet of the future in the organization and conduct of navies. Honors flowed in upon him, and so intense was the credit that even when he reached higher rank he wanted to be known as Captain Mahan, thus putting his own seal on the title to which he had attained when the lectures were delivered. The result was that the United States woke up to the fact that the greatest historical work produced within its borders probably within fifty years had been written by this unpretentious and unknown naval captain. This was followed in due course by other and more elaborate works, but each and all, whether dealing with history or current events, were elaborations of the thesis laid down in his original work.

Captain Mahan had reason, long before his death, to realize how deep was his responsibility for the education of governments, not only his own but every one in the world. He had revolutionized English naval construction. Germany's development, whatever may have been its influence, was so largely due to this great study that with all the honors to which it is entitled, to the credit that can come to a great administration, Mahan is, perhaps, the most notable illustration of the leadership which high literary merit, when united with wisdom, brings to practical affairs.

Practically the difficulties in making a navy, as in making everything else, disappeared after the start had been made. It was not an accident that Whitney was the first man to begin this work, because it was only under him that it was possible to get away from the hampering conditions of the Civil War and to realize that the change from wood to metal was both insistent and permanent. There was a slight let-up under Tracy, but not enough seriously to check progress. When Mr. Cleveland returned a dead set was made at him to check the growth of naval armament. The pacifists and certain other classes of people were violently opposed to anything that might be of use in case of war, which they so feared and deprecated. They endeavored to influence the President, but the Whitney traditions were too strong for them.

When the Assistant Secretary, Mr. McAdoo, was asked by the Secretary of the Navy to draw up the formal report to the President he shrewdly limited himself mainly to extracts from Secretary Whitney's four reports during the first Administration. This was done in the full knowledge that Mr. Cleveland would long hesitate before he would overrule one for whom he had so much regard and to whom he was obligated in so many ways, both individually and officially. So Secretary Herbert's contest with the President was practically ended when, after analyzing what the new Secretary had to say and comparing it with what the old one had said, he realized that there should be no let-up in activity. Mr. McAdoo thinks that this interview of Secretary Herbert with the President was one of the most important in the Navy's history. He rightly believed that if the President committed himself then to renew the building of war vessels he would never change during the remainder of his Presidency, and he felt sure by that time the new Navy would be permanently on its feet, as, indeed, turned out to be the case.

Close as Mr. Cleveland's relations were to this new Navy, he never would give any personal attention to it. He was unusually democratic, not only in manners, habits, temperament and character but in his own attitude towards everything that was formal or militaristic. He had convinced himself that the building of a modern and defensive navy was a national necessity; but I here record, upon Mr. McAdoo's authority, that during the eight years of his presidency he never was known at any time to take a trip on the dispatch boat Dolphin or to be the recipient in any way or form of the honors due to the commander in chief. When he went on shooting or fishing expeditions he chose a boat connected with the lighthouse service. He then paid his own charges in company with Captain Bob Evans, with whom, in spite of personal attachment, he would not go on a naval ship. Efforts were repeatedly made to induce him to make an official inspection of the ships and yards, which he never did, although exhibiting always an intelligent interest in the whole service. He was especially painstaking in the matter of courts-martial, even of the humblest enlisted man, so that the officials had to be extremely careful in sending to him the papers in such cases. If there was to be found in them anywhere a weakness or inconsistency he would point it out at once.

This was merely an extension of the care that he always took in pardon cases.

Indifference to Naval Needs

During the summer of 1892 I was thrown into close relations with William C. Whitney, as we were working together on the Cleveland nomination under circumstances favorable to a large measure of intimacy, which led him to speak of his experiences. Naturally interested in getting at the bottom of his feeling about the dominating political events that had engaged my attention so sedulously during the previous three years, I welcomed any enlargement of scope. During the many hours spent daily at his house for ten days or a fortnight and in intervals of our exacting task he talked about the official associations with his chief.

I had come into close relations with Mr. Whitney first in 1888 while preparing the Campaign Textbook, and had been privileged, even thus early, to learn how deeply he was absorbed in the Navy, then well along towards assured success. During this new association he had given me many revelations about those four years of work and explained how, without any personal experience in a large national service, he had been chosen to solve the problem. I got from him then a more complete idea than would have been possible at any previous time, or even later, of his opinions on this great reconstructive work. He told me freely of the difficulties involved, other than those of a mechanical character. He emphasized the lack of interest in a navy in the country at large, but especially in parts remote from the sea; of how members of Congress, as far as they knew the Navy at all, had had their attention concentrated on the petty things of patronage and not on its large phases; how hard it was to tear them away from this side of the question, to which the methods of many years had accustomed them; how serious were the drawbacks incident to these features; and how almost impossible it was, when he went to Washington, to get a hearing.

He talked freely of the President, under whose directions he had worked, and few

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You will know the new Champions by the Double-Ribbed core. Buy them by the set. From any dealer anywhere. A type and size for engines of every make and model

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Do you realize what has happened in the world of shaving creams?

Three years ago every man who shaved had his own favorite soap.

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But Palmolive Shaving Cream was no sudden creation. We who made it have spent our lifetimes in soap study.

For 60 years this laboratory has been perfecting soap. One of its creations — Palmolive — is the leading toilet soap of the world.

We asked 1,000 men what they most wanted in a shaving cream. They agreed on five requirements, and we set out to meet them.

130 attempts

Despite our skill, we made up and tested 130 formulas before we met men's ideals. Some said these things were impossible, but we kept on. And in 18 months we had the shaving cream we offer you today.

Now we ask a ten-day test from every man who shaves. This shaving cream will amaze you. It will change your whole conception of what shaving cream can do. You owe to yourself, and owe to us, this delightful test. Make it now.

5 things men desire

1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2—Softens the beard in one minute.
3—Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4—Strong bubbles, to support the hairs for cutting.
5—Fine after effects, due to palm and olive oils.

Ten Shaves Free

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PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM

(Continued from Page 50)

things have more impressed me than his loyalty not only to him as an individual but to the conservative policy of which, naturally, the Navy was only a part. Few men had this spirit of loyalty more strongly developed than William C. Whitney.

Among other things that he said to me was this:

"I have never seen a man who could keep in his mind at once so many big things as Cleveland does. This applies not only to those policies back of a great administration but to the methods by which they must be promoted. He could come nearer to seeing and directing everything than any man I have known and, at the same time, his watchfulness of the men as aids was as commanding as was his confidence in them. He could never deal with men unless he could trust them absolutely. He had an almost uncanny gift for seeing ultimate results even in our own special work far better than any of his associates, and, indeed, as I have said, better than any man I have known, even when dealing with comparatively small things.

"His largeness of view was seldom at fault; once a policy was taken up he was exacting, though never unfair or even petulant. He always wanted to know even in a routine way how everything was going on. He had a way of never forgetting what had been agreed upon or was deemed possible. He could recall the names and the characters of the men who, all along the line, were assigned to a given task, and this was true even when they themselves had not yet been taken fully into confidence. With all this, he had a patience that was astounding."

On the other hand, Cleveland used to talk by the hour with enthusiasm about his first Secretary of the Navy; perhaps more so than of any other member of his cabinet. This was probably due to the fact that his duties were so distinctly technical that the President had to go out of his way to learn them.

Intensive Study

Among other things that he repeated time and again was: "Whitney was the oddest man I ever knew. From the beginning, when he took up the work assigned to him, he started in to study it—to learn it in all its details. It had been so long neglected, so few men had taken the trouble to find out just what it was, and both by nature and by intention he was so entirely different, that study was required to understand him. All effort was based upon a determination to obtain a fair organization on purely business lines. He had not in his mind a single party idea, and if he had it would have been knocked out of his head the moment he went to Washington and found the conditions that surrounded him.

"I knew him very slightly when we all went to Washington together, so that I could not foresee what would happen; but I had not been there long before I discovered that he had gone into this naval service with the intention of going to the bottom of it. Among other things, intuition showed him that construction was its weakest side. He used to tell me about his experiences with careless officials of the old time. They had become so settled in their methods that he found it almost impossible to shake them out. So it was not long before he concluded that in order to get plans for up-to-date war vessels he must buy them abroad in the open market. Having reached this determination and before he would take the necessary steps, he set himself to find out everything he could about such vessels. To do this he began a study of existing navies worth the effort. These included Great Britain, Germany, France, and he soon learned that some of the South American countries and Japan had had built in England certain vessels with the best-known qualities. Wherever found, he studied them until he had come to know every feature that entered into their construction—machinery, possible speed, how the plans ought to be distributed as between cruisers, armored or unarmored vessels, everything that could enter into their make-up. When he had finished this study he knew perhaps better than any man then living what he had to do if we were to have a navy.

"He told me that he found in the department a certain responsible official upon whom he had tried to impress some of his ideas. The further he went the more impossible he found this. Finally when he had completed his studies he called this man into his office and from his own fullness of knowledge subjected him to the most severe cross-examination as to existing vessels and how it would be possible to obtain something like them for our own use. This examination was rigid and unrelenting. It had not gone very far until the discovery was made that the officer in question knew practically nothing about his business. Whitney then told me that when he thought this had been carried far enough, and when the officer, with a flood of tears, had been forced to confess his ignorance, he was able, by getting his resignation, for the first time to see his way clear to the making and perfecting of a policy."

A Glutton for Work

Mr. Cleveland insisted that "in many respects Whitney was a hard man to deal with. When he worked he was straightforward and indomitable; but now and then he would want a rest. As the Navy was in such a frightful condition it was an absolute necessity that I should keep in close touch with every development. The Secretary was helpful in every way. He wanted me to know everything, but still it was at times impossible for me to procure anything like full information. I would prod him and prod him, and that, too, without much result. He would go on promising that he would give me the information at a certain time, and then I would not get it. After a while, considerate as I tried to be, I would become somewhat impatient; then I would send for him, and without scolding, or anything that could in any way be considered disagreeable, I would impress upon him the importance of obtaining for me the desired information. Thereupon he would disappear from sight and I would neither see nor hear from him directly. However, others would bring me word, and from them I learned that Mr. Whitney had gone to the department to sit down and work out the information I wanted.

"When he was in one of these moods he allowed nothing to interfere with his task. He would give his attention to the matter in hand, whatever it was, with a concentration and a power that I have never seen equaled. I can only repeat that in all my life, worker as I thought myself to be, there never was a time when I could do as much as William C. Whitney within the same time. He would keep this up for a week or ten days, during which he would accomplish as much as an ordinary man could in as many weeks. He then threw over everything, family and social life, friendly relations, personal business, those concerns of the department which did not then enter into his plan—in fact, everything had to go until he knew all about the task in hand, and knew that he so understood it that he could meet whatever demands I might make upon him. That there is an American navy is due almost wholly to this power of a man with a comprehensive mind who, highly trained for his duties, was determined that he would know everything about them, and when this had been accomplished he would carry out the ideas that he had absorbed."

When the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST asked me to consider this particular article in the series dealing with the Grover Cleveland episodes I expressed doubts of my ability to gather sufficient material, both important and interesting, to make it worthy of a place. It lay out of the line of my special studies or tastes, little attention had been given to it as a phase of our life, and still less was known about Mr. Whitney, the principal agent in carrying through what I recognized, nevertheless, as one of the notable achievements in our national life. I also knew how sedulously he had effaced himself from public view, and how, in a way, his later life had been overlaid with other interests. I said that if I undertook the assignment I must get away from a continuous story of the Navy itself, and even from the mass of history and high service that lay behind it, and thus separate it, in a way, from a formal story. I also insisted that the work of the new Navy in the wars since its making or its possibilities in the future should not swim into my ken.

I knew that in carrying out his task Whitney had sedulously refused to tell day by day how or why or with whom or under

(Continued on Page 54)

Published every other week
Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 8 W. 48th St., New York City.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

NOW THAT elaborate refrigerating and ventilating systems keep the temperature of modern picture theatres many degrees below the summer average, and there's comfort in every seat, and good pictures make us forget everything else—let's laugh at those who say it's too hot to go to a show. Their idea is out of date.

Borzage Builds Gramercy Park

AN EGYPTIAN PALACE, an English castle and a piece of New York's Bowery had to be torn down to make room for Gramercy Park. Incredible, but—well, they were "sets" at the United Studios, and in the way when Frank Borzage came to build a replica of the park, buildings and six or seven streets abutting the famous old New York spot beloved of Edwin Booth, Mark Twain and the literati. Borzage uses Gramercy Park as the locale of "Children of Dust" née "Terwilliger." He found it more expeditious and economical to reconstruct the place than to transport his company to New York to work on the original location.

Tully Producing "Trilby"

THAT THE MEN behind the scenes are seldom mentioned hardly applies to Richard Walton Tully, famous everywhere as playwright and stage and screen producer—a producer being the man who gets or sees an idea for entertainment and provides the means and talent to bring that idea to fruition. Before joining the movies Tully notched three outstanding stage successes with "The Bird of Paradise," "The Masquerader" and "Omar the Tentmaker." Of the two last named he has made excellent pictures, but producing "Trilby" is his biggest achievement yet. For correct data and exterior scenes about Montmartre, he spent several months in Paris where, incidentally, he discovered Andree Lafayette, the ideal Trilby if ever there were one. And when *she* couples a smile with that Du Maurier line—"Life ain't all beer and skittles, and more's the pity; but what's the odds so long as you're happy"—why the line rings true

Richard Walton Tully

• • •

"WANTERS" pretty aptly describes the class of people who would sooner have six lines on the local society page than six pages in world history. John M. Stahl is using the idea in his new production, "The Wanters." Marie Prevost and Robert Ellis will be the leading players

DAVID BELASCO'S "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST" SPLENDIDLY SCREENED BY EDWIN CAREWE

THE BIG PICTURE is accomplished. David Belasco's epic of the 49ers, "The Girl of the Golden West," has been screened on the very fields around which it was written

To Belasco belong the honors as creative genius of the stage production. He visioned and dramatized it all: boom days; gold-fevered searchers panning the streams; lucky ones who made big strikes, others who died hoping; diggings alive with romance from dawn to dawn

To Edwin Carewe, who imbued "The Girl of the Golden West" with the fuller degree of reality made possible by the screen, must be accorded equal credit. Then there's The Girl herself—Sylvia Breamer. If David Belasco were again to produce his classic on the stage he would cast Miss Breamer in the title rôle, as Carewe has done in films

During production in Sonora, California, progressive scenes were sent to New York so that Belasco could see how his play was being handled. Immediately he expressed complete satisfaction, and delight with Miss Breamer's performance. She typified the golden west, he said; she recalled Blanche Bates who created the part behind the footlights

Carewe has paralleled the play that made history with a picture which will do the same. He wakened the gold fields to old thrilling memories, filled them again with life and color; he reveals the epic as has never been done before. Certainly no stage could be big enough to contain this sweep of camps, hordes, glowing crags behind.

Wonderful panoramas there are as background for the conflict of the Girl, the Sheriff of Manzanita and Ramerrez, the outlaw. Remember that story? How Ramerrez comes to plunder the saloon how the girl, suddenly loving him, enables him to escape; how she hides him when he returns wounded; and stakes her happiness and his life on the turn of a card in the game she plays against the Sheriff

J. Warren Kerrigan and Sylvia Breamer in "Girl of the Golden West"

Adventurous immensity surrounds the tale. Its drama comes from the portrayal of the Girl by Sylvia Breamer, Ramerrez by J. Warren Kerrigan, the Sheriff by Russell Simpson, all guided by Edwin Carewe through the screen's one true re-creation of digger-days

When speaking of pictures of special magnitude, tradition seems to insist that the writer tell what the production cost. Does cost matter? Did Mr. Belasco publish his expense accounts when he staged the play? I think not. Nor would the public have been interested. "The Girl of the Golden West" has elements which cannot be measured in dollars and cents. No matter how great the expenditure to present them, they and they alone place this among the year's outstanding attractions

Post-Marriage Problems

WHO SHOULD hold the purse-strings, husband or wife? Whose parents should have preference? How much of her husband's attention should a wife expect? And when romance fades and dream-castles become two-roomed flat or out-of-way house where friends don't like to call, must marriage be just a lonely road for the wife to walk alone? Where does it end, anyhow? By answering all that from a woman's angle in the course of a dramatic six-reeler, Katherine MacDonald makes "The Lonely Road" a close-to-home attraction which men as well as women can enjoy. And contrasting her in small-town simplicity and big-city splendor, as the plot demands, doubles appreciation of Miss MacDonald's beauty.

We'll Say He's Penrod

MEET PENROD—otherwise Benny Alexander, who plays that part in Booth Tarkington's "Penrod and Sam," which J. K. MacDonald is filming. One look at him is enough to tell what sort of Penrod he'll make—the sort of kid who'd steal daisies from Tarkington's front garden. And that goes for all the kids in the cast. So close are they to the Tarkington originals that Director William Beaudine wouldn't allow them to wear make-up when being screened. Gareth Hughes, Mary Philbin, Gladys Brockwell, Wm. V. Mong and Rockliffe Fellowes lead the adult opposition to the wars that Penrod wages. A big time for kids from seven to seventy is what the producers promise.

Benny Alexander as Penrod

Have You Seen ——?

"WANDERING DAUGHTERS"; Charles Chaplin in "The Pilgrim"; Dorothy Phillips in "Slander the Woman," produced by Allen Holubar; Edwin Carewe's "Mighty Lak' a Rose"; Jackie Coogan in "Daddy"; John M. Stahl's "The Dangerous Age"; Maurice Tourneur's "Isle of Lost Ships"—all recent First National Pictures and certainly the pick of the programs the days they're shown.

To Girls In Oklahoma City

NEXT TIME HE says "Where'll we go?" steer him to the Empress, Orpheum or Folly theatres where First National Pictures head the bill. What the screen is achieving today is what Tom Boland, of Oklahoma City, among other big exhibitors, has worked for through years of creative effort.

—*John Lincoln.*

Three o'clock in the morning—favored hour of the jazz-age—brings this sequence of scenes in James Young's production "Wandering Daughters." Players shown include Marguerite de la Motte, Marjorie Daw, Allan Forrest, Noah Beery, Pat O'Malley and Wm. V. Mong

ANY worth-while building can afford this fireproof steel joist construction

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Small and medium-sized buildings can now be constructed with fireproof floors at low cost. Truscon and National Steel Joist construction is simple to install—merely place the joists and apply the metal lath, above for concrete and below for plastered ceilings. No fitting, no forms, no false work, no special equipment. Weighing only half as much as other fireproof floors and saving in supporting members and foundations, it is ideal for all light-occupancy buildings

Apartments

Largest net returns on the investment are assured by Truscon Steel Joist construction. Its prevention of cracked plaster saves expensive repairs and redecoration. Its fireproofness reduces insurance cost and increases rentals. It is equally economical in large or small apartments.

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In hotels, clubs and other semi-public buildings, firesafe floors are an essential. Truscon Steel Joists meet every requirement of this field, besides eliminating superfluous weight. One building with 80,000 sq. ft. of floor area has saved 15 tons through this light, fireproof construction.

HOTELS

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Builders and owners of stores and small commercial buildings readily appreciate the advantages of Truscon Steel Joist floors. The grave dangers of fire loss and of interruption of business are minimized through its use. Its low cost reduces initial investment and its permanence cuts upkeep expense.

Firesafe First Floors for Residences

90% of residence fires originate in basements. Protect your dear ones against this grave danger by building the first floor of Truscon and National Steel Joist construction. Also protect your home from cracks due to settling and shrinkage.

STORES AND OFFICES

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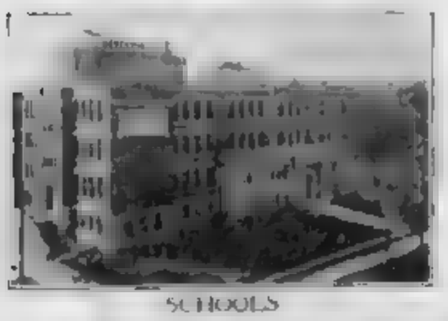
Protection against fire, soundproofness, permanence and low cost are qualities of Truscon Steel Joist construction which adapt it especially to use in schools, hospitals, etc. In both large and small buildings of these types it solves the problem of combining light weight, fireproofness and economy.



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TRUSCON AND NATIONAL STEEL JOISTS

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what conditions he executed the policy agreed upon with his chief or settled in his own mind. There proceeded from him as little as possible of what has come to be known vulgarly as propaganda—much of it vulgar and false almost beyond imagination. If he had something to do he did it as best he could, without even so much as a thought that he must be constantly talking about it. If he had differences with men in his department and found a lack of sympathy he did not carry either his troubles or his failures to the country. If a bureau chief or an officer gave trouble he was swept aside somehow, and another put into his place with whom he could work, in no event quarreling with him or wearing his heart upon his sleeve. If he found that a contractor, a shipbuilder or a designer could not coöperate in what he deemed one of the greatest of the tasks upon which a government could engage he found, without any fuss, another who both could and would; and he had no partisan plans, was not posing to become a candidate for President or anything else, and had no purpose that by any possibility was personal. He recognized the need for a real navy, knew that the job of making it had been tendered to him, that he had accepted it, and he was going to do it whatever might come. He never stopped to think how great he was or what he might get out of his work in glory or personal interest, but was concerned only in keeping faith with his accepted purpose, doing his work as well as he could, and withal, as quietly as was consistent with a proper respect for the people who had a right to know what became of the money and from the effort of those chosen to represent them.

I felt that it would not be easy to get the bottom facts about such a man and that I should have to dig for them as sedulously as a reporter on a news assignment. The fact that I knew him did not help except by adding zest to the task. So I went to his friends to get an idea of his beginnings, his early work and achievements. I wanted so to account for him and his success that I could explain why he had succeeded, and if I have done so with fair acceptance I shall be satisfied. With a single exception I have not had or asked for his letters. He did not make speeches or statements by way of explanation or, indeed, furnish anything written or spoken that could be drawn upon, except his annual reports to the President.

A Modest Reply

The one letter, kindly furnished by his sister, Mrs. Susan Whitney Dimock, is interesting, because it explains so concisely why this kind of material is lacking, for which reason I print it:

THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE,
WASHINGTON BUREAU,
OCCIDENTAL BUILDING, NEWSPAPER ROW
July 24, 1888.

HON. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY,
Secretary of the Navy.

Dear Sir: I have been directed by the Boston Globe to ask if you will kindly answer the following question:

To what do you attribute your political success?

Your early reply, directed to me as above, will much oblige. If you are not disposed to answer this query in writing I shall be pleased to call upon you if it would suit your convenience better. Yours truly,

(Signed) A. MAURICE LOW,
Corr't The Boston Globe.

My dear Sir: You must excuse me from answering such a question. I do not consider that I have any remarkable gifts so that I should sit up and undertake to tell people how it all happened. My political success does not call for explanation. I haven't anything unusual but common sense and good fair judgment, and I know the difference between the important and unimportant things and the latter can go to thunder for all me. I started to write you why I wasn't of enough consequence to call for interpretation, and I am afraid you will think I am giving you an answer. I mark this "personal" because I do not intend it for publication. If I should set out to write for that purpose I would tell you about an early pastor and my good mother bless her soul—and all the good things, but I should consider it a great impertinence for a person like me to sit up and explain how he came to be.

Yours,
(Signed) W. C. WHITNEY.

It isn't fair play to put a two-cent stamp on a letter like this. A man doesn't like to pocket it and you coerce an answer. Personal.

It is impossible in executing a task like this to make proper acknowledgments. Some are indicated in the text; but from personal friends of the man who is, in the main, its subject; from officials of the Navy from ex-Secretary Daniels down; from officers, active and retired; from secretaries and clerks; friends, both men and women; from former humble workers in the navy yards; from business, political and professional associates—numbering altogether thirty or forty intelligent persons—I have had that polite and unstinted help that has made me their debtor. I hope that with their aid and upon the small canvas at my disposal I have painted a fair picture of a man and of a great achievement—both of them too little known.

A Far-Reaching Growth

In closing this somewhat scambling study, limited of necessity to a short period and dealing with the vision and thought of only a few men, I must bear witness to the high patriotic and unselfish motives of the special committees which dealt with the Navy in both Houses of Congress during its formative days; to the devotion and pride with which one Secretary of the Navy after another, often in seemingly unending, unintelligent succession, has followed the example set by its maker, the creator of this great force; to the coöperation, on high lines, of the leaders of the great industries directly related to its development and conduct; and to the response of the great masses of our people to the effort of their leaders to create and carry on something that, though it must always lie outside popular knowledge, shows, after all, how really great and lofty aims may, when properly presented, appeal to the popular imagination. Even yet, our people little know how far-reaching has been the wholesome growth of this military arm of their Government, how great its influence and, next to the direction of our foreign relations, how potent it has become in giving our people a place in the world and in their own pride.

If anything I may have written in a sketch that can be little more than impressionistic, touching, as it had to do, only the high lights, shall promote the more careful study of a service so closely related to our past and in its development of our future so necessary to be understood—if even a suggestion of these things may come, I shall be more than rewarded and shall feel that I have added one more laurel to the brows of men who in all things sought to keep themselves out of the grip of the commonplace.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Parker. The next will appear in an early issue

Training a Bird Dog

By L. B. Yates

WHEN a fellow starts in to manufacture big medicine about the hunting dog he is own brother to the man who thinks he has the only turkey call in the world. You may have a section of a wing or a piece of slate and a cigar box; but no matter what you advocate, you haven't got the real thing a-tall, a-tall. This will be proved to you in fifty-seven different varieties of language, because every honest-to-goodness turkey hunter has his own dope. If you listen to him he will convince you that he can call an old gobbler farther than you can walk in a day. Now, it's a pitchfork to a pillow that some dodgasted old heathen will read the following essay, and in doing so his countenance will wear the half-saddened smile of tolerance. He'll say to the man sitting at the other side of the fire—he'll just say something like this:

"Makin' big medicine, huh! Why, Bill, it's a dollar to a doughnut that that feller never killed a bird over a dog in his life!

(Continued on Page 56)

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(Continued from Page 54)

It'd be a turrible thing fur some folks if all the public libraries wuz to burn down tonight. The output of literature would be curtailed considerable."

And Bill will nod his wise old head and reply: "Oh, yes, I read what he had to say. It's just purty fair in spots. I've tried a good many of the recipes he prescribes, but they wouldn't work out; no, sir, not a one of 'em."

And I should like nothing better than to be sitting between the two of you—provided, of course, the Eighteenth Amendment hadn't hit you too hard. I'd love just to sit there and not say a word, and after a while I'd hear something like this:

"Gosh, Bill, you remember old Flash, don't you? Great gravy, there wuz a dog! I couldn't tell a lie about him if you wuz to hand me a red apple. He was as full of points as a prickly pear. And on coveys—he wuz just a curiosity, with a sense of location that'd make a movie director take to the tall timber. Never knew such a dog on single birds. Say, Bill, you remember how he cud pick 'em up like a kid gatherin' candy? Never missed a one, did he, Bill? An' staunch? You know I'm tellin' the truth when I say that he'd stay there till the day of judgment if you didn't happen along to flush the birds. Think back as far as you can, Bill, an' you never did see a dog like him—nur nobody else neither."

Dog Talk

And Brother Bill kind of winces a little as though you'd put in the knife and turned it around a couple of times. But after a judicious pause he replies: "Yep, Flash wuz a good dog, all right; but I always thought my old Jeff knew as much about handlin' birds as the feller that wrote the book. Lots of folks used to say that if Jeff had been a man he'd 'a' been President of the United States."

Then the argument would commence, and one could sit there and never open his mouth except in an exclamation of wonder or approval; not even hint that he ever owned a dog of any kind, or knew a scatter gun from a howitzer; just sit there with the spoon in his glass and stir it occasionally, because if he is wise in his generation he will realize that strangers are not supposed to speak their piece when the grand lodge is in session; and he will know better than to intimate that he ever was acquainted with a dog possessing qualities above the average; but when he takes his leave, after listening to a long dissertation, like as not the old insurrecto will say: "Say, Bill, that writin' feller knows a huntin' dog backwards. Never met a man with so many ideas, an' it looks to me as if most of 'em wuz purty good."

Now laugh, you old rascal, laugh!

Canine Limitations

But taking the serious side of it, and no matter how you apply philosophy to living things, you must confess that there are certain universal primary rules and regulations which must be observed as a prelude to ultimate success. This is especially applicable to the hunting dog and his master. A dog's education commences when he is taught the necessity of absolute obedience His master's job is to acquire self-control, patience and a certain understanding of a dog's limitations and possibilities.

Start out with the premises that no two dogs are alike; they are just as different as human beings; a rule which works with one cannot be applied to another; and don't forget that from the intellectual standpoint dogs are farther apart than the Atlantic and Pacific oceans

With the hunting dog, at least, one must throw the conventional story-book dog into the discard. You must not expect him to do the unbelievable thing; and no matter how smart he is, he won't get up in the morning and start the kitchen fire, powder your wife's nose or dress the baby. When the team is running away you mustn't expect him to grab the reins in his teeth and save the beautiful lady from a horrible death; but there are so many things that he is really capable of doing, and so many instances of almost human intelligence and reason, in themselves sufficiently wonderful and interesting, that the conventional dog of fiction is really superfluous.

I knew a dog once that was crated up to be shipped to a distant point. He was carried a considerable distance from his old

(Continued on Page 58)

Keep that spare tire inflated too

The object of a spare tire is to reduce puncture or blow-out trouble to a minimum.

But a spare tire that is not inflated makes almost as much trouble as it saves.

Own a Schrader Tire Gauge. Keep all your tires including your spare inflated to proper pressure, and your tires will last longer, you will have less troubles and fewer worries.

When you inflate your tires, the Schrader Gauge tells you instantly and accurately when you have enough air and when you have too much or too little.

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Since practically all pneumatic tires are equipped with Schrader Universal Valves, the Schrader Gauge is especially accurate when used in connection with them.

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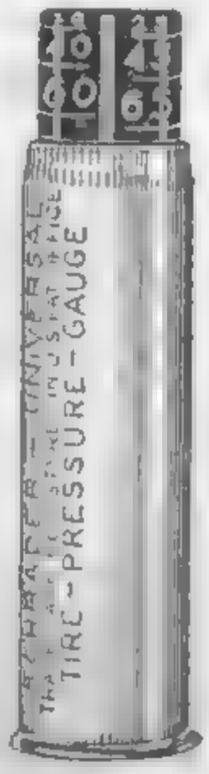

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FROM every old roof in America comes the cry—Re-roof! Re-roof for the last time! Re-roof now!

The new Johns-Manville method makes re-roofing easy. Just lay Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles right over the old roof, and you have a new, fire-safe and permanent housetop. The old shingles may be leaky and weather-worn, but don't tear them off. They may no longer be able to keep storms out. The new Asbestos Shingles will do that as long as your house lasts. The old shingles under the new assume a new duty—that of insulation; they will help to keep out the cold of winter and the heat of summer.

Saves money!

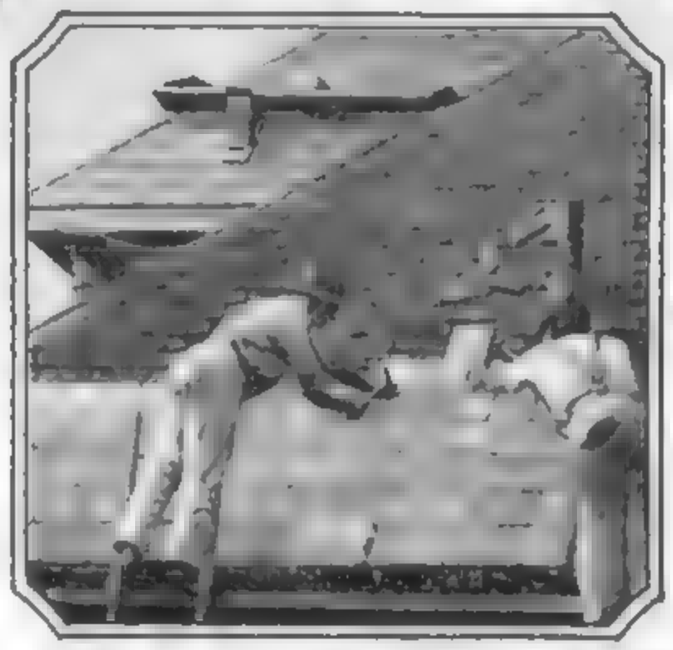
Besides getting a better roof by this method you save in labor costs. You don't have to pay to have the old roof ripped off, nor to have the old shingles carted away.

And if you've ever re-roofed before, you know what a nuisance it is to have the litter and muss of old broken shingles around your lawn and shrubbery. There is none of this now with the Johns-Manville method.

Lasts a lifetime

The old idea that a roof must be renewed every ten years or so should be forgotten. A good roof to-day should last as long as the house it covers.

That's what Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles do. Each shingle is compressed from Portland cement and asbestos rock fibre into an indestructible slab.



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Johns Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles are greatly favored among architects for their beauty. They are obtainable in several soft, rich tones of gray, brown or red.

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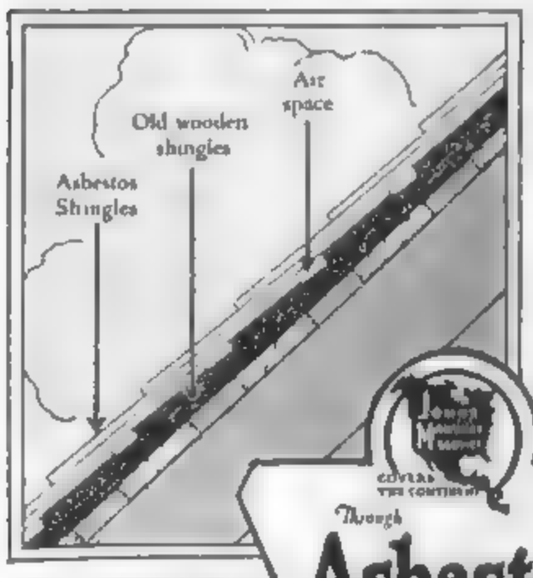

A cross-section showing the double roof protection. The small air spaces between the new roof and the old are as valuable here as they are in any insulating structure. Outside temperatures, cold or hot, are kept outside.

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For some time our salesmen and our druggist friends have advised us that there is some demand for a slightly smaller tube of Mennen Shaving Cream—for traveling.

We have built up the largest shaving cream business in the world by giving men the high quality of Cream they wanted—now they can buy it in whichever size tube they prefer.

Most druggists have the new 35 cent size in stock—any druggist can get it for you.

The Cream inside is the same wonderful beard softener which daily puts two million beards into condition for gentle, quick removal.

You'll get the same firm, creamy lather with hot or cold water—with no rubbing in with fingers—the lather that never dries on the face.

You'll experience the same glowing, radiant skin health afterwards—due to absolute purity and to Boro-glycerine—an emollient which softens and relaxes skin tissues and guards against infection.

But in whichever size you prefer—the new small size for traveling or the big 50 cent size for economical home use—you get full value in volume and shaving satisfaction which is priceless.

Buy a tube. Shave with Mennen's for a week. If you are not satisfied send tube to us and we will refund purchase price.

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Fellow Travelers

This is your size of tube. You asked for it. Dozens of you have complained to me, as we shaved side by side in Pullman dressing rooms, that while you couldn't get along without Mennen's, you did wish you could get a tube that would fit your traveling case.

So now take your choice—the big tube or the 35 cent size.

One is just as good a buy as the other.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

(Continued from Page 56)

home and across a river nearly half a mile wide before he was deposited at the express office. Next morning the door of the crate was found chewed off and the box was empty. The express authorities made a thorough but fruitless search, and finally it was found that the missing one had gone all the way back to the river, and despite the chilly winter weather had swum it and made his way to his old master's house, where, wet and tired, he had crept into bed with the babies.

Another dog I think of, which had been hunted a good deal, and exhibited in shows and field trials, began to get old. For this reason he was left at home on one occasion; but the nexttime the dogs were being shipped away the old fellow was missed, and search around the kennels proved unavailing. Finally, when the trainer arrived at the depot to which the empty shipping crates had already been sent, he found the old hero seated comfortably in one of them. Perhaps you think a dog can't argue; but, believe me, old Jeff made up his mind that he wasn't going to be left again.

On another occasion I was up in a Northern village and borrowed a dog, really a tramp dog, which everybody said wasn't of any account. I was after ruffed grouse, and there was considerable shooting in the woods that day; but the old tramp made several staunch points; and, added to that, he brought me four birds I'll take an oath I never shot —— Why, certainly, ladies and gentlemen, I hunted up the real owners!

Picking Your Puppy

I also knew of a dog once that as soon as his master took down his gun case would mount guard over it. He evidently learned that his master couldn't go hunting without the gun and the gun couldn't go without him.

And perhaps you think the hunting dog, as he grows up around the house, hasn't got the genesis of the beautiful lady who presides over the kitchen; yet no he doll of the cinema knows how to use his big liquid brown eyes to better advantage. He has a way with him that appeals to the womenfolk, and well he knows how to establish himself in the best armchair in the house with the air of one who is conferring a favor

In embarking in the hunting-dog business, I would recommend getting a young dog rather than an old one. If you observe a few simple rules you can break him yourself, and he will learn your ways and make a more comfortable shooting dog than one that anyone else can break for you. Of course, you must remember this takes time and considerable application, and I am going on the premises that you have the leisure to devote to the work, and an available shooting territory around your home. If not, why it is better to send your puppy to a trainer.

There are plenty of reliable trainers in this country, thank goodness; and let me tell you it is worth something to educate a dog so he is letter-perfect in the field. Don't send your dog to a trainer simply because you can get the job done cheaply. There is no such animal, unless it be some man who takes a few dogs as a side issue, hunts them himself in the regular way and a good deal for the love of it. But a man who makes a business of training shooting dogs must be paid generously, and if you take your own health into consideration, and the pleasure you will subsequently derive from the possession of a good dog, the job will be a cheap one under any conditions.

Try to get as good-looking a puppy as you can; he won't cost any more to feed and train than a mutt. I often thought that perhaps the best all-round dogs I knew came from a judicious cross between the bench-show and the field-trial dog. With this combination you are liable to get a certain amount of good looks added to a speed which, although not of the race-horse variety, still is sufficient to keep your dog up and doing in a merry way while you are afield. I will also state that in some quarters this will be regarded as rank heresy, and to the owners of whirlwinds I most humbly apologize.

Early Training

As I said before, the best way to start with your dog is to teach him absolute obedience, and I think the most efficacious method is to give him his first lessons at feeding time. It is a good thing to start in with the young dog, so that he will look for his food from you, and when feeding time comes you can make a commencement by giving him his first lesson in obedience. Lay his food down in the feed room of the kennel, but do not permit him to touch it until he is ordered to do so. At first he will be very keen to begin the meal, but you can keep him back primarily by having a check cord attached to his collar and tapping him slightly when he evidences a desire to disregard your command.

I think a piece of light rubber hose pipe is better than anything else when you need to chastise or warn a young dog. It makes a lot of noise but doesn't hurt or really intimidate him permanently.

Boys and dogs don't differ a terrible lot. If you punish a boy he must know the fault for which he is being chastised, and in the same way you must bear in mind that it is fatal to correct a dog when he does not know wherein he has transgressed the rules. Above all, be careful not to punish in such a way that your dog will be intimidated.

After you have made your dog sufficiently obedient, so that he will stand back and not

(Continued on Page 60)

Above—Bonnie Lassie's Laddie. Owned by John Bridges, Carlisle, Pa. At Left—"Steady Boy," Waiting for the Start

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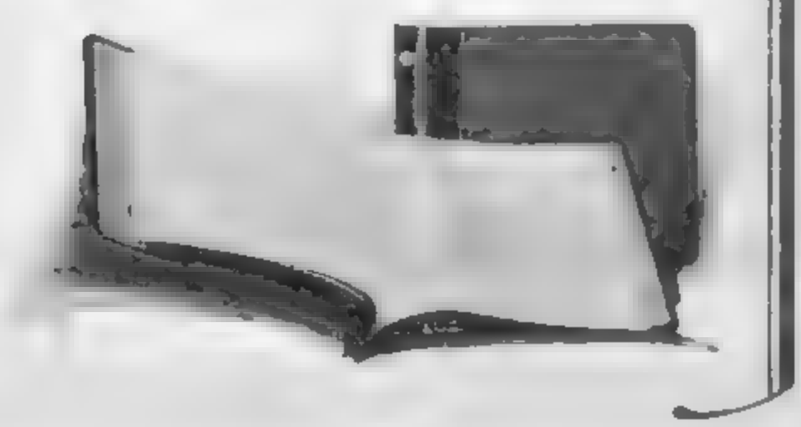

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(Continued from Page 58)

approach his food until ordered, it will be well then to teach him to charge, or drop, at command and hold this position until permitted to rise by your order, the general terms being "high on" or "hold up." Some trainers, when they wish a dog to stop, say "To ho," but most of them use the more usual term "whoa." I think the latter is better; in fact any order which can be conveyed in words of one syllable is preferable.

It is not hard to teach your dog how to drop at the order if you put your hand back on his shoulders and draw his forelegs forward and from under him. This must be done gently, so that he won't be alarmed, and once you get him down in a crouching position you can keep him from rising by tapping him lightly on the top of the head with your rubber hose. Naturally, at first he will endeavor to rise, and you must always take him back to the same place and make him drop over again. He will soon learn that you intend him to stay in that position until you give him permission to rise.

The next lesson will be to walk away from him, facing him, and whenever he tries to get up to lift your hand and say "Drop." If he does get on his feet take him back to the same place and put him down again. Gradually increase the distance, always, of course, keeping your eye on him, and pretty soon you will find that he will go down and stay down if you merely lift your hand, without even issuing the word of command.

I am going on the supposition that the dog, of course, is normal, and not an outlaw, because some dogs, like some boys, just won't stay put; and unless you enforce the rules with severity, why, you haven't got much of a boy in after life and absolutely nothing in the way of a shooting dog.

When training your puppy never go out without your check cord in your pocket. This usually is a piece of light, strong clothesline about thirty or forty feet long, with an ordinary swivel snap at one end, which may be hooked into the dog's collar, and a ring at the other, through which a stake can be passed and driven into the ground when necessary. For a headstrong dog this is the best engine of education that can possibly be used, because whenever he shows a tendency to bolt, run in or disregard your commands, you drop your stake in the ground and you have him where he can't get away from you. Should you order him to drop he will find that if he does not obey you he will be brought up with a sharp jerk when he gets to the end of the rope.

The Pleasantest Kind of Dog

After you have educated your dog thoroughly on these two points you can take him afield and see what prospect you have in the way of bird-finding ability. Previous to this no doubt you will have seen your puppy point sparrows and other small birds that happen around nearly every home. I don't believe I'd check him on this, because pointing feather is a natural instinct with the setter or pointer; and in this respect a young dog who when taken afield in a territory where there are birds does not manifest any bird-finding ability, or when he does run into a covey never pulls up or attempts to point, is rather a discouraging proposition to handle.

A staid old dog who is a good bird finder and staunch on his points will be a great help to the puppy; but, as I said before, a young dog who after a dozen trials does not show what we call bird sense, or nose, is hardly worth fooling with, although after a whole lot of experience you might find yourself possessed of a pretty fair kind of dog.

The pleasantest kind of dog is one that has been broken to drop, or charge, to shot and wing; that is to say, one who will drop when the covey rises and his master shoots. As you have already taught your dog to drop at command, the next lesson will be to teach him to drop at the report of a gun. In this connection you can also assure yourself that when he does hear the noise of discharge he will not become terrified, or gun-shy, as it is called. With some dogs gun-shyness appears to be hereditary, and they never get over it, but with the great majority care in the primary stages will prevent any tendency of this sort.

Procure an old-fashioned pistol with a percussion cap, if possible, and at feeding time, or at other times around the kennels, snap caps. The puppies will soon get used to the detonation. When you see that this does not alarm them you can take your shotgun, using a very small load at first and increasing it gradually; and meantime you can teach the puppy to drop simultaneously with the discharge of the weapon. After a few lessons you usually do not have to give the word of command; but remember that you must never relax your vigilance. The moment a young dog finds that he can break a rule with impunity you have a contract on your hands.

As I said before, the best way to give a puppy experience is to take him hunting with a friend who has an old dog of proved ability. You will find that the puppy after a while will realize that the veteran knows the game and will endeavor to emulate him. Of course, at first he may not honor the old dog's points and show a tendency to rush in. The best way in this case is to have the check cord attached to his collar and get hold of the end of it as soon as you see that the dogs are making game. Let your companion flush the birds and shoot. Watch your puppy and see that he drops to shot and wing. If he does not do so check him sharply with a smart tug on the cord. You won't have to do it very many times before the young dog will arrive at the conclusion that your order must be obeyed.

A hunting dog of the average type learns obedience with amazing celerity. You will find that he will understand every look, gesture and intonation of your voice, and seldom or never will you have to chastise him. He will recognize displeasure in your very tone and seek to make amends for it in his doggy way. At times you are almost constrained to think that he knows exactly what you are saying to him.

The Don'ts of the Dog Game

As to retrieving, there are two methods: One is to teach a dog to fetch and carry at play, as we say; by which I mean, when he is a small puppy, letting him follow a rolling ball, which he invariably will do, pounce upon it and bring it back to you. I think that the majority of dogs are broken to retrieve in this way; and they frequently make very good retrievers, too, because they take a delight in seeking anything that they see fall, which they seem to sense instinctively should be brought to their master. Some dogs will mouth, or crush, their birds in retrieving them. One way to cure this is to fill a soft ball with short blunted wire stuck at right angles. When the young dog retrieves the ball he may crush down on it, and, of course, if he does so he will have a very unpleasant experience. But the trouble with this method is that the dog may feel the punishment so much he will become shy of retrieving entirely.

One can generally break a bird chewer of the habit by prying his jaws apart and at the same time administering slight punishment and caution.

The other method of teaching a dog to retrieve is what is called the force method. This is a tedious process in which a collar with short, sharp spikes on the inside of it is used and is attended with more cruelty than any other phase of the canine kindergarten. I never did like it myself, so I do not think it necessary to set the method down here, although many shooting men and trainers think it is the only way.

Some dogs are natural outlaws, just as are some horses. All the badness is born in them, and is hereditary. You will find them bolters, false pointers and quitters. Some will start out with an amazing burst of speed and slow down to a walk before they have hunted an hour. Others will take French leave, and outside of occasional glimpses in the distance you won't know that you have a hunting dog at all. And in breaking a dog by extraordinary punishment one hardly ever accomplishes very much in the final accounting; possibly you have eliminated one bad habit and taught him another.

I have known dogs with nearly all the bad habits on the calendar, who through constant and expert training performed fairly well; but one could never acclaim them as being comfortable shooting dogs.

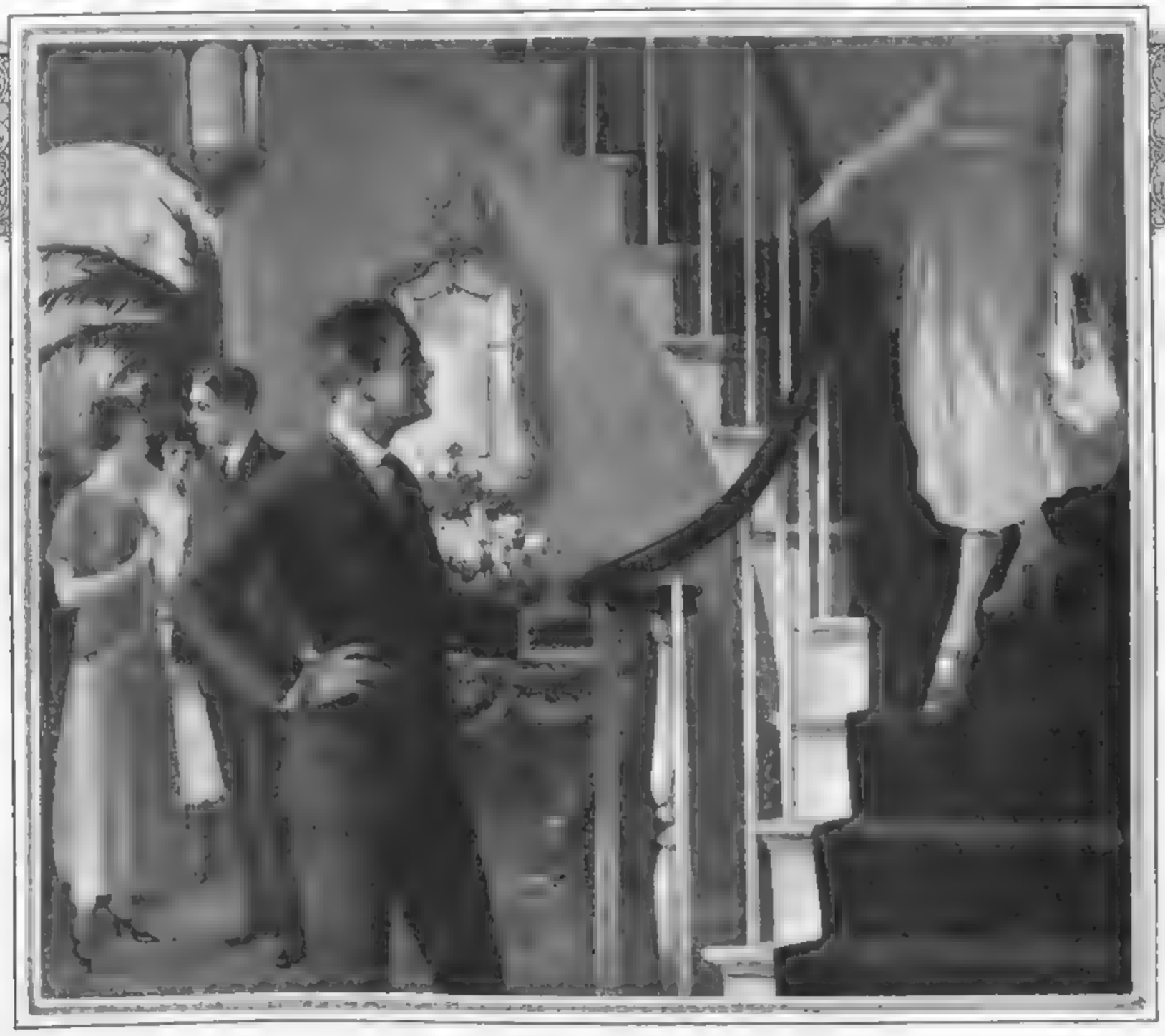
Now we come to perhaps the most important point or points—the don'ts of the hunting-dog game:

Don't lend your dog to anyone. The borrower may be the best trainer in the world, but he doesn't know your particular dog; and don't forget that no two dogs are exactly alike.

When chastising a dog, don't box his ears. It provokes canker, which is a most

(Continued on Page 62)

THE FOOT ARISTOCRATIC



Fashion ~the perfect blending of apparel and footwear

This is the year of individuality in footwear.

Shoe fashions do not conform to a strict vogue. They vary to the whim, the fancy, the instinct that lead every woman to the knowledge of what best expresses her own charm.

With shoes of Vici kid every woman can express her individual taste. Vici kid is made in black and in a range of colors that includes all popular shades. It is exactly adapted to the diversified styles of the hour.

And, with the exquisite finish of Vici kid, there is the firmness that insures perfect fit and the flexibility that insures perfect ease.

Ask for shoes of Vici kid. No other leather combines *all* the advantages of Vici kid.

Robert H. Foerderer revolutionized methods of leather tanning in 1890 and gave to the world Vici kid.

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THERE IS ONLY ONE VICI KID --- THERE NEVER HAS BEEN ANY OTHER

Many Make This Profit—

Some make more

Of course, Orange and Lemon prices vary according to supply and demand, but this problem is worked out on the basis of $6.00 per box for 216-size oranges, a very fair summer average price. 216-size means that there are 216 oranges in a box.

You use one orange to a drink, so your cost per drink runs:

Fruit Juice	2½c
Sugar and ice	½c
Material cost	3c

So your gross profit per drink is 7c. Sell 700 drinks and your profit is $49.00, which more than pays for the Extractor. Many owners sell 700 drinks a week, and practically every owner averages at least 700 drinks a month throughout the year.

And remember, the drink is high quality, satisfies customers and brings repeats.

Start These Profits Rolling In Now

Soda Fountains Reap New Profits

—with this popular service feature

More than 9,000 soda fountain owners have been amazed by the ready demand that exists for fresh fruit Orangeade and Lemonade.

They are the ones who have installed the Sunkist Fruit Juice Extractor, the machine that has stimulated fresh fruit drink business by enabling fountains to handle it.

For the Sunkist Extractor sells these two popular drinks by making it easy to prepare them quickly and right before the eyes of the customers.

The millions of Orangeade and Lemonade enthusiasts appreciate the speed of the service and the quality of the drinks. They buy at soda fountains instead of making the drinks at home, as they have in the past.

What Owners Say

As a result fountain owners report that they double, treble and quadruple their fresh fruit drink business upon the installation of the Sunkist Extractor. And many say that the machine paid for itself from profits alone in the first three to six weeks. Note how it's done—see the typical illustration in the box.

Buy Now

These statements are only natural. The popular taste for Orangeade and Lemonade exists. Serve the drinks right and you get the business. It's been proved at more than 9,000 fountains.

The time to start building this business is right now. You'll show a fine profit from the start and an amazing business this summer, so put the Sunkist Extractor on your fountain now.

Save Two Ways

The Sunkist Extractor saves time and gets more juice from the fruit.

And there are additional savings. First, buy Oranges and Lemons by the box from a fruit wholesaler. Get the wholesale price.

Then buy Extractor-size fruit—extra large or small Oranges and Lemons—which cost less than the sizes in biggest demand.

You'll make a big profit per glass and sell more glasses than you ever expected to before.

The cost of the Sunkist Extractor is very low. In fact, the California Fruit Growers Exchange manufactures and sells it at actual cost because it builds Orangeade and Lemonade business.

For $47.50 ($67.50 in Canada), less 5% for cash, ten days, the complete Sunkist Extractor will be delivered to you. It's all ready for business and the profits alone from a few weeks' sales will pay for it.

Get the edge on all competition in your community by being the first to have this money-making machine.

Note the advertising we are giving Orangeade and Lemonade on the back cover of this publication. It is helping Sunkist Extractor owners. Use the order blank below.

Sunkist Fruit Juice Extractor

(Electrically Operated)

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE,
Department of Fresh Fruit Drinks, Div. 505, 154 Whiting St., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship _____ (When) _____ Express prepaid _____ (Quantity) _____

Sunkist Fruit Juice Extractors at $47.50 each (in Canada $67.50 delivered). Less 5% for cash, 10 days.

Kind of Current _____ Voltage _____ (Direct or Alternating)

Cycles _____

This information can be obtained from your electric light company.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 60)

annoying disease, and generally precedes deafness.

Don't take a half-broken puppy out with you when invited to join a shooting party; he will simply run wild, flush birds and rattle the old dogs. If you do this you will be about as popular as a skunk at a christening.

Don't get excited or keep blowing your whistle or incessantly shouting directions to your dog. Nothing is more objectionable to the people who are shooting with you, and if this course is persisted in you will notice that after a while your own dog won't pay the slightest attention to you. The whistle or your voice won't mean anything to him.

Don't allow your dog to flush the covey; walk them up yourself. Rushing in and flushing does more to render a dog unsteady than anything else I can think of. When you are shooting over a young dog forget that you are out to fill the pot—watch your dog. See to it that he is holding his point steadily right up to the time that you flush the birds. Caution him gently with your voice. Then as the birds rise in the air, and even at the expense of missing a shot, see that your dog drops instantaneously.

You may do this at the risk of missing a brace, but after two or three lessons you will not have to watch him so closely, and it will well repay you in the subsequent joy you will have when you are assured that you own a well-broken dog fit to travel in any company.

Never mind the birds that fall at the first shot. Don't rush in to retrieve them yourself. See that your dog retains his position until you give him the word to go on, then let him find the birds for you and retrieve them. It is a great satisfaction to the dog when he knows that he is bringing the actual results of the hunt to you.

Don't pay any attention to people who tell you that you will spoil your dog's scenting abilities by allowing him to retrieve birds. I have more than once seen a dog stop and make a point while retrieving a dead bird, and while he was still carrying the latter. I think that idea is fairly well exploded.

Mark down the covey as well as you can, but do not be in too great a hurry to work the ground over. It is said that the partridge can upon occasion withhold his scent. I do not know how true this is, but I do know that after a covey has been flushed and scattered the dogs will have a much easier time locating them if given a few minutes' leeway.

Don't look for birds in the bottom lands if the weather is wet and stormy. In cold, bleak weather you will find them on the higher ground, and in the lowlands if the weather is calm and sultry.

Care and Feeding

Don't take the field too early when the weather is stormy and cold, because the birds will lie close until later in the day. On fair mornings you will find they move early.

Don't work your dog to a point of exhaustion. For a really comfortable hunt one should take out two brace, one of which should be carried in a crate while the others are working. In this way you will always have fresh dogs, or if it should be that you have only a single brace, be sure that you remember your dogs are not machines and cannot be started with twenty-five cents' worth of gasoline. Take time to sit down in a sheltered place every hour or so and give them a rest. Also see that they have a plentiful supply of water. If in a dry country, be sure you carry a good-sized canteen.

Don't leave your dog shivering with cold or wet when you put him up after a hunt. Your first duty should be to him. See that he has a warm bed, and be especially careful to pick all the cockleburs out of his ears and feathers, especially under the elbows. Also examine his feet, and with the nippers extract any thorns you may find. If allowed to remain they will fester, not to say completely put your dog out of commission. You might also examine the long hair between the toes. Sometimes you will find a hard cake of clay which in time will blister the pads.

As I said before, make your dog as comfortable as possible. Your kennels should be warm but at the same time ventilated, your benches should be built about a foot from the ground, made in such a way that the bottoms will slide out like a drawer. Then they can be scrubbed and sunned at least once a week. I think straw is the best bedding. It should be used plentifully and, of course, should be clean and sweet. Common, ordinary whitewash is about as good a thing as can be used in the kennels. The cost is small and a kennel of the ordinary size can receive a coat about as often as the owner wishes.

Don't run your dog all the way to the hunting ground; if you have a rig let him ride; if not, put him on a lead. He will need all his surplus energy when he arrives at the field of action. It is a good thing to carry a woolen dog blanket when going afield. The journey home after a day's hunt is usually a long one, and by keeping your dog warm you will prolong his usefulness and ward off the rheumatism that nearly always victimizes a dog sooner or later if exposed unduly.

Don't be everlastingly talking about the good qualities of your own dog; let the other fellow talk about his. You will meet plenty of them. You will notice that the man who owns a real topnotcher says very little about him. I knew a dry old Scotchman who owned some famous dogs, but he never mentioned them. He always seemed to be interested in the other fellows' dogs.

"Why don't you throw in a boost for your own kennel once in a while?" queried a rather blatant follower of the game. "You should advertise."

"Ah, weel, my dear man," responded the other placidly, "ye ken I don't have to."

Bird Claimers Not Popular

Lastly, don't be a bird claimer; shoot on your own side and give your companions, whenever possible, turn about in the shooting.

Sometimes a single bird will rise and both you and your hunting companion will fire simultaneously. It will sound like one report, but the pretty thing to do is to let the other fellow have the bird; and under no circumstances lay claim to any bird where a doubt arises. I cannot think of any individual more shunned by his fellows than the man who has acquired a reputation as a bird claimer. Half the charm of shooting is the pleasant companionship associated with the sport. It can easily be strained to the breaking point by any manifestation of selfishness or greed.

Don't feed your dog heavily before taking him afield. A raw egg to start the morning will stay him until noontime comes and you sit down to have your lunch; then you can give him a biscuit. But a hunting dog's big meal should be in the evening, generous in quantity and strong food in quality. Vegetable soup with a base of meat scrap is good a couple of times a week, but a dog working hard needs strong food for the main meal of the day. Some lean chopped beaf, partially cooked, mixed with ground Graham biscuits, makes a heartening repast for a dog who has done his bit afield. Never feed any meat that is tainted, and remember that you must feed your dog according to the work you require of him. When the hunting season is closed let your dog have plenty of regular exercise, and when the season opens he will be ready to take the field with you. Above all, don't let him get gross, or fat, because he will only have to work it off again if you wish him to accomplish anything, and the season will be half over before your dog is in condition to hunt comfortably.

And in closing this little journey into the great outdoors, which constitutes God's big schoolhouse, my brethren, I would beseech you in a Christian spirit not to criticize the other fellow's dog. Approach him always in a spirit of consideration. Try to remember that he knows of a thousand good qualities which you would never suspect; and if it pleases him and doesn't hurt you, what can be gained by starting an argument? In the world of dogdom more bitter enemies have been made by cruel criticism than in any other way, and breaches like these are rarely forgotten or healed.

And another thing, if you are in the field-trial or bench-show business, don't put the judges on the griddle whenever things go a little against you. There are really many very estimable citizens who sit in judgment and who endeavor to do the best they can according to their lights. Of course, like others, they are liable to make mistakes; but I imagine that, when all is summed up, the average of merit is as high, if not higher, than in any other sport I know of.

Helps your appearance
Williams' gives your skin just the care it needs for you to look your best. Use it regularly and note how smooth and comfortable your face becomes.

Never before such a shaving cream!

—and note the Hinged Cap

NOT only does Williams' Shaving Cream make your shaving *easier* because of the thorough way it softens the beard, but it gives your skin just the care it needs to keep it smooth and in fine condition.

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One of the ingredients of Williams' is of particular value in allaying irritations of the skin. You can detect the soothing nature of this ingredient by feeling a bit of Williams' Shaving Cream between your fingers. It is soft, smooth, obviously of a helpful nature.

This soothing ingredient in Williams' plays an important part in making the whole Williams' shave easier and more pleasant. With its help, Williams' lather softens the beard so thoroughly that your razor cuts with noticeably greater ease and freedom.

Because of this more effective softening of your beard before the shave, your skin is in better shape when you finish and remains smooth, soft and comfortable, even though you shave every day.

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We invite you to shave for a week, or as much longer as the tube lasts, with a "Get Acquainted" tube of Williams' which we will send you free. This brief test will be enough to show you how Williams' improves the skin and how it does better everything you expect a shaving cream to do.

Write for the "Get Acquainted" tube today. Use the coupon below or send a post card.

For men who prefer the stick, Williams' Doublecap Stick and Williams' Holder Top Stick give the genuine Williams' in the newest and most convenient stick forms.

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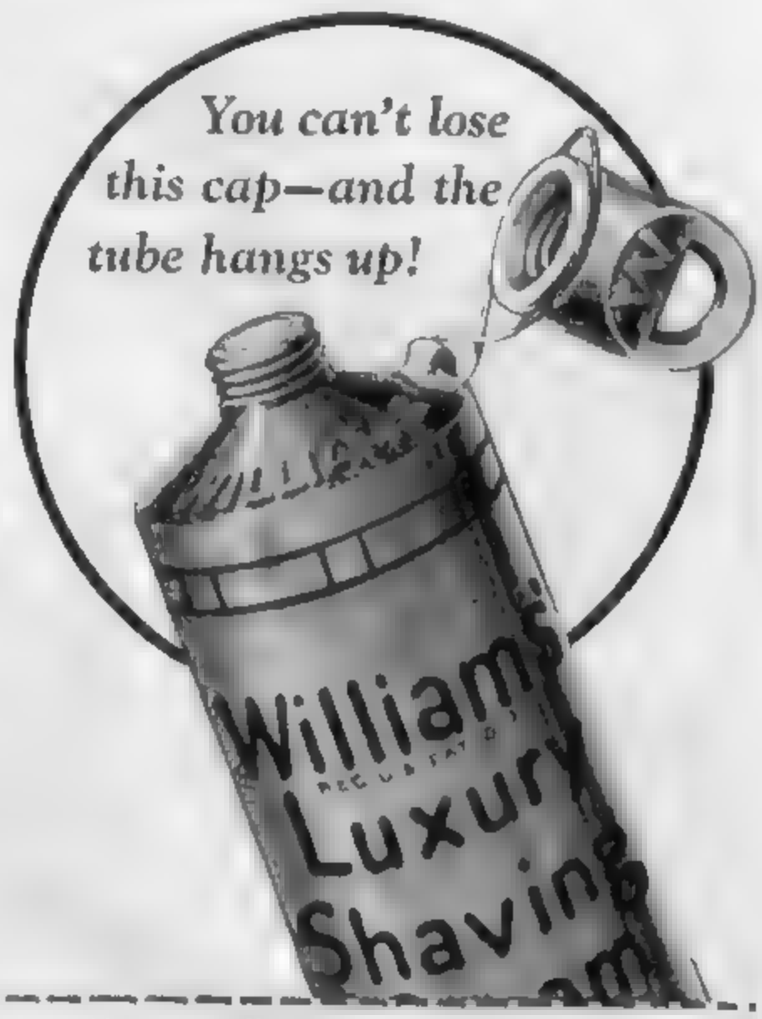
Fill in and mail the coupon below, or use a post card, and we will send you free a trial size tube of Williams' large enough to let you test its pleasing effect on the skin and to show you how much more thoroughly it softens the beard.



Williams' Shaving Cream

With the Hinged Cap you can't lose

For Free "Get Acquainted" Tube

The J. B. Williams Company
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Send me the free "Get Acquainted" tube of Williams' Shaving Cream.

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The Clipper your barber uses

Next time you go to the barber shop, ask your man what make of hair clipper he uses. The head barber especially. The answer will almost certainly be "Brown & Sharpe."

For in the finest barber shops of the country more Brown & Sharpe clippers are used than all other makes combined.

This is because the barber buys his own clippers. They are his mainstay in hair-cutting.

And he has found that these clippers are so simple in construction, so easy to operate, so true and accurately made, they will, with careful use, last a lifetime.

* * *

It is small wonder, then, that Brown & Sharpe clippers are being bought more and more for use in the home. For the baby, for sister's bobbed hair, for the boys and girls at school.

Mother and father find them hygienic, economical and convenient—particularly in the country or where barber shops are not right handy.

* * *

These famous clippers may be bought in hardware, department and cutlery stores. The leading barbers' supply houses carry them. The most popular sizes are 000—00—0—1.

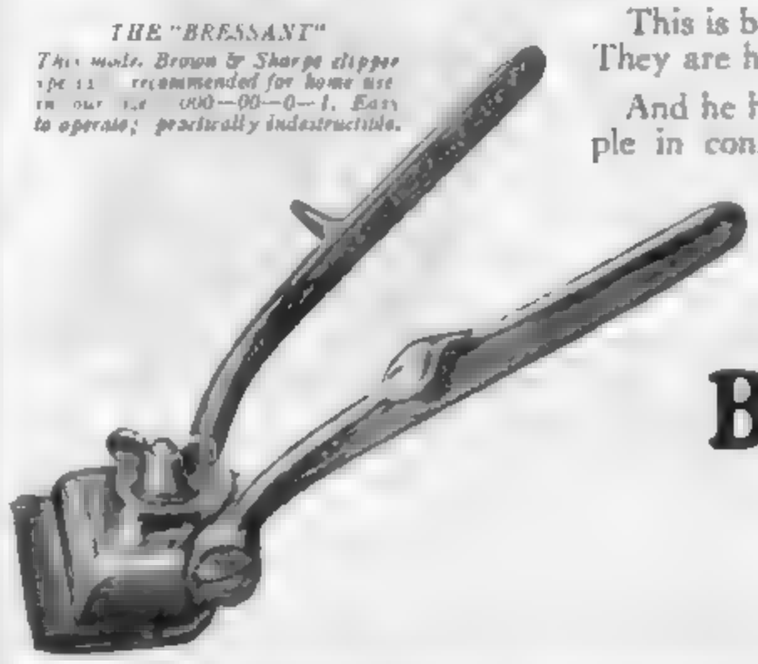
Be sure that you see the Brown & Sharpe name and trade-mark on the clipper you buy

These are your assurance of quality—of long life—of efficient hair-cutting. A cheaper make-shift cannot last; it cannot do its work.

The clipper your barber uses—is the clipper to use at home.

THE "BRESSANT"

This model Brown & Sharpe clipper is especially recommended for home use in our size 000—00—0—1. Easy to operate; practically indestructible.



BROWN & SHARPE Mfg. Co.

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The World's Standard B·S *Quality Tool Makers*

THE LAST GREEN LEAF

(Continued from Page 19)

had found David—tall, supple and copper-haired—where he was greeting the boisterous Airedale far down the green gardens.

"Oh, don't be a pest, Hunter," she said, carelessly curt. "Do run along and let me have a minute to clear my mind of you."

She lifted a hand to him in slight apology for her words' curtness, but he ignored it and quickly found the nearest door inside.

There was David, swinging his hat at the barking dog. How she loved his red hair! And for six weeks she had not seen him. Seeing her he came bounding across the lawn and up the steps and took both her hands as she met him.

"Oh, shepherd boy!" she said softly.

"Oh, shepherdess!" he answered, and though his lips met her lifted ones his round blue eyes did not meet her dark ones.

She turned her head a little to hide her smile. Yes, those Irish eyes of his had been philandering, and now they were afraid of emptying their secrets into her wise black ones.

She would let the day take its course; let his conscience and her charm untangle the situation. She suggested that if he weren't too tired they might take her car and drive out into the hills some place.

On the way to some place his conversation gathered momentum with the distance: He told her the New York summer plays were a disgrace to the town; that one of the fellows at a class reunion made a ripping speech on Russia, he felt sure Russia was to be the greatest world power eventually; that he had traded his touring car and a Rhode Island farm for a launch that leaked; and that he was off home-brew for good.

And when he had exhausted his repertoire of topics she asked him softly if he hadn't missed her at all during the weeks.

"Why, of course I have," he admitted carelessly—too carelessly—"but you know I don't have to be with you to—oh, sort of feel you're round some place. You're a kind of psychic presence with me, I guess," he ended cumbersomely.

She was surprised; she had not expected subtleties from him, nor was she intrigued with the rôle of a psychic presence. She turned their talk back to the leaky launch for the moment.

Finally they stopped on a hilltop whose charm they had discovered the previous autumn, and he made her comfortable with the roadster cushions against an oak trunk, stretching himself out full length on the grass in front of her. He had pillowed his red head in her lap on that other autumn day, but he now stretched his arms up under his head and squinted up into the tree's sky-freckled foliage.

"What's the matter—got a headache?" he concernedly asked, hearing her slow breath of reflectiveness.

"Indeed I haven't. Think I'd hunt up a headache to welcome you with?" She shifted her position a little and leaned over to run her fingers caressingly through his red hair. It was an experiment, but it proved nothing, for David had always accepted caresses instead of giving them. It had been one of the things about him that she had never understood. Now he smiled, and continued to count sky spots in the tree top. "Why do you think I wired for you?" she asked.

"Because you suddenly discovered you hadn't seen me for six weeks."

"And have you discovered something, too, in the six weeks?"

"Ye-es, I have," he admitted with the unflattering bluntness that had always fascinated her with its prick of pain. "Shepherdess, haven't you always felt there was something funny about our—about us?"

"We-ell, not exactly. How do you mean?"

"For a while it had me kind of worried," he went on, turning his head to avoid her eyes; and she knew by the dogged tone of his voice that he was saying something he had gone over and over in his mind. "The truth is"—his words hurried with his desire to have the thing over with—"the truth is, I had all I could do to keep from making an ass of myself and asking you to marry me."

"Oh!"

Her hand stopped, motionless, on his head. Then she laughed. And David, who was young, heard only laughter in the sound. There was frank and immense relief in his grin as he turned over to meet her eyes again.

"I suppose you would have thought me the original prize fool, wouldn't you?"

"Wh-what restrained you?"

She was groping desperately for her sense of humor, and hoping just as desperately that she could escape under cover of his generous inferences. If she could only keep him talking until her crippled strategy returned to her.

"This," he answered. "I brought it along to show you."

He sat up and took a small faded photograph from his folder and watched her while she looked at it. It was of a woman younger than herself—younger even, than she looked to be; a girl, a beautiful girl with braided hair around her head. It might, years before, have possibly been a picture of Neva herself, but there was about it a strong though elusive look of David.

There passed a very terrible moment for Neva Worthington's vanity; a very strange moment for her soul.

"Your mother," she said.

Nothing else entered her mind. Her power of beauty, her sureness of youth had been merely deceits of her vanity—mere puppets of irony beside this overwhelming coincidence. She did not raise her eyes from the picture, and the silence between them grew uncomfortable.

To break it she spoke the first words that her bewildered mind put on her tongue: "So I have seemed like a mother to you, have I, shepherd boy?"

They sounded crude and sarcastic. He reddened.

"That was the devil of it, at first. I couldn't make out what you did seem like to me. You never seemed older, especially. But you had a sort of spooky attraction for me, and I thought I must be afflicted with some of this inhibition and complex stuff. Maybe I was, at that. Then, about six months ago, I ran onto this little picture when I was visiting granddad in Maine. And I just sort of came to, I guess you'd call it. Didn't—didn't you notice any difference in me after I came back from New England?"

Even yet she did not trust herself to look at him, her gaze wandering unseeingly over the low rolling Westchester hills.

With a little flicker of anger she knew he was subtly unrolling the way to Miss Brown.

"Different? How do you mean?" she said, stubbornly stupid.

"Why—I—oh, you know. In my attitude toward you," he floundered.

She sent her mind back mechanically to the time he spoke of. Yes, dully, she could see, now, the beginning of the difference she had never been able to understand or to locate—caresses more tender than passionate, less attentiveness but greater dependence, a matter-of-fact practical sharing with her of his business as well as his personal perplexities.

"No-o," she reflected indifferently; "I don't remember that I noticed any difference."

"Well, come to think of it, I don't suppose you would. I suppose I've always seemed an awful kid to you, haven't I?"

She looked at him now, finding poise from the abandoned youthfulness of him. How could youth be so blind—so happily, happily blind? Or was it perhaps a cunning too keen for age?

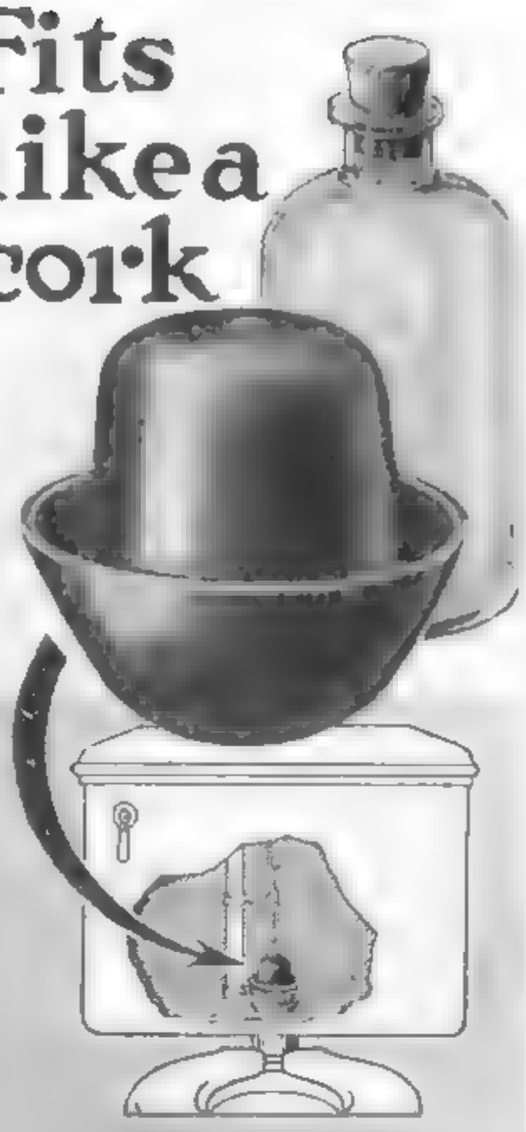
"You've always seemed a very delightful kid, shepherd boy," she said, smiling. "How does it happen that I haven't reminded you of your mother—from the first?"

Relaxing from her tense upright posture she leaned back again against the tree, and David sat up in front of her, hugging his knees.

"I suppose you did, unconsciously. But she didn't wear her hair like that when I was old enough to remember her. It was always all fluffed somehow on the back of her head. And she laughed a lot, out loud,

"What I Can't Figure Out is Why You Ever Bothered With Me—When Half a Dozen Really Distinguished Chaps Were Already on the Map"

Fits like a cork



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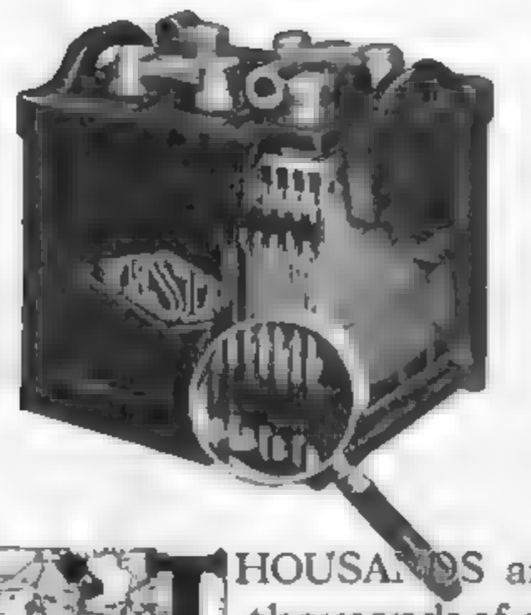

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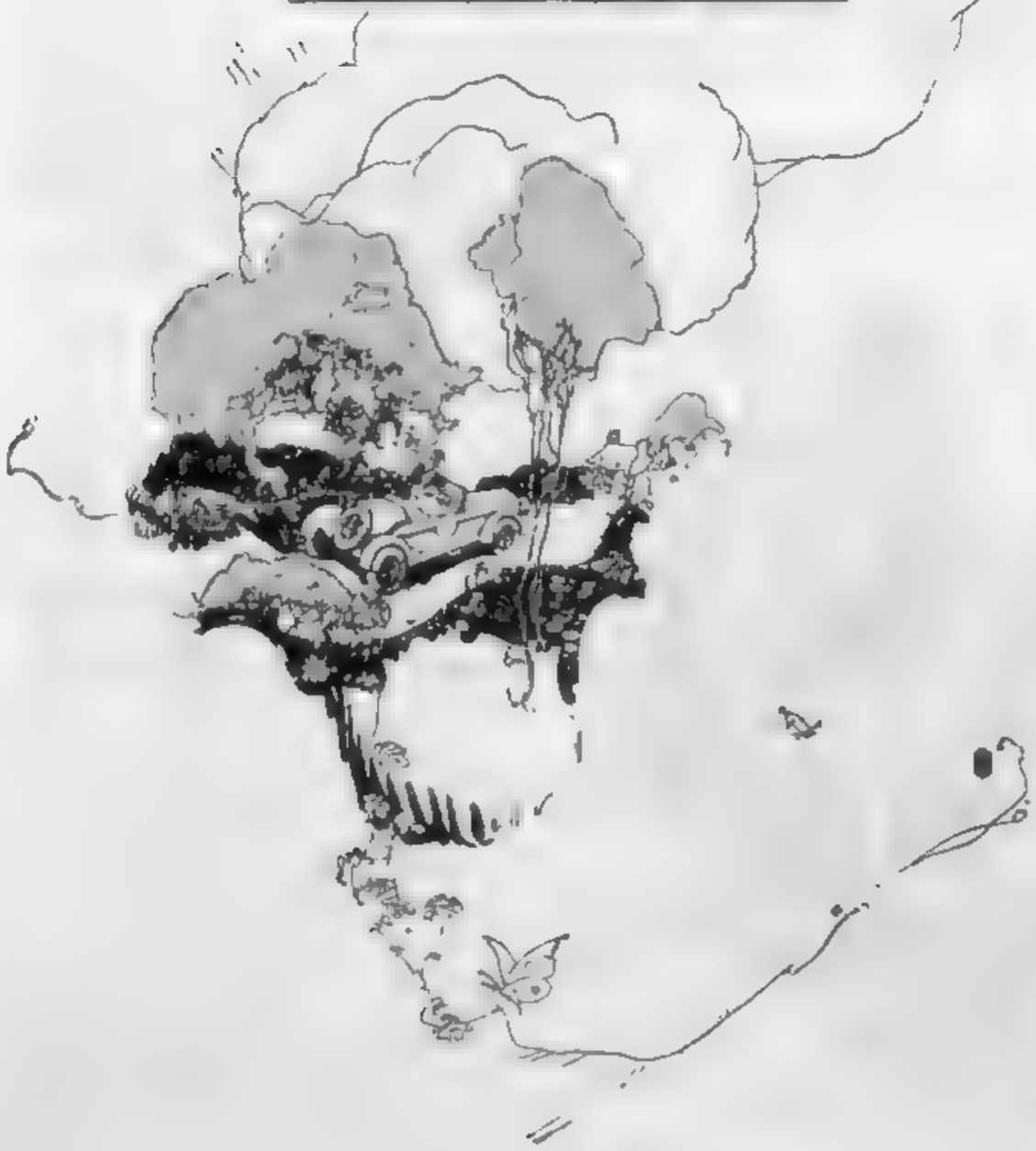


like a kid. And you mostly laugh with your eyes. I suppose the resemblance was in the back of my mind. You see, dad married this wooden woman just before I went to war—I couldn't help hating her, I was just out of college. Then I came home two years later, pretty well fed up with war, besides. And then I met you. And you seemed to be just what I needed to keep me sweet with the world."

He was talking to her, but he was explaining her to his own conscience; he was explaining her to his love for the Miss Brown who interior-decorated. She could have laughed aloud at his naïve resourcefulness. She began to feel not like a participant but like a fascinated onlooker.

"What I can't figure out," he was blithesomely continuing, "is why you ever bothered with me—when half a dozen really distinguished chaps were already on the map."

This was hard to meet, so she did not meet it.

"How old were you, David, when your mother died?" she asked slowly, as if she had heard nothing except what he had said about his mother. "Tell me about her—dear."

He began easily, his voice taking on a certain reverence of reminiscence:

"About fifteen. You see, it was my most impressionable age, and I just about worshiped her. I remember how proud I used to be because none of the other fellows' mothers could touch her for looks. She really was beautiful, and she could do anything that I did—shoot and ride and row and swim—so she was a wonderful companion. And she never nagged at me about anything. Oh, but I loved her! I think it really almost killed me when she died. But somehow I always remembered her more for what she meant to me—I don't know just how to explain it—than I remembered the way she looked; until I ran across this picture, and then—then I kept remembering little things about her when I was with you." A flash of rare longing deepened the blue of his eyes and he looked away from the inscrutable lovely girl-face of the listening woman. "Don't I wish to God she could be here now!" he said.

A flame of color touched Neva's face, only to fade as quickly, leaving her a little pale. She looked down at the faded photograph in her lap, at the sensitive questioning face with its likeness to something within herself—something that had no part in vanity or conceit or selfishness. It was this likeness that had first brought David into her life, and that was now saving him from her. Her true-tempered intuition told her what was behind David's words.

"Do you mean because of Miss Brown?" she asked, as simply as if Miss Brown were some familiar keepsake, bequeathed to the two of them.

David faced her quickly, betrayed by surprise, and flushed to the roots of his red hair. "Oh! So dad and his wooden wonder have seen you, too, have they?"

"Not lately. But a number of other people have seen me. But of course they haven't told me anything about Miss Brown herself. Suppose you do that, David."

"Is—is that the reason you wired to me?" He was surveying her critically.

"Yes, partly. I—I had a very nice idea, which I'll divulge later."

It was a rather sophisticated situation for David, and to hide his embarrassment he flung himself on the ground again, head pillowed on his arms, and regarded with squinting eyes the blue holes in the tree tops.

She let him suffer a little with silence, and then said again, "All right, shepherd boy, tell me all about her. Has it all happened in these last six weeks?"

"Yes—with twenty-six years behind them of knowing just what she'd be like. Her name is Ellen Brown."

"What—what a capable name, David. Is she like that?"

"She is. Fearful stigma, isn't it? They haven't any money, and she supports her mother and her younger sister. She's an interior decorator. She'd done some splendid work for several other architects, so I got her for dad's new mountain house. She's twenty-four, and tall and dark, and—oh, the companionably quiet kind."

"Where are her family from?"

It was a cool little question, and it brought a look to his flushed face that matched the sound of his short defiant laugh.

"Wisconsin! By Jove, if you're not exactly like all the rest of 'em!"

Neva was beginning to feel detached from all personality; and, confused with her effort to keep a poised pace with the versatility of the relationships in which he regarded her, she sought help in small detail.

"All the rest of whom?" she asked carefully.

"Oh—dad, and his wooden wife, and Aunt Kate, and all their inhuman bunch."

"So you've talked this over with—them, then?"

"No. They've done all the talking; in fact, they haven't done anything else for the last six weeks."

"Why don't your people approve of her, David?"

Her questions followed his answers mechanically, but her mind tabulated them both methodically for future reckoning.

"Simply because she didn't happen to inherit a lot of money so she could indulge her body instead of her brains. Of course it's worse because meddlesome Mary has talked dad into the idea that I've got to marry Jeanette Starr. I'd just as soon marry a candy valentine. Now dad swears if I marry Ellen he'll disinherit me as fast as he can sign the papers."

"Then you would have an incentive to develop your brains—dear. Your dilemma, then, is the old one of money or matrimony."

"I thought you'd say that. I don't mind the money—though it doesn't make me hilarious to be cut off from my own mother's estate—but there's a whole lot of other things to consider. But if you're adamant, too, what's the use talking about it?"

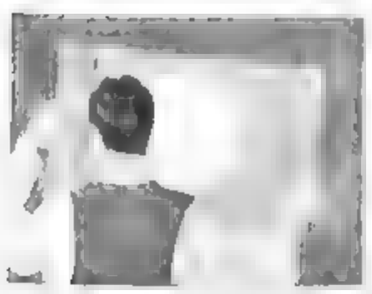
There was a short silence.

"Then"—the queer note in her voice quickly hid itself—"then there is some

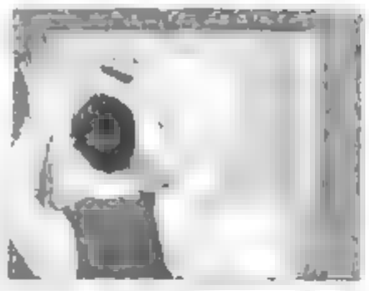
(Continued on Page 69)

Missouri River, Near Helena, Montana

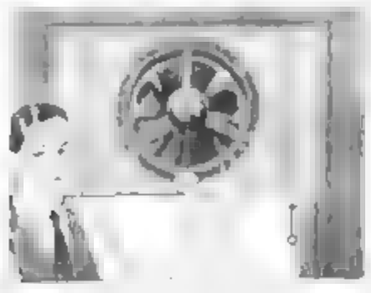
Install It Yourself In Twenty Minutes



Measure the window sash and set the knobs to the correct width



Then with screws fasten the frame to the casing so that the sash can be lowered or raised



Put the fan in the frame. There are handles by which the sash can easily be moved up or down

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In twenty minutes the man of the house can install an American Blower Ventilating Fan by the aid of an Adjustable Fan Frame—with no tools except a screw driver. Then by turning a switch you can exhaust the sultry, suffocating air with the vapors, smoke and odors—or by simply pulling a switch cord, bring in the fresh clean outdoor atmosphere.

Prevents Walls From Becoming Soiled, Stained and Begrimed

Then when the steak burns, or onions or cabbage are on the menu, you can rest assured that the smoke and odors will be quickly expelled and will not penetrate the entire house.

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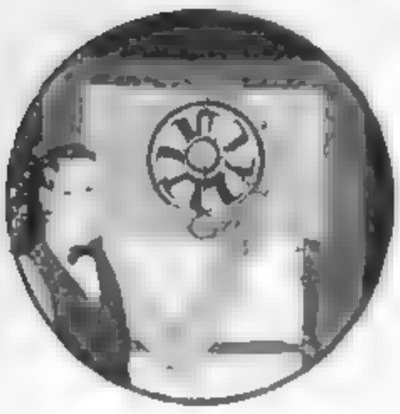

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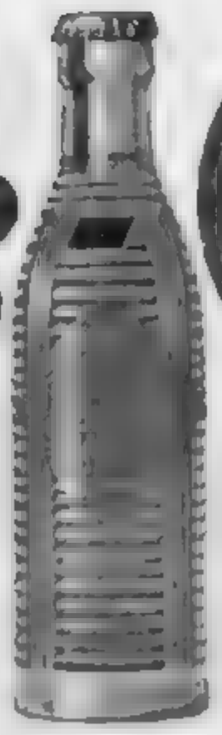

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(Continued from Page 66)

doubt in your mind about marrying—Miss Brown?"

"Yes. But not any about wanting to marry her!"

His quick retort held a challenge; it was overly sure—too defensively defiant. It admitted his fear of her power to hold him or to release him. It betrayed his superb indifference to their year's relationship. Yes, even now that he had found a fuller, all-satisfying love, he was not so unaware as he pretended to be of the sensitive scar in his heart that she had put there.

She thrilled with her old pride of power. Lowering her eyes to cover their exultation, they met the eyes of David's mother. She took the picture quickly and laid it on the ground; she started to lay it face downward, but the watching eyes rebuked her and she hastily turned it over, and a fluttering spot of sunlight fell on the faded face.

"Don't I wish to God she could be here now!" David had said.

Neva stared down at the picture for several seconds. Then she said quietly, "What makes you so—so sure about wanting to marry her, David?"

"Haven't you ever been sure?" he countered sullenly.

"Why, no-o. That's just why I ask. My life proves that, I think."

"Well, you'll know, all right, when the real thing hits you," he told her, all-wise, after the manner of men in love. "Something just lights up inside you like an electric bulb, and you know who pressed the button, all right."

"Oh. Well, that does sound enlightening. Does Miss Brown know you love her?"

"Why, of course!"

"But you haven't asked her to marry you?"

"No." Silence. "I wanted to talk to you first."

This time her lids lowered to hide a certain mist in the dark eyes, and to discipline her voice she spoke with a touch of irritation.

"Well, suppose you do talk to me, then, instead of accusing me of being inhuman and adamant and like all the rest of 'em. I confess I don't get you. If you don't mind losing a little money, and if you do mind losing Miss Brown—just what is the issue?"

"Just this." He sat up and faced her. "Ellen's as proud as the devil. If she marries me she'll expect to know my family and the friends I've had all my life. She knows I'm fond of 'em all—except dad's wife. And if they all snub her—where's it going to land us? I know Ellen. She'll get an idea in her head she's done the wrong thing—alienated me from my friends and family, and all that rot—and she'll stay put about a minute. And I won't subject her to their contemptible snobbery! It would only end in a mess."

Neva smiled into his troubled eyes. She felt slightly faint in the surprisingly compensative sensation that enveloped her; it even submerged her sense of irony, which had always flavored life so pleasantly for her. She had been granted a new power; there was no pride in it especially, but there was immense sweetness and satisfaction. Perhaps it partook of what Carrie Andrews considered an honest-to-God thrill—this opportunity to be to David what the woman whose wistful, lovely pictured face lay on the ground between them would have been.

"Why, David," she said lightly, "don't be absurd! There won't be any snobbery to subject her to. Perhaps she can come out next week and stay with Carrie, and we'll have a few people in to meet her. I've never yet heard of the brave soul who snubbed any of Carrie's friends, have you?"

"But—why, I thought she was one of dad's best backers for Jeanette Starr."

After all, David was very young.

"Carrie is my friend," Neva assured him quietly.

The light on David's face placed her on planes where she had never walked.

"And this is the nice idea you had when you wired me!" His voice shook with the weight of its gratitude, with the abjectness of his apology for his apprehensions. "Oh, Lord, I wish I knew how to thank you!"

"I think I'd like you to give me this picture of your mother," she said.

Two hours after luncheon Neva drove into the Andrews grounds, alone. She had driven David to the noon train, for there was that in his heart which demanded to be taken to a modest apartment on Thirty-seventh Street as quickly as possible. She took her car to the garage herself and, the place seeming deserted, walked over into the east gardens trying to discover what she was thinking about. With the full sun on the flowers the garden was a lake of warm fragrance, the air like liquid. Going about idly, she touched first one blossom and then another, feeling the petals with extraordinary care.

"David is going to Ellen Brown—Ellen Brown—Ellen Brown." Her brain made her weary with its little requiem.

She was so hidden with the complexities that beset her that she approached the side veranda without knowing it, and she started violently when Jim Andrews' voice hailed her with "What you doing, Neva—a modern mad scene for Ophelia?"

She laughed, realizing what a fool she must be looking, out in the hot sun, attentively fingering the flowers.

"These flowers are full of little bugs that fly out when you touch them," she improvised on the moment. "What you doing yourselves?"

"Nothing. Where's David?" "Had any luncheon?" Jim and Carrie always talked simultaneously.

"David's on his way back to town. We had lunch at that little white house on the hill." She did not take the chair that Jim pulled up beside Carrie. "I think I'll go up and get out of a few more clothes, if you don't mind."

"Don't mind in the least; get out of as many as you like." Carrie was regarding her with curious speculative eyes; Neva

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The Delaware River From Hawk's Nest Mountain, Milt Rift, Pennsylvania

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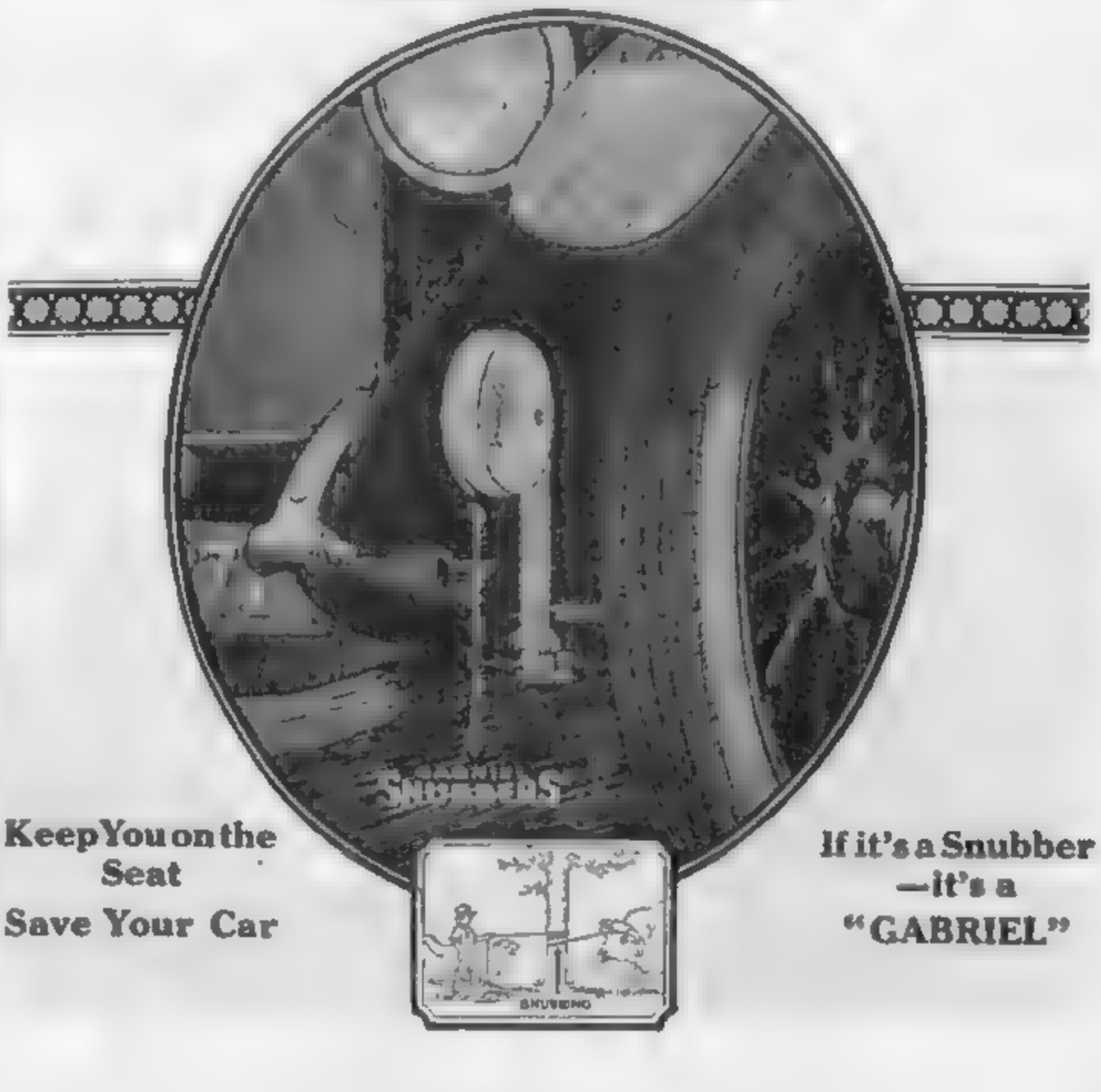

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had never dreaded anything as she now dreaded having to answer the questions those shrewd eyes were formulating. Hastily she postponed the ordeal until she had bathed and rested and concocted alibis. "We're going to have tea a little earlier this afternoon," Carrie was continuing, "so we can drive Hunter to the five-o'clock train."

"Why, that's a hideous train; it delivers milk to every town on the way. Why doesn't he wait and go in the morning?"

"His boat sails at ten."

"His b-boat?"

"Why, yes. He said he saw you this morning."

"I did see him for a minute, but he didn't say anything about a trip. Where's he going?"

It was Jim's turn to talk. He did so in a voice of conscientious disapproval. "Why, he's going to the middle of Africa on a fool water-conservation project; going to be gone three years. I think you might be decent enough to hunt him up and talk awhile. Poor old devil came out here just to see you."

So that was what Hunter had come for—to tell her good-by. At the top of the stairs as she turned into the wing where her rooms were she saw him standing with his back to her looking out the alcove windows, watching the road where she would probably drive in.

So he was really going away. For three years she would not see him round every corner she turned. Her throat choked and her eyes filled; she felt absurdly affected at sight of his big broad back with the betraying droop in the broad shoulders. A white-hot flash of decision burned through her brain, and with it, David's boyish words, "something just lights up inside you . . . and you know who pressed the button, all right."

She walked up softly behind him and, with a trick of her little girlhood, reached up and blinded his eyes with her soft warm palms.

"Guess who," she said.

He was never surprised at anything she did.

"Why, halloo! I was just wondering if you'd come in before train time," he said. He did not move; the lingering touch of her fingers was too dear. She laughed at the simpleness of him, and left her hands over his eyes until he finally took them away and cumbersomely turned round. "Well, where's your shepherd boy?"

"On his way to marry Ellen Brown." It was going to be easy, it was going to be a comfort to tell Hunter about it—all about it. "Hunter, Jim just told me you're going away. Can't you wait over just one boat and take me with you?"

And after an hour's varyingly coherent conversation they went down to tell Jim and Carrie that the sailing had been postponed, and that the last green leaf had gone the way intended for it.

The Only Panaceas for the Farmer—By Roger W. Babson

THE most immediate need of the farmer has been for more liquid capital. A farmer, like most other business men, needs two kinds of capital—fixed capital, used for buying land, erecting buildings, and the like, and working capital, used for buying seed, fertilizer and the carrying of crops over a low-price period. Congress has done much to help provide the farmers with fixed capital, although they always have been well able to secure a fair amount from the insurance companies, mortgage-loan companies and private individuals. Congress, however, added two more sources for fixed capital—namely, the Federal Farm Loan Board and the Joint Stock Banks.

New Credit Channels

It has, however, continued to be very difficult for the man without security to borrow for six months or a year in order to get working capital. You say, "Let him go to his local bank." This is all very well, but Western and Southern local banks are ruled by the same human nature that rules Eastern banks. The local bank always has money to loan to the man who does not want money—or to the man who has security to offer—but usually has no money for the man who needs it the most. Now if farmers are entitled to government aid for fixed capital, they are entitled to some aid for working capital. Of course, the restrictions must be fairly severe and the amount borrowed must be limited, and such organizations should be coöperative rather than political. Politics and banking do not mix.

Farm leaders believe this difficulty has now been remedied. A bill was passed by the last Congress creating two separate rural-credit organizations—the Federal Intermediate Credit Banks and the National Agricultural Credit Corporations. The former will be placed under the control and management of the Federal Farm Loan Board and the latter under the supervision of the Comptroller of the Currency. Few people, even the bankers of the United States, realize the importance of this financial legislation, rushed through the last few hours of Congress. Although it is probably for the best, yet two entirely new forms of banks have been organized to add to our already complicated system.

The National Agricultural Corporations will be organized along the same lines that national banks are organized—namely, by private subscription to capital; and the acceptances, collateral trust notes or debentures issued by them under the provisions of the act carry no tax-exemption privileges. The Federal Intermediate Credit Banks are capitalized by the United States Government and are permitted to issue tax-free debentures. The amount of money that farmers can borrow from the Federal Farm Loan Board was also increased to a more substantial amount, and several other changes were made to make borrowing easier for the farmers.

The second need is for an intelligent readjustment and relocation of the number now engaged in farming. Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, in his annual report, made this statement:

"The greatly accelerated movement of farmers, and especially farmers' sons, from the farms to the cities and industrial centers is one of the hopeful signs. . . . This movement is in direct response to the willingness of the buying public to pay much higher prices for labor in the building trades, manufactures and industries than for labor on the farm. When fair relationships between agricultural and other prices are restored, and the capable worker can market his labor on the farm, whether by working for himself or another farmer, at wages which will compare favorably, all things considered, with the wages he is able to get in the city, the movement will again become normal."

The Incredible Adjective

Secretary Wallace told me that after he had dictated this one or two of his departmental people, who were given the manuscript to read, came back with the question whether it was what the secretary really meant to say. This statement is so contrary to the slogan, Back to the Farms, which we have heard for many years, that the executives of the Department of Agriculture thought the secretary surely meant the opposite of what he said.

But this was not all. Just as the report was going to the big presses at the Government Printing Office the head proof-reader held up the entire job until he could get in touch with Secretary Wallace to ask if on page 9, where he used the word "hopeful," he did not mean to use the word "hopeless."

Statistics, however, clearly show that the secretary is right in his contention so far as wheat is concerned. Too many farmers are engaged in the raising of wheat and certain other farm products. Wheat should be produced like automobiles, by mass production, with great organization and most efficient methods. Many of the farmers now raising wheat and corn should become bricklayers, carpenters, painters and plasterers. They need not necessarily go to the cities. Personally, I would not advise them to go to the industrial centers; but statistics do strongly indicate that many should

(Continued on Page 73)

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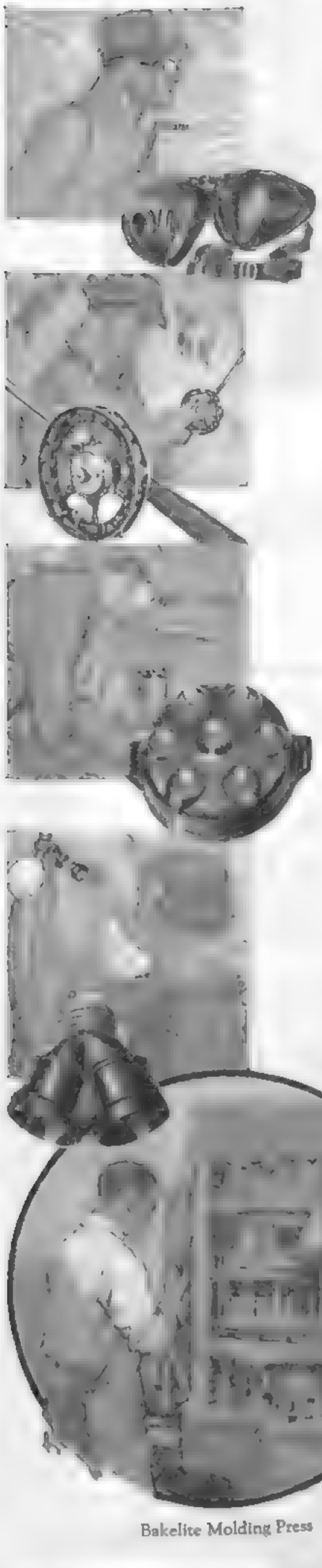

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THIS WARM-AIR HEATING SYSTEM CIRCULATES HEALTH AND COMFORT THROUGHOUT THE HOME

FRESH MOIST AIR RISING FROM THE

Above, you see an actual photograph of Mr. Friedlander's home. This large house is heated abundantly and evenly by a Sunbeam Pipeless Furnace of medium size

"Why I Put Warm-Air Heating in My Home"

Philadelphia, February 19th, 1923

The Fox Furnace Company,
Elyria, Ohio

Gentlemen:—Like most other manufacturers, you are probably glad to hear from boosters for your product. I believe you will be interested in why I put warm-air heating in my home and what I think of my Sunbeam Warm-Air Furnace.

I chose a warm-air heating system because I wanted to be more than just *warm* in the winter time. I wanted to be *comfortable*. In other words, I wanted my house kept good and warm without that close, stuffy, overheated feeling you get in many houses in winter. I wanted plenty of good, warm, fresh air (moist, not dry) circulating through the house all the time, and I knew that a warm-air heating plant was the only thing that would give it to me. I chose a Sunbeam Warm-Air Furnace because it seemed so mighty well built.

I made the right choice. I don't believe I can express my satisfaction with my Sunbeam Furnace any better than to say just this: If I couldn't replace it, I wouldn't take $1,000 for it.

D. Friedlander

Sunbeam Warm-Air Heating—Its Six Outstanding Advantages

1 Economy
- *Low First Cost*
- *Low Fuel Cost*
- *Low Maintenance Cost*

2 Health
- *Moisture*
- *Circulation (Ventilation)*

3 Space Saving

4 Quick Response

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6 Comfort

Don't you think Mr. Friedlander's experience with Sunbeam Warm-Air Heating is well worth bearing in mind when you choose a heating plant for *your* home? Why not get the whole Sunbeam story? It's all in our new booklet, "June Weather Made to Order." Write for a copy—it's yours for the asking.

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WARM-AIR HEATING

Of Interest to Dealers: We welcome correspondence with established dealers who are seeking an opportunity to render a better, broader heating service and to build a permanent, growing business. The Sunbeam Proposition Book gives our complete dealer plan in detail. Write for a copy.

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The Fox Furnace Company

(Continued from Page 70)

change their crops and methods and that others should take up such trades in their own communities or in near-by towns.

Better transportation and marketing facilities are the third great need of the farmers today. There is a desire on the part of some farm leaders to separate these two features, placing the burden of cheaper transportation on the owners of the railroads and the burden of better market facilities on the Federal Government. Any such separation is a mistake from the farmers' standpoint. Transportation and marketing are part and parcel of the same thing. Moreover, they both should be handled by the farmers coöperatively, with as little government aid as possible. As the steel corporations own their steamships, the oil companies their tank cars, the packers and fruit growers their own equipment, so the farmer's coöperative-marketing organization might begin at once to secure an ownership in the railroads. This would not require much money. It would be far better for the farmer, and for the nation as a whole, to have the farmers control a few of the railroads upon which they are so dependent than to have them operated by the Federal Government. But let the farmers do this themselves, coöperatively, on a strictly business basis, and keep out all politics and government ownership or interference.

Let me repeat—the farmers need better transportation and marketing facilities; but these should be secured coöperatively by themselves and for themselves, without tampering with the present Transportation Act and without the enaction of any unsound legislation.

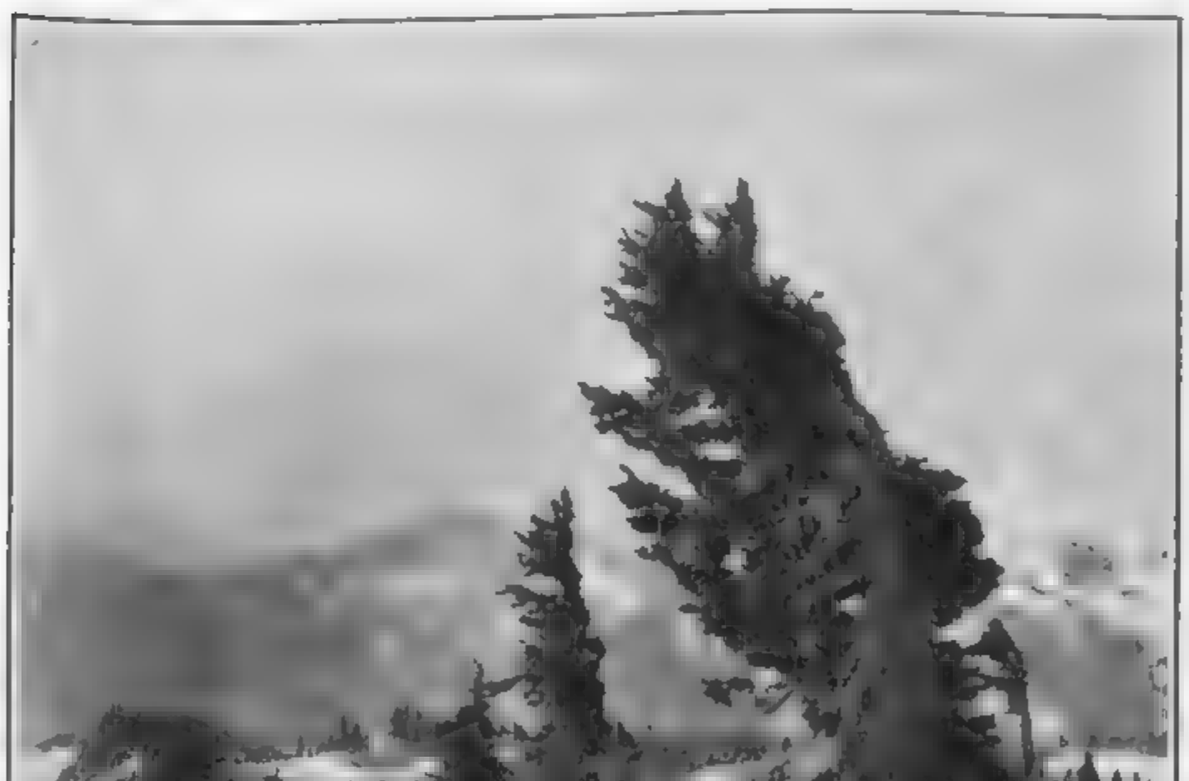
The world has always been beset with problems—political, religious, social and economic. Every generation and every section has always had and always will have its problems. Yet when we compare present conditions with those existing one hundred years ago we find almost unbelievable progress. Note the change from feudalism to present-day opportunities; the change from religious persecution to present-day tolerance; the change from a land infested with cholera, fever and other diseases to one where the death rate is as low as in New York City today. Even the improvement of the Western farmer today—his fine roads, schools, banks, autos, telephone, radio, and so on—compared with his condition forty years ago is almost unbelievable. The improvement in his condition is fairly beyond words to describe.

As, however, we study history to seek the means by which this political, religious, social and economic improvement has been accomplished, we find that legislation has played a very small part The change for the better has been due to a change in the hearts and desires of the people; to the substitution of thrift for wastefulness, industry for indolence, cleanliness for filth, education for ignorance and a desire that one's children shall be better and have more than they themselves. This improvement has largely been due to the churches, the schools, the homes and the assurance of equal opportunity and protection. To the extent that legislation has encouraged these fundamental forces, and has extended this opportunity and protection, to this extent legislation has been useful and perhaps necessary. When, however, legislation has gone further in order to hurry the result trouble has usually followed.

The teaching of history when applied to the farmer's problems is very apparent. There is no get-rich-quick method of farming. There is no sure cure or panacea for the farmers. They always had problems, and always will have them, the same as every industry. To free farming from its obstacles would make it so easy and attractive that everyone would go into farming, and this would of itself ruin the industry.

There are, however, certain definite things that all of us who want to help the farmer should work for. These have been outlined above, but they must not be handed to the farmers on a silver platter. The farmers should of themselves and by themselves bring them about, as other industries must work out their own salvation.

I repeat again—the farmers are the backbone of the nation's prosperity. We must not let them suffer and we should help them all we can; but we should be very certain that what is done really helps the farmer to better his condition and not merely helps the politician to get reëlected.



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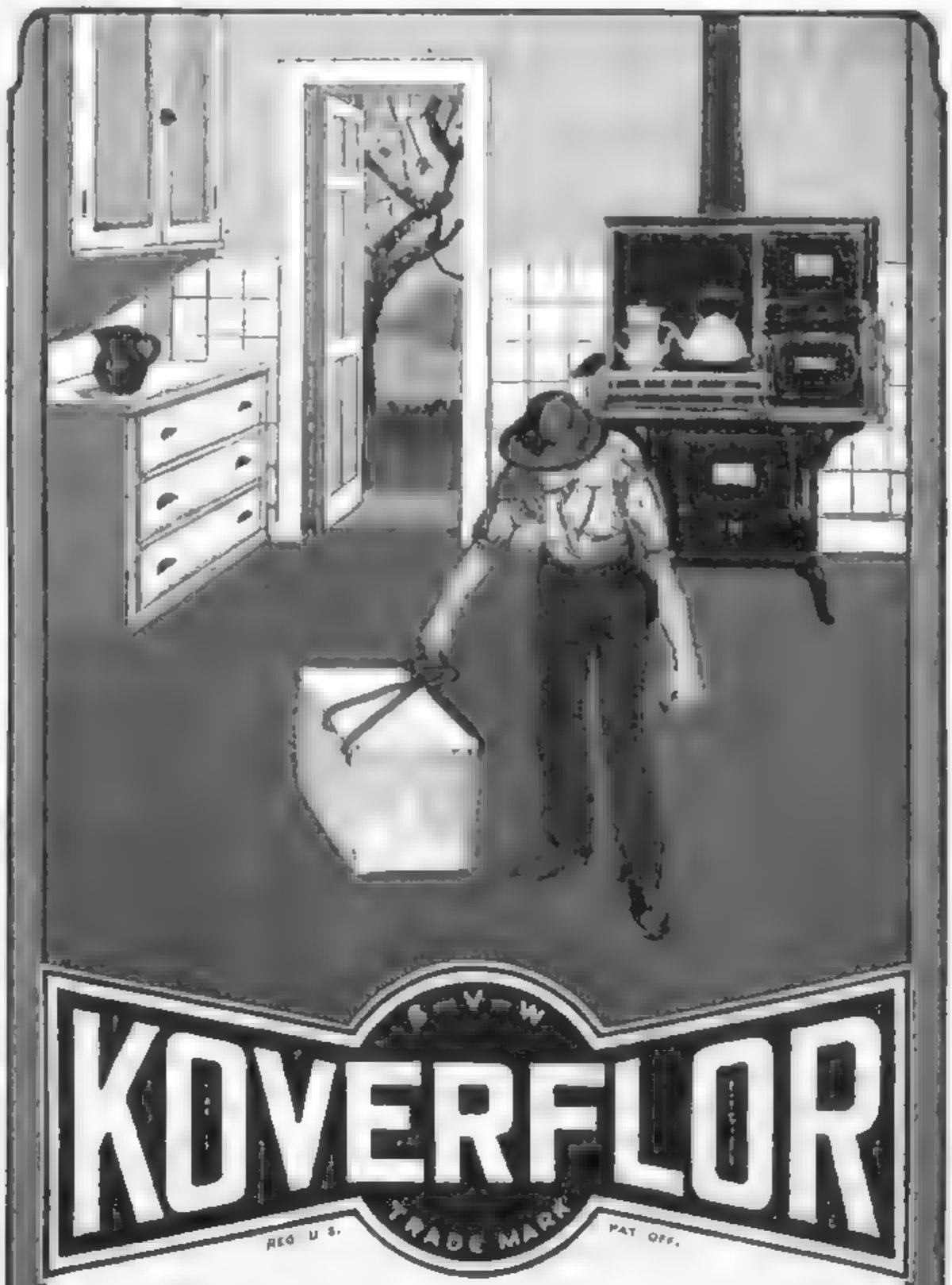
The Battle Between Glaciers and Tree Growth in Rainier National Park



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Watch This Column

Hunting Big Game in Africa with Gun and Camera

Universal has just secured what I earnestly believe to be the most remarkable wild animal moving pictures that have ever been made. And I am sure, when you see them, you will agree with me. They were taken by H. A. Snow on the expedition fathered and financed by the Oakland (Cal.) Museum of Natural History, and are entitled "H. A. Snow's Hunting Big Game in Africa with Gun and Camera."

* * *

Realizing that there has been a great deal of sameness in most of the animal pictures shown heretofore, Mr. Snow followed his own plan of surprising the beasts in their lairs and snapping them when they charged and leaped. Naturally he had many hair-breadth escapes and many of them show on the films. Can you imagine elephants and lions plunging right at you from the jungle and thicket? Yet that's what these pictures show.

* * *

On one occasion a rhinoceros, wild with rage, smashed the camera and everything else except the film-box. He only fell after being literally filled with lead. The pictures show him close up and when I saw them I fairly trembled with excitement. *I never dreamed that any but a mad-man would have the nerve to stand in front of such angry beasts and turn the handle of a camera.*

* * *

For three months, these pictures, playing at the Lyric Theatre, New York City, at prices ranging up to $1.65 per seat, proved a rare treat for over two hundred thousand men, women and children. I urge you with all my heart to go, with your family, and see these wonderful pictures. Then, write me your impressions.

Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?

(Continued from Page 27)

She had a flurried, excited feeling when he had gone that she was entering upon a new phase of life. She had had a delightful afternoon. But the mystery of Lita's conduct was deeper than ever. Who was the man? Had there been a man at all? She sat down to write to her child, demanding to know the truth; but was interrupted by the entrance of Freebody with a long, narrow box which looked as if it might contain a boa constrictor, but did actually contain a dozen long-stemmed roses, with Valentine's card.

Mrs. Hazlitt tore up her letter. After all, it would be better to wait until Friday, and when Lita returned they could have a long, clear explanation.

But, as things turned out, Lita came back on Thursday. A little girl in one of the younger classes contrived to catch a light case of measles, and the school was hurried home a day ahead of time. It was generally mentioned that the child deserved a tablet in the common room; and she did actually receive a laurel wreath tied with red, white and blue ribbon, and bearing the inscription, "*Dulce et decora est* to get measles for the good of your schoolmates."

The New York girls came back unheralded, for the school did not have time to telephone every parent. Miss Jones went about in a bus dropping the girls at their places of residence.

Lita, for the first time in her life, hoped that her mother would not be in. She wanted to be free to telephone Doctor Dacer without comment. She knew her mother would disapprove of her telephoning. She had had other glimpses of the last generation's method of dealing with romantic complications. They had strange old conventions about letting the advances come from the masculine side, or at least of maneuvering so that they appeared to. Subtle, they called it. Lita thought it rather sneaky.

She learned from Freebody at the door that her mother was dressing and was to be out to tea, but was to be home to dinner. Lita walked straight to the library, and having looked up Dacer's number called the office. The office nurse answered. Yes, the doctor was in. Who wished to speak to him? Miss Hazlitt? Just a minute. There was a long silence. What would she do if he refused to speak to her? Go there?

"Oh, Doctor Dacer, I wanted to tell you that Miss Barton told you something that wasn't true, though she thought it was. You know what I mean. . . . I want to see you, please. I wish you would. . . . Now; the sooner the better. . . . Yes; good-by"

She hung up the receiver with a hand not absolutely steady. He was coming at once. She took off her hat and dropped it on the sofa and stood still in the middle of the floor. If only her mother would keep on dressing for half an hour or so! It couldn't take him very long to get from his office in Sixty-third Street near Park —— Now he was putting on his hat, now he was in the street, now he was coming nearer and nearer every minute ——

Exactly eleven minutes by the watched clock after she had hung up the telephone receiver the doorbell rang. The doorbell could just be heard in the library by straining ears.

And then Freebody said from the doorway, "Doctor Dacer to see you, miss."

Dacer was standing now in the doorway, looking at her darkly. Severity was evidently going to temper his justice.

"Well?" he said.

The main thing was that he had come.

"Didn't you think I could write a better love letter than that?" she began.

"Unfortunately I have had no opportunities of judging."

"What does a head mistress know about girls?"

"She tells a pretty well-documented story"

It came over Lita that they were quarreling—almost—and that she liked the process but liked it only because she knew it must come out right. Her case was so clear.

"The letter and the photographs belonged to Aurelia," she said. "I hid them for her when she was taken ill. That was why I was in such a hurry to go that first day—when you patted me on the head. And if they told you about a mysterious man who brought me home in a taxi—that was you, and ——"

"You never wrote to Valentine?"

"Never!"

He took a step toward her.

"Never sent him your photograph?"

"No!"

He took another step.

"Never saw him except on the stage?"

"No!"

Another step would bring him to her; and what, she wondered, would happen then?

What happened was that the door opened and Freebody said, "Mr. Valentine."

And there he was, the man himself, more beautiful than the posters.

Never before had the chairman of the self-government committee found herself deserted by the powers of speech and action. She stood helplessly staring at the great artist before her. And even then the day might have been saved if Valentine had not been so kind, so determined to put everything straight.

"Ah," he said, supposing he had to do with an embarrassed child, "you are Miss Hazlitt, and very like your picture. I should know you anywhere."

"You've seen my picture?" said Lita, with a sort of feeble hope that the question would convey her complete innocence to Dacer. She could hear her own voice twittering high and silly like a hysterical bird.

"Yes, indeed," said Valentine; and the voice, which was only kind, sounded in Dacer's ears significant. "This one, isn't it? Photography"—he turned politely, including Dacer in the conversation—"is only just getting back to where it was in the days of the daguerreotype. How wonderful they were! So soft ——"

"Photography has always had its uses, I believe," answered Dacer in his deepest voice. He made a slight bow in the general direction of Lita. "Good-by, Miss Hazlitt," he said, and each word came with a terrible distinctness. "If you and I don't meet for some time, you'll remember me to Aurelia, I hope. She seemed to me a singularly candid, truthful nature. I admire that."

He bowed also to Valentine, and was gone. Something about his manner struck Valentine as peculiar. He feared that he had interrupted one of those conversations that do not bear interruption—an impression somewhat confirmed when Miss Hazlitt snatched her hat from the sofa and ran out of the room without a word.

Left alone, Valentine returned to Trivia; but he began to be nervous about the time. He did not want Doria to arrive at his apartment before he and Mrs. Hazlitt got there; so that when Alita came down, apologizing for being late, but in the tone of the habitually late, as if no one really expected you to be on time, he hurried her grimly downstairs.

Freebody was waiting in the hall to open the door, and told her of her daughter's return. She showed a disposition to stay and argue the matter with him. How could it be, when she was not to come till the next day? But Freebody wouldn't argue, and Valentine was firm—they must go.

"Tell Miss Lita I'll be back before seven," said Mrs. Hazlitt, and let herself be hurried out to the car.

Freebody stared at her. Did not she know that Miss Hazlitt had just torn out of the house like a little mad witch?

Lita had moved fast, but an angry man faster. As she left the house she could see him swinging on the step of a moving Madison Avenue car. As it was a southbound car, she hoped this meant that he was going back to his office.

She had seen the address only once, when she looked up his number in the telephone book; but it was indelibly impressed on her mind, although the date of the Battle of Bosworth Field, which she had spent so much time memorizing, always escaped her. In her hurry she had forgotten not only her gloves but her purse, so that she was obliged to walk the eight or nine blocks. Walk? She almost ran, crossing all necessary streets diagonally, dodging in and out between motors. Suppose he should go out again before she got there! It was terrible!

Doctor Burroughs' office was in an oyster-colored apartment house. In a window on the ground floor she read the blue porcelain name of Doctor Burroughs—very large; and Doctor Dacer—very small. She entered a hall that was low and decorated in the style of a Florentine palace. Miss Waverley, with her white hair brushed straighter than ever, answered the door.

"Have you an appointment with the doctor?"

She spoke very politely, but there was a hint that without an appointment ——

"I think he'll see me for a minute," said Lita.

She was far from feeling certain of this; and if he refused, she did not know exactly what she could do except sit on the doorstep.

She was shown into the waiting room. A complete silence fell upon the room—the house—the city. Then a returning rustling of starched skirts in the narrow passageway was heard. The doctor would see her. She was led down the long corridor to a small room filled for the most part by a desk. A door was standing open into a larger room beyond, which was lined with white tiles and decorated with glass cases along in the walls in which hideous instruments were displayed as if they were objects of art. The nurse having ushered Lita into the first room, retired to the second, where she remained without shutting the door between, and could be heard moving about and doing something with instruments that made a soft, continual clinking.

Dacer rose slowly from his desk, on which cards in several colors were strewn.

He said in his deep voice, "Yes, I thought it might be you."

"Doctor Dacer ——" Lita began. Her throat was dry.

"Oh, don't explain," he said. "What's the use?"

For the first time she saw that she had no explanation whatsoever to offer. She could only say, "I haven't any idea why that man suddenly appeared at the house." It sounded feeble, even to her.

"Perhaps to inquire about Aurelia," answered Dacer, and permitted himself a most disagreeable smile.

"That's not funny," said Lita.

"It's not original. I got the main idea from someone else"

"Doctor Dacer, I never saw Mr. Valentine—nor wrote to him. The only explanation I can think of is ——"

Miss Waverley entered.

"Mr. Andrews on the telephone, doctor."

Dacer snatched up the telephone as if it were a captured standard, saying as he did so, "Perhaps while I'm telephoning you'll be able to think of the explanation."

But she wasn't able to think at all. She could just stare at him.

"Yes," she heard him saying, "there is a—someone is here at the moment, but I shall be free directly." He hung up the receiver and replaced the telephone on the desk. "Well," he said, "have you got something good ready for me?"

She had one small idea.

"Can't you see that if things were as you think I would hardly have left Mr. Valentine to follow you, at once?"

"Oh, quite a time has gone by!"

"Because I had to walk—I had no money with me. Walk? No, I ran!"

He was affected by the picture of her running after him through the streets, and she pressed on: "Doctor Dacer, I want to tell you why I let my parents and Miss Barton and everyone think that letter to Valentine was from me."

He sat down, shrugging his shoulders as if it were useless but he would not forbid it.

Truth in detail is almost inimitable. Lita told her story in great detail—Aurelia's request—the hidden photographs—the story of the tramp—the letter thrust into her pocket and discovered by Margaret—the identical expressions of her parents on the subject of her marriage and her own sudden inspiration that here, at least, was one topic on which they agreed.

"You see," she said eagerly, "it was only a few hours before that my father had said just the same thing—that I must not think of marrying for years; and then my mother ——"

"You had sounded both your parents on the subject of marriage?"

Lita looked at him. His face was like a mask.

"I had happened to mention in the course of conversation ——"

"You are thinking of getting married, Miss Hazlitt?"

"No, Doctor Dacer."

"No? The idea has never crossed your mind?"

"No least not in connection with—no."

(Continued on Page 77)

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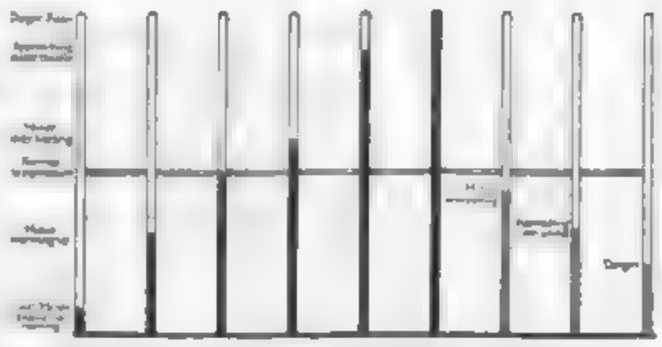

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By avoiding one repair job you will save the cost of a Boyce Moto-Meter many times over.

(Continued from Page 74)

Someone had told her that blushing could be prevented by a sharp pinch in the back of the neck. It was a lie. She felt as if she were being painted in a stinging crimson paint, while Dacer continued to regard her with a cold, impassive stare. He rose and shut the door between the two offices

"Am I to understand," he said, "that you have never considered the possibility of marriage?"

She shook her head. She felt as if she were drowning.

"Then consider it now," he said, and took her up in his arms, her toes dangling inches from the floor.

Miss Waverley entered again. The apartment was well built and the doors opened without any preliminary creaking.

"Doctor Burroughs on the telephone, doctor," she said.

There was nothing to do but to let Lita slide to her feet and to take up the telephone from the desk. It was all very well for him, with his attention immediately occupied; but Lita was left alone to encounter the blank self-control of Miss Waverley's expression as she again shut the door behind her. Dacer was giving his chief an account of a professional visit, and was about to receive instructions. Lita heard him say, "Yes, I'll hold the wire."

In the pause that followed, Lita whispered, pointing toward the door, "She saw!"

"Unless stricken with blindness."

"She took it so calmly."

"Nothing in her life."

"I mean as if it happened every day."

Dacer shouted, still holding the telephone to his ear, "Miss Waverley!" Miss Waverley returned, and Dacer went on, "Have you ever found a lady in my arms before?"

"No, not in yours, doctor," said the nurse, as if she would not wish to be pressed about some of the people she had worked for.

"Thanks," said Dacer. "Miss Hazlitt thought you were not quite enough surprised."

"I wasn't surprised at all," answered Miss Waverley, and as Dacer was obliged to turn back to the telephone and take down some directions in writing she added, "He's been so absent-minded lately since Elbridge—forgetting everything if I didn't follow him up."

Dacer had finished telephoning.

"Miss Hazlitt and I are going to be married," he said. "Get me a taxi, will you?"

"Not now!" said Lita.

He laughed.

"No, not tonight," he answered. "I've got to see a patient in Washington Square. You'll go with me and wait in the cab. Then we'll dine somewhere—and not get you back until late. We'll test this theory of yours that parents can be reconciled through anxiety."

"Oh, I couldn't!" said Lita. "It would drive my mother mad!"

"Or to your father."

"It would hurt her terribly."

"I'm a surgeon. I know you've got to hurt people sometimes for their own good. My bag, please, Miss Waverley. My book—thanks. Good-by."

A moment later they had gone, and Miss Waverley was left alone, tidying the office for the night. She shook her head. Her thought was: "And they expect us to respect them as if they were grown men." She sighed. "And the grown-up men aren't any better," she thought.

In the meantime the pleasure of Mrs. Hazlitt's afternoon had been spoiled by the idea that Lita was sitting at home, waiting for her. Hers was a nature most open to self-reproach if no one reproached her.

She returned about seven, eager to do her duty. She came running upstairs, calling to her daughter as she ran, and felt distinctly foolish when Freebody said coldly that Miss Hazlitt had not yet come in.

"Perhaps While I'm Telephoning You'll be Able to Think of the Explanation"

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Norwich

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"Hasn't come in?" cried Mrs. Hazlitt, and looked very severely at him over the banisters.

Freebody had been with her long enough to have learned to withstand the implication that anything he told her was his fault. He moved about, putting the card tray straight.

"Miss Hazlitt went out before you did, madam."

"Alone?"

"After the other gentleman left. Not Mr. Valentine."

"There was no other gentleman but Mr. Valentine."

Freebody, in his irritating way, would not argue with her. She had to begin all over again in order to elicit the facts—a gentleman had come to the house soon after Miss Hazlitt's arrival, and just before the arrival of Mr. Valentine. When he left, Miss Hazlitt had gone directly—Freebody would infer that she had been trying to catch up with him.

"Did she?" asked Mrs. Hazlitt.

"Ah, I couldn't say, madam."

Mrs. Hazlitt was really alarmed. This was the other man—the real danger. By half past eight she was convinced of disaster. She called up her former husband at his club. He had gone out to dinner. How characteristic!

No one in the club seemed to know where he was dining; but the telephone operator was ill-advised enough to say that if they did know they were not allowed to give out the information.

Nothing annoyed Mrs. Hazlitt so much as a rule. The idea that the telephone operator of the club knew something which she wanted to know and would not tell her was an idea utterly intolerable. Was her child to be murdered—or worse—because the club had a silly rule? She ordered her motor and drove down to interview the starter. He fortunately had heard the address Mr. Hazlitt had given his chauffeur. It was that of a small restaurant famous for quiet and for good food.

A few minutes later Mrs. Hazlitt was standing in the doorway, fixing her former husband with a significant stare. He was half through dinner with a man from Baltimore. Baltimoreans believe that good food is only terrapin and canvasback; and that terrapin and canvasbacks can only be properly cooked in Baltimore, hence that no good food is obtainable outside of their native city. Hazlitt was in process of proving his friend wrong when he looked up and saw his former wife. He guessed at once that something had happened to Lita, and began to feel guilty.

Alita, in common with so many wives, had always possessed the power of making her husband feel guilty. In old times, with just a glance or an inflection of the voice she could make him feel like the lowest of criminals. And, rage as he might, he found this power had persisted. Love may not always endure until death do them part, but the ability of married people to make each other feel guilty endures to the grave—and possibly beyond.

Hazlitt sprang to his feet, thinking that he ought to have seen Valentine. It had been mere obstinacy on his part. If anything had happened to Lita as a result ——

Presently they were driving back to the house in Mrs. Hazlitt's car, and so strong is the power of association that as they got out at the house Hazlitt found himself feeling for his latchkey, though it was thirteen years since he had had a key to that lock. Mrs. Hazlitt saw it and felt rather inclined to cry. She herself was not without a sense of guilt, for she had not told him about her interview with Valentine. When he said repentantly that he ought to have seen the fellow she answered that she was convinced his first judgment had been correct—it wasn't necessary. He thought this very generous of her.

It was after nine when they entered the house. Still nothing had been heard of Lita. Activity for some common interest can make strangers friends and may keep enemies from open quarrels. Mrs. Hazlitt admired Hazlitt's methods—his instructions to his secretary—his possession of a friend in the police department. He complimented her upon the placing of her telephones, her pens and ink. He thought

(Continued on Page 80)

Zion Cañon, Utah

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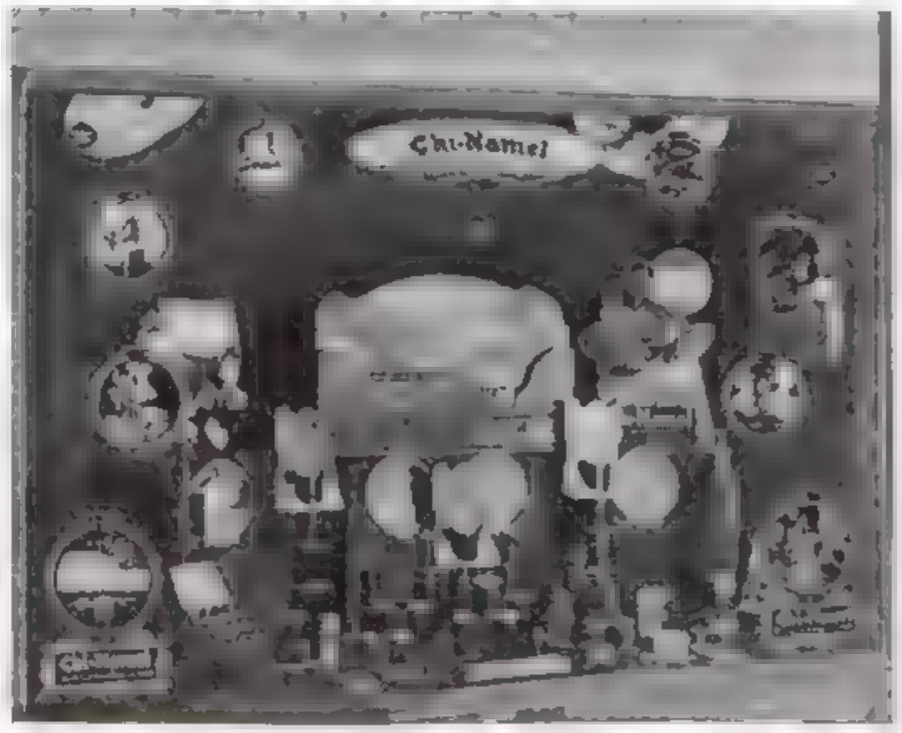
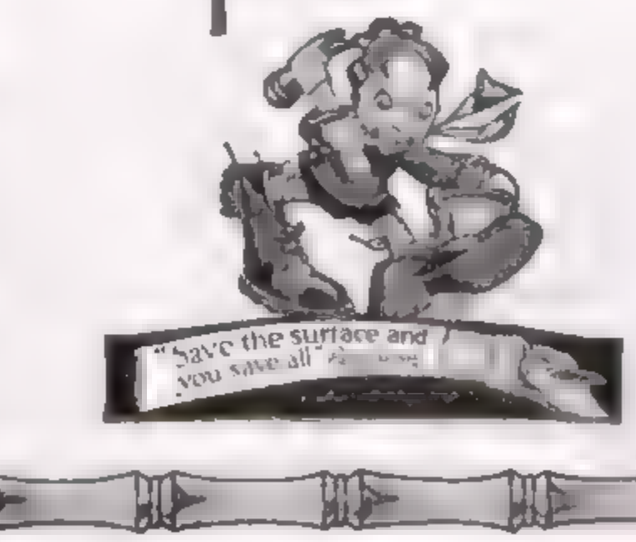
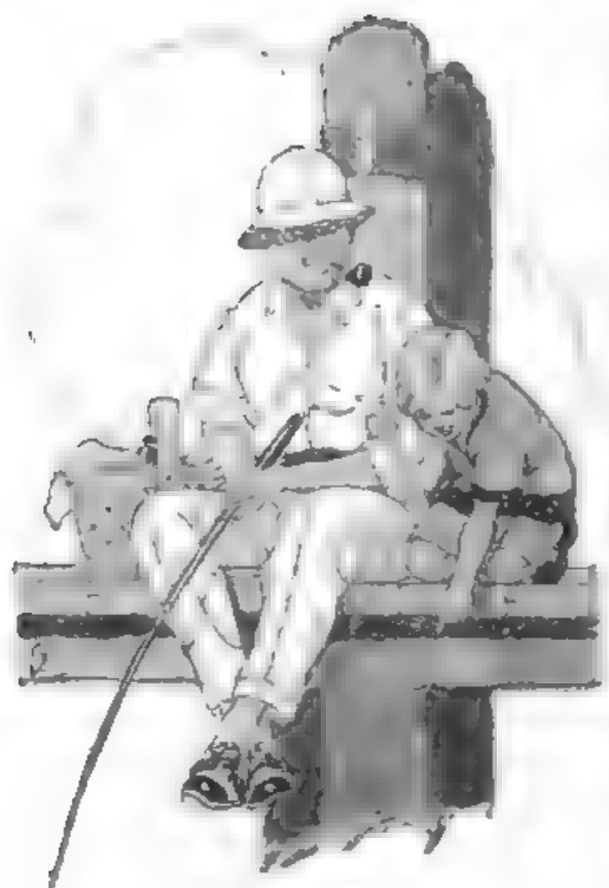




Chi-Namel

The Quality *finish for everything in the* Home"



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Continued from Page 78.

to himself as he looked about the room that she had always had the power to make the material side of life comfortable and agreeable; if only she had understood mental peace as well ——

Their intercourse was impersonal, but not hostile. Hazlitt bore interruption calmly, and though she could not allow him to say that Lita resembled him in temperament, she contradicted him without insult. They came nearest to a disagreement over the question as to whether it was or was not a good rule that club employes should not be allowed to give information as to the whereabouts of the members.

"Are all the members' lives so full of secrets?" she asked, and she made the word "secrets" sound very sly.

Fortunately at that moment the doorbell rang, and Lita and Dacer entered.

"Where have you been?" asked her father angrily

"Dining with Doctor Dacer," answered Lita. "He and I are engaged."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Hazlitt.

"My daughter is not old enough to know her own mind," said Hazlitt to Dacer.

"I know it all right," said Lita.

"Of course," said Dacer temperately, "we understand that we could not be married for some time, but we wanted you to know ——"

"Oh, that's what young people always say to begin with," Mrs. Hazlitt answered; "but the first thing you know they are sending out their wedding invitations."

Lita and Dacer looked a trifle silly. This had been exactly their idea—to get consent to a long, long engagement, and then by the summer to start a campaign for an early marriage.

Mr. Hazlitt rose and stood on the hearth rug—as if it were his own.

"You two young people realize," he remarked, "that I have never seen or heard of Doctor Dacer before, and that so far he has caused me nothing but anxiety."

"The whole thing has just been a web of deceit," said Mrs. Hazlitt.

"Until I know a little more about him, and until Lita is a year or so older and more mature, I should not be willing even to discuss an engagement, and I'm sure my wife agrees with me."

All four noticed that he had used the word without qualification, and all four successfully ignored the fact. Indeed anyone entering the room at that moment and seeing Mr. Hazlitt, so commanding on the hearth rug, and Mrs. Hazlitt in a chair beside the fire, looking up at him and nodding her head at the end of every sentence, would have supposed them a married couple entering upon middle age without a thought of disagreement.

The discussion followed good orthodox lines. The older people, Olympian above their distress, granted that in a year or so, if all went well, an engagement might be discussed; but at present none existed. The young people, really calm, knew that nothing but their own wills could change the fact that they were engaged at that moment.

When Dacer had gone home and Lita had gone to bed her parents outlined their campaign. Delay without definite commitment was the idea—it always is. In the meantime Hazlitt would have the young man thoroughly looked up. Mrs. Hazlitt wagged her head despondently.

"I'm afraid there's nothing really against him. Doctor Burroughs wouldn't have an assistant with anything actually criminal in his record."

Lita was to be allowed to see him occasionally. To write? No, they decided, after talking it over, that letters would be a mistake. The point was, Mrs. Hazlitt explained, that the child must be left perfectly free to change her mind. This might be just a fancy for the first man who had asked her to marry him. Mrs. Hazlitt supposed it was the first. Next winter Lita might meet a dozen men she preferred. She had a sudden idea: Perhaps it would be wiser if the girl did go to Italy with her father, to get her out of the way for a few months

"I'm afraid you'd miss her dreadfully."

"I should cry all summer, but it doesn't matter."

"There's nothing that I can see to prevent your going to Italy yourself."

"It's not usual to go junketing about Europe with your divorced husband," she answered.

"It need not be known that we went together; we might meet by accident," said Mr. Hazlitt, at which his former wife laughed a little and said it sounded to her like a very improper suggestion, and he looked serious and blank and monumental.

The Italian trip was left in abeyance, but the other details were settled in a clear and definite manner. Dacer was to come to the house once a month, never to write; and there were to be no flowers or presents, or mention of an engagement. Certainly not! They parted gravely, like people who had had their last long talk.

But this campaign, like many others, worked better in theory than in effect. Dacer came the next morning, and again in the afternoon, and then again the next morning. Mrs. Hazlitt protested. She said three times in twenty-four hours was not occasionally. Dacer only laughed and said it seemed very occasional to him. The situation was made more difficult for her, too, by the fact that she really liked Dacer, and he and Lita were so friendly and seemed to value her company so much that she enjoyed herself with them more than was consistent in a stern, relentless parent. Besides, in old days she had told Lita a great many clever things she had accomplished in the management of her own parents when she had been first engaged; and Lita, horrible child, remembered every word, and would repeat them all to Dacer in her mother's presence.

Finding herself helpless, the second morning she telephoned to Hazlitt. She said she thought it was almost impossible to forbid a man the house partially; it ought to be one thing or the other.

Hazlitt said, "Let it be the other then; don't let the fellow come at all."

Hearing a note of pitiable weakness in her voice, he offered to come in himself.

He came that afternoon about three—an excellent time, for Lita was upstairs and Dacer was occupied with office hours. Mrs. Hazlitt sent Freebody to ask her daughter to come down, while she apologized to her former husband for troubling him again.

"But the fact is," she said, "turning a young man out of the house—that really is a father's job."

"Even if it isn't the father's house?"

"It's no affair of Doctor Dacer's whose house it is," answered Mrs. Hazlitt with dignity. "You see, a mother's relation with a daughter is too intimate, too tender——"

"I hope a father's may be both."

"I suppose it might, but it's not like a mother's. She respects you deeply, Jim. I've brought her up to do that."

"Have you, Alita?"

A hint of skepticism in his voice wounded Mrs. Hazlitt.

"Of course I have," she answered. "Why, what do you mean? Are you trying to suggest—how unjust! Lita," she added, as her daughter entered, "have I ever said a word that could in any way reflect on your father? Haven't I always brought you up to respect him?"

Lita looked at them reflectively. She had, in her time, told a great many untruths for their sake. Now that she had them here together, she rather thought it would be a good idea to tell them the truth. As she paused, her mother repeated her question even more emphatically: "Have I ever said anything to prejudice you against your father?"

"Why, of course you have, mother," she said. Her father gave a short, bitter laugh, and she turned on him. "And so have you, Pat—only not so often as mother."

"How can you be so disloyal?" cried her mother, her eyes getting larger than ever.

"How can I be anything else? You two make me disloyal."

"Remember you are speaking to your mother," said Hazlitt protectingly.

"And to you, too, Pat," answered his daughter calmly. "You've each wanted me to hate the other one, and you've both been as open about it as you dared to be. It was always like giving mother a Christmas present if I said anything disagreeable about you. And your cold gray eye would light up, Pat, if I criticized anything about her."

"Divorced or not, we are your parents, please remember," said Hazlitt.

"You don't always remember it yourselves," the girl answered. "Parents! You seem sometimes as if you were just two enemies trying to injure each other through me."

Mrs. Hazlitt was already standing, and she drew a step nearer her former husband.

"Jim," she wailed, "aren't they terrible—these young people? And I thought she loved me!"

"I do love you, mother," said Lita; "I love you dearly—better than I love Pat; only I can't help seeing that he behaves better. Or perhaps not. Women understand the art of undermining better than men do. I think Pat did all he knew how. You both filled my mind with poison against the other, drop by drop. Oh, you don't know how dreadful it is to be poisoned all the time by the two people you love best in the world!"

Mrs. Hazlitt looked up into the face of her former husband, as to an oracle.

"Do you think it's our divorce she's talking about?"

"Of course it isn't, mother," Lita answered. "I see you had a perfect right not to be husband and wife any more if you didn't want to be; but you couldn't change the fact that you are still my parents. You ought to be able to coöperate about me, to present a united front."

"You'll find we present a united front on this issue," said Hazlitt sternly. "I mean your engagement."

"Indeed?" said his daughter. "Let me tell you, I could separate you tomorrow on it. I'm an expert. I should only have to intimate to Pat that mother was getting to like Luke so much that behind his back—but I'm sick of being treacherous and untruthful. You two must face the fact that I love you both; that I like to be with both of you; and that I will not be made to feel lower than the wombat because I do love you both. Now, there it is; settle it between you."

After she had gone they continued to stare at each other, like the last sane people in a world gone mad.

"What," said her father, "do you gather that that incomprehensible tirade was all about?"

"I can't make out," answered her mother. "She never was like that before—so excitable and rude. And I need not tell you that it's all her fancy. I've been ridiculously scrupulous in never saying anything to her but what a girl ought to hear about her father—a fixed principle that our difficulties should not come between you and her."

"Of course, I know," he answered. "I know, because I know how absolutely without foundation her attack on me was. I've been most punctilious. To hurt a child's ideal of her mother! No, I have a good deal to reproach myself with in regard to my treatment of you, Alita; but not that—not that."

"I'm sure of it," and she gave him quite a starry glance. "The truth is, I've spoiled her, Jim. I've treated her too much as a friend—as an equal."

"It can't be done," said Hazlitt, shaking his head. "It isn't possible to have an equal relation with the younger generation. You've got to go to your contemporaries for friendship, Alita. That was true since the world began; but these young people ——"

Mrs. Hazlitt, who was still treating him as if he were an oracle, brightened at these words as if he were an oracle in excellent form.

"Yes," she said, "they are different, aren't they? I can't imagine my ever having spoken to my parents as Lita just spoke to us."

"Your mother! I should say not. One of the greatest ladies I ever met anywhere!"

"Wasn't mother wonderful?" murmured Mrs. Hazlitt, and there was a pause while they both reflected upon common memories.

Then she went on: "I must say I think you are very generous not to criticize me for the way I've brought Lita up. I feel humiliated."

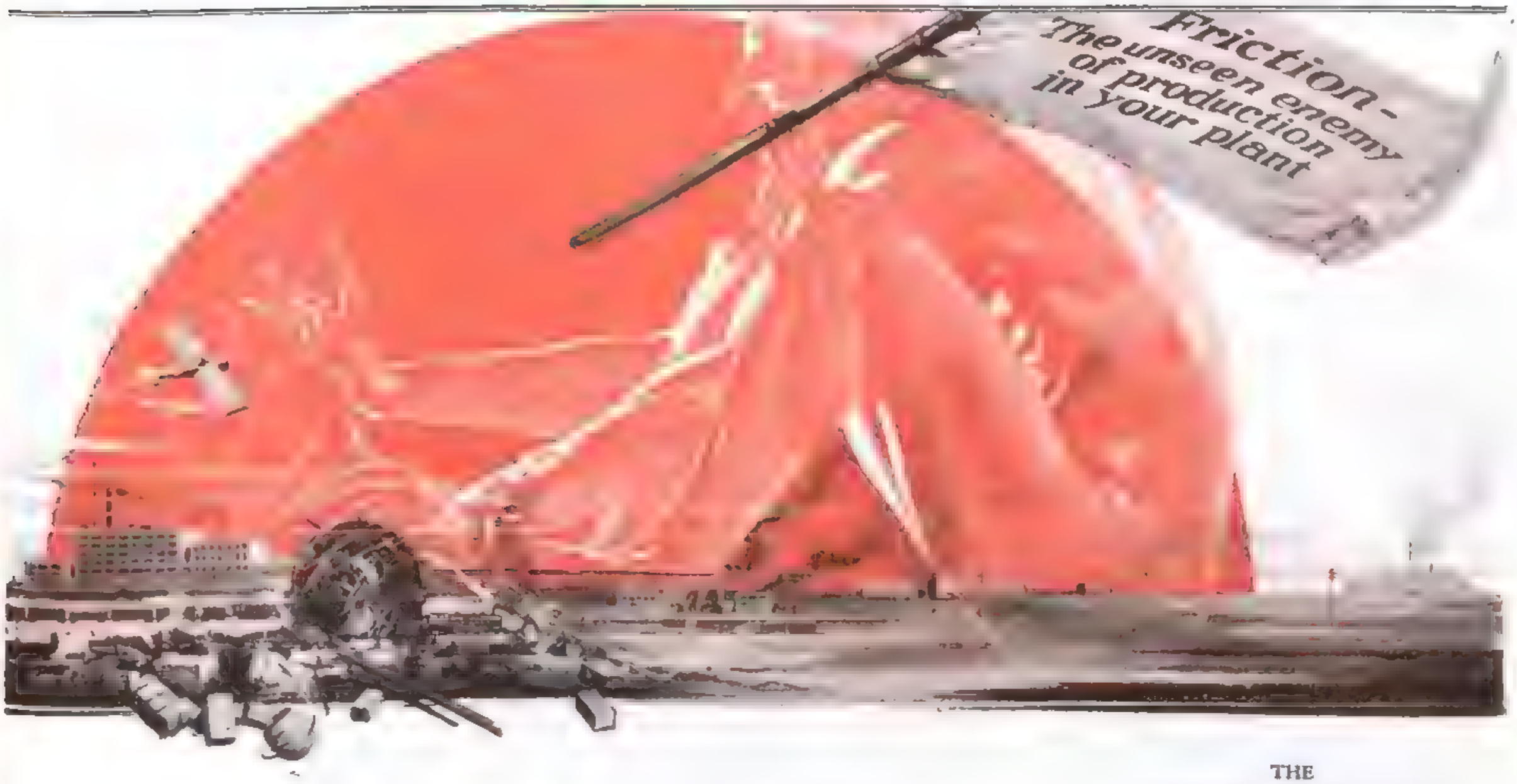
"My dear Alita," said Hazlitt, "I never have criticized you, and I never shall."

"She hurt me terribly, Jim. She seemed so hard, so ruthless, so appraising of things that ought to be held sacred."

These words were faintly reminiscent to Mr. Hazlitt, and he summed them up: "In short a little like me, after all."

"Perhaps a little bit. I know what you mean," answered his former wife; and then, as he laughed at this reply, she saw that it was funny, and she began to laugh too. But laughter was too much for her strained nerves, and as she laughed she also cried, and the most convenient place to cry on was Hazlitt's shoulder. They clung together, feeling their feet slipping on the brink of that unfathomable abyss—the younger generation.

(THE END)



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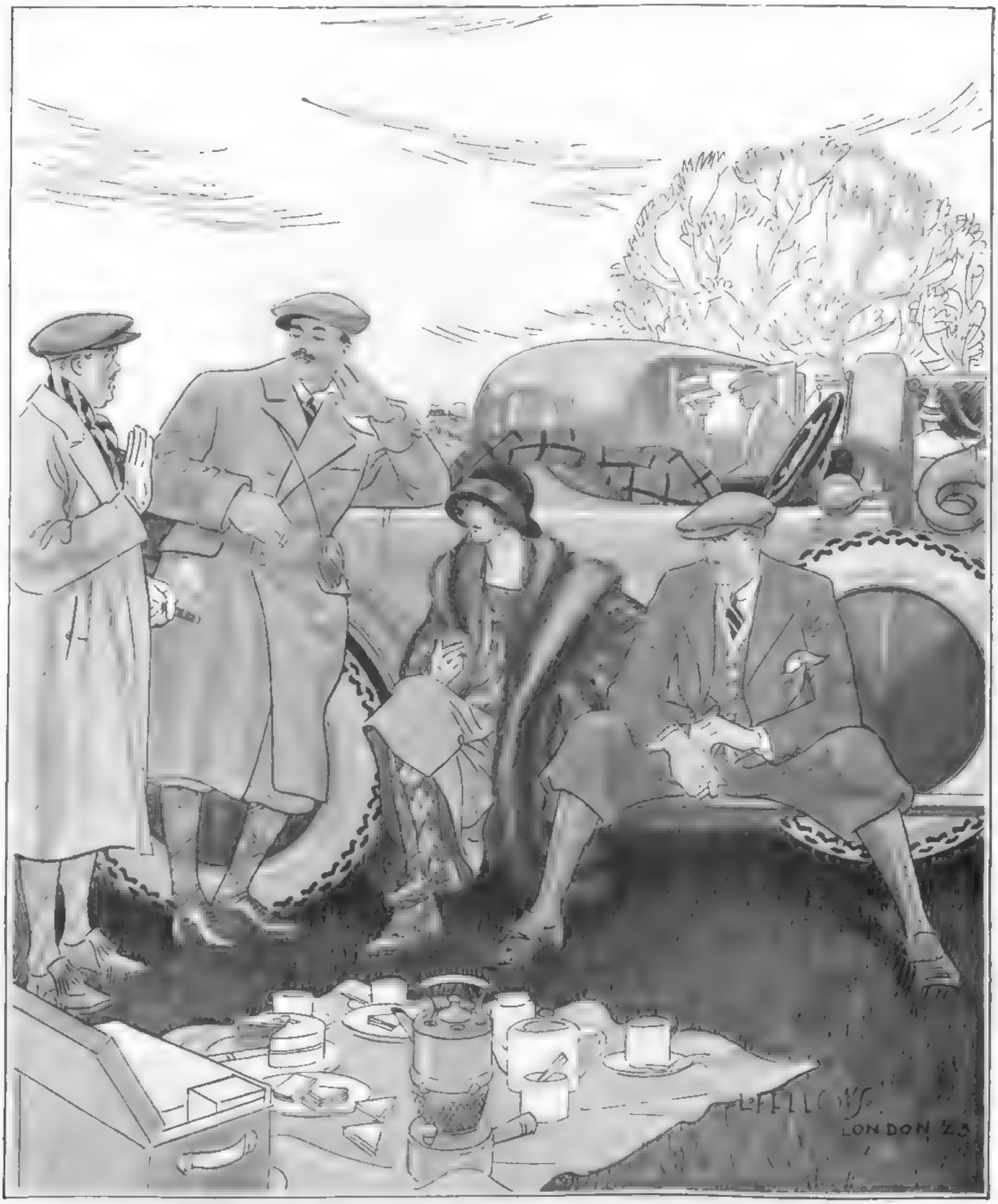


"Rotten roads? I should say they WERE rotten! And slippery —! We nearly skidded into the ditch twice."
"You ought to use Kelly Cords, old man. They'd save you a lot of worry."

THERE is scarcely a car owner who has not heard motorist friends praise Kelly Cords. Yet it is hard for a man to realize, until he has learned from experience, that any tire can be so surefooted on all kinds of roads and in all kinds of weather as the Kelly Cord is; or that any tire can give such long mileage under all conditions as the Kelly Cord does. It costs *no more* to buy a Kelly.

HER CROWDED HOUR

(Continued from Page 40)

series of unfortunate speculative enterprises by land and by water, and had died a disappointed and disgruntled man at forty-nine, when John was seventeen. For a year or two the boy had tried in his turn to get somewhere in Bellehaven, and then had given up in disgust. The town, he told Isabella, was dying of dry rot. There was nothing for it but to go away overseas and seek his fortune, as all the Faxons except his father had done. He had imparted this information to her with emphatic conviction, standing there in the grass under the oak with the sunlight flecking his tawny hair and hide and heightening his resemblance to a good-natured young lion. The Faxons were all tawny like lions, even the unsuccessful father—big, impatient men, with a touch of the freebooter in all of them, and a way of eying you and swaying slightly as if lashing imaginary tails. As well try to keep a viking in a counting house. And the girl had looked up at the window at her mother and back at John's square, bronzed head with its great flux of amber hair, and her heart had sunk, for something had told her then and there that she would always remain where she was—in Bellehaven—while he would find his destiny in some strange land.

"It's in our blood!" he declared passionately. "We're all wanderers—open-air folk from way back. I might stay here and fool myself into thinking I was alive, but I wouldn't be. This place is nothing but a well-kept graveyard. My people are like birds and animals; they won't breed in confinement. They peter out. Look at my father! Look at my Uncle Rufus over there in Amity—trying to run a feed store when he ought to be booming through the Straits of Malacca standing at the wheel of his own schooner!"

She had agreed tremulously, convinced by his conviction. Then he had nearly strangled her in his farewell embrace, sworn undying loyalty and vanished from the face of the waters for three years, which period he employed in giving the world, as he said, the once over. Then at Hong-Kong somehow or other he had fallen in with an Englishman interested in a teak forest in Upper Burma, and it was there that he had found himself, not in the squdgy sludgy creek, but on the high, hardwood uplands looking across to China over ridge upon ridge of heavy first-growth timber, which had been waiting for the ax since Alexander conquered Persia.

Ten years! Then one afternoon he had stalked in unexpectedly on Isabella, who was having the Bellehaven Chapter of Colonial Dames to tea in the garden, shamelessly hugged her right before all of them, swallowed several cups of what he called hog wash—they didn't know what real tea was, he informed them—and departed, huge, rather hairy, very yellow, but leaving every heart a-flutter. "So romantic," they had all declared, abandoning their discussion of Miss Jerusha Perkins' paper on the Early Voyages of Pierre de Guast for timid references to elephants piling teak, temple bells, flying fishes, and so on. Next day he had returned, looked up at the window where Mrs. Wallace was sitting, shrugged his shoulders—and gone back to Upper Burma.

The lumber business had been a success from the start. John had kept writing that he had a home ready and waiting for her whenever she was willing to come. But her mother had always stood in the way. She had always assumed quite naturally that when she could go of course she would; but when at last she was free and she had to decide John and Upper Burma had seemed very far away, bizarre, almost grotesque, and her tranquil home with William and Mary, her sweet-smelling old garden, her placid daily life, her friends, her books, her quiet social enjoyments, very precious. The idea of breaking it all up in order to go gallivanting out to Indo-China seemed fantastic and ridiculous, to say nothing of courting disillusion, disease and perhaps death. What did she really know of John or of what he had been doing during those twenty years? Probably there wasn't a doctor worthy of the name within a hundred miles! The Irawadi was famous for its special brand of malaria, and Burma, she was confident, reeked with microbes. Isabella was a convert to all the latest theories, including those respecting germs. Eastern peoples were notoriously dirty, their countries swarming with vermin and reptiles. Isabella prided herself upon the fact that no fly could enter her house and live. And there were other, vaguer perils that frightened her even more—dangers through which there would be no female hand to lead her. She was only thirty-eight! Here she was safe, protected, almost content. Why, at her age, jeopardize her health and happiness by starting off across the world to she knew not what?

Much as she loved John—and she supposed her feeling for him was love, though how could she tell?—the contemplation of what it would cost her to go to him frightened her so that in the end she had decided adversely. Sitting there under the oak, she felt that she had been wise. You couldn't teach an old dog new tricks. She was too old for adventure. She belonged in and to Bellehaven. Almost with complacency she looked forward to the years before her. Perhaps sometime John might even come back!

It had grown dark as she sat there, and the wind from the bay was beginning to rustle the leaves of the oak over her head. Through the windows she could see William lighting the candles on the table. How warm, cozy, friendly it looked inside! Out there it was really rather chilly. Then the old negro came to the door.

"Missabel!" he called in his husky voice. "Missabel, your supper's ready!"

"Very well, William," she replied, "I'm coming."

Then she sighed, rose and walked toward the house.

II

ISABELLA was the jitney's only passenger next morning on the way to Brooksville, where the penitentiary was situated to which she had sent her car to be repainted. She had passed a rather feverish night, and in consequence found the trip unusually exhilarating, for the road followed the shore closely and afforded numerous glimpses of the bay, the islands and the distant rim of the blue saucer of the sparkling sea. The world was radiant that morning, almost glaring, so that the taut sails of the coastwise schooners looked drab against the sunlit glory. The air was crystalline, clarified by a precipitate of invisible fog lurking somewhere off Grand Manan, and, as often happens in Maine, there was a touch of autumn in it, as well as the tang of the sea. Where the sun fell on Isabella's arms it was hot, yet the shadow cast by the jitney's top upon her face was chill. The tight band inside her forehead was loosed, her cheeks responded to the nip of the fresh breeze and her heart stirred in answer to the fragrant whisper of the pines. There was no such thing as age in a world like this!

Presently the road turned from the bay and climbed the hill on the top of which rose the gray walls of the penitentiary. It was a land of quarries, haunted by an ominous legend to the effect that the contractor who supplied the rock for the prison, having been convicted and sentenced to a term for forgery, had been forced to go on immuring himself behind his own granite. For the most part, however, the prisoners were there for comparatively mild offenses, and enjoyed an unusual amount of liberty, particularly those confined for misdemeanors. Besides the paint shop there was a rope walk, a smithy, a carpenter shop, and a broom factory; and most of the farmers within a radius of many miles utilized its services, conscious that they got good value for their money.

The driver of the jitney stopped it on the crest in front of the high gate with its iron pickets to allow Isabella to descend.

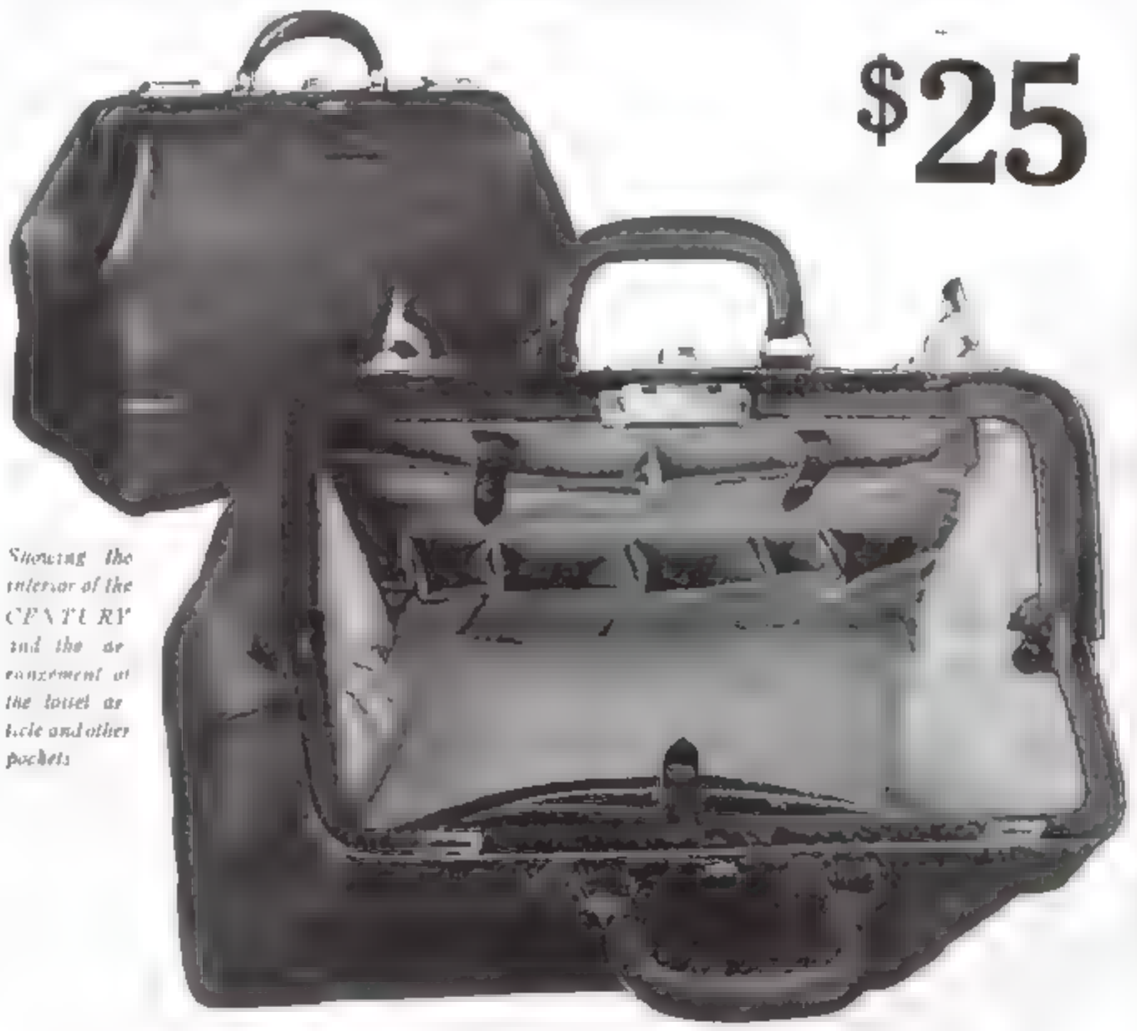
"Are you expectin' for me to stop for you goin' back, Miss Wallace?" he inquired. She was the only woman in Bellehaven whom Bert Andrews did not call by her first name.

"No, thank you," answered Isabella. "I'm going home in my own car."

"All right," he replied with a grin. "Take keer! Don't let 'em lock you in!"

"Not much!" she laughed, and the jitney jerked forward and slithered down the hill in a cloud of dust toward Waldoboro.

Here on Prison Hill it was as glorious as by the sea, and Isabella paused to drink it in before going to the wicket to ask for her card of admission. It was like being on the top of the world, as Grandfather Wallace had called the Tien-shan, for the sun seemed



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Showing the interior of the CENTURY and the arrangement of the toilet article and other pockets

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Century

with moisture-proof pockets for every toilet article

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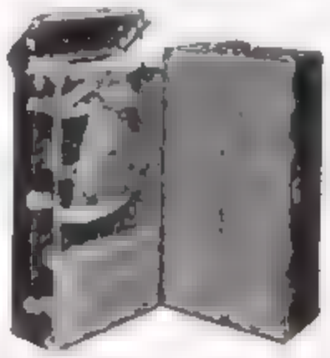

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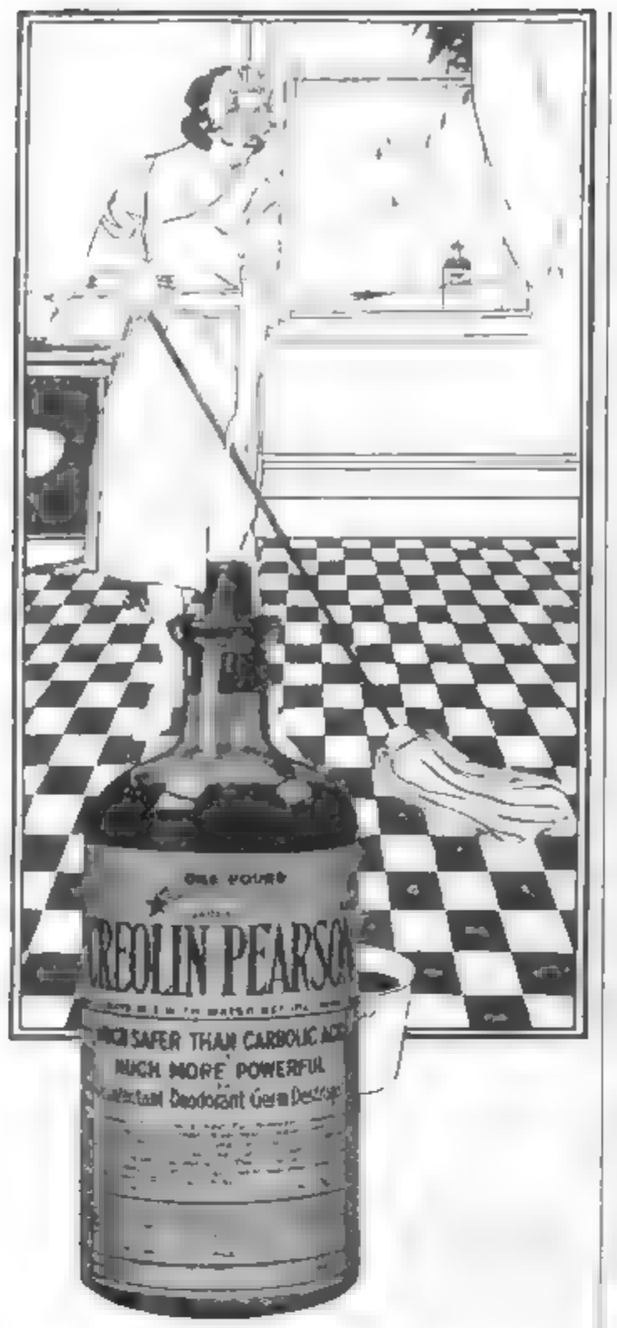

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almost within arm's reach, and she could see for fifty miles in every direction—far out across the glistening ocean, dotted with launches and fishing vessels and festooned with the slowly blurring smoke trails of steamers; down the indented coast with its white lighthouses and its long thin arms stretching out to embrace the sea; and inland, where beyond the brown-blue haze of the country, the silver curves of rivers and the gleaming mirrors of half-hidden lakes rose tier upon tier of distant hills until they fringed the horizon like a tumbled wave line seen at sunset.

The top of the world! Isabella took a deep breath, sucking in through pinched nostrils the odor of larch and fir, of sunburned moss and dried leaf, of swamp and meadow, borne for a thousand miles across the pine carpet that stretched from the Arctic Circle to the sea at her feet. What a world! For the moment she forgot her errand. Then she saw a guard, rifle on shoulder, pacing to and fro along the iron fence less than a hundred yards away.

Isabella stepped reluctantly to the wicket, received her pass and was admitted through the gate, whence she was escorted across the exercise ground to the paint shop, a low wooden building inside the barrier. Her truck stood ready in the doorway, shining with varnish. A convict in stripes was giving a final touch to the brass. Two others were working upon an adjacent car.

"Goin' to drive it y'rself, be ye?" inquired the warden kindly. "Women kin do most anythin' these days."

"Oh, yes," she smiled. "I can drive well enough as long as I don't have to go too fast. But if I have tire trouble ——"

"Then ye need men-folks," he commented quickly. "Every woman needs a man some time, no matter what she says! Hey there, Bill," he called out to the gatekeeper, "open up!"

Isabella climbed into the front seat while the warden cranked the car, and then with only a slight grinding of the gears started the truck toward the gate as the turnkey coincidently pushed aside the doors. The guard with the rifle was standing outside.

"So long!" shouted the warden; the guard nodded curtly; Isabella heard the gates close behind her. The slight veil of depression that had clouded her spirits inside the prison was blown away by the cold, aromatic breeze that once more caressed her temples. How terrible to be cooped up in a stuffy place like that on such a day—particularly if one were young! To see all that glory just outside, yet to be withheld from it by iron bars!

It was only eleven o'clock, and Isabella, instead of returning home along the shore the way she had come, decided to follow the turnpike that runs inland from Waldoboro to Bellehaven, for she loved the warmth of the woods and the balmy scent of the pines. So she coasted down the two-mile hill until the smell of burning rubber warned her that if she wished to preserve her brakes she had better make use of her engine in their stead; but since she dared not throw in her gears while the car was moving she stopped on the hillside amid a wide stretch of open fields. There was a spring by the road, with a birch-bark cup lying there, so she yielded to suggestion and took a drink, pausing long enough to let her eye wander once more over the blue-green sea of forest across which moved dark patches of cloud shadow, vanishing over the uttermost purple rim of the mountains into the magic of the unknown.

As she stood there daydreaming there came borne sharply upon the wind the hasty clanging of the prison alarm bell. In that universe of seeming peace it shattered the silence like a brutal fact hurled against the window of illusion. At the same instant her heart leaped into her throat as she heard a scuffle beneath the car and a man in convict garb dropped to the ground and crawled out beneath the wheels to his feet. For a moment she was convinced that it was John, for he had the same lithe body, the same square, resolute face, the same gray eyes, the same flux of tawny hair. But it was the John of twenty years ago, not John as he must be now. He stood there looking at her intently, taking the startled look in her face for one of fear for her personal safety.

"I'll not hurt you," he announced. "But they've missed me, and I've got to grab your car. It's my only chance for a getaway."

Isabella turned suddenly weak; then as suddenly strong. An electric current seemed vibrating through her body.

"Can you drive?" she heard herself saying through the thunder in her ears. It was a most extraordinary question.

"Not very well," he answered, "but you needn't worry. I'll not hurt it."

Isabella stepped toward him, her limbs tingling.

"I'll drive you! I'll help you to make your get-away!" she cried excitedly, quickly lifting the seat and pulling out from beneath it the blue bundle of William's denim overalls. "Put those on over your clothes."

He eyed her sharply.

"Look here," he said curtly, "is this on the level? If you play me a trick, I will hurt you!"

"If I do, you may!" she retorted. "But I'll see you through if I can. Listen!"

A bullet pinged, ricocheting over their heads, followed by the racketing report of a rifle.

"They see me!" he cried. "No time to change now! We've got to beat it!"

Back on the top of the hill they could see a swarm of black dots spreading out and coming together again. Then it separated to permit the passage of a larger object.

"The bloodhound car's out already!" he panted. "Get busy!"

He tossed the bundle into the truck, and while she replaced the seat he cranked the engine. Then he ran back and leaped up beside her. The car jumped forward down hill and gathered headway. Ahead the road plunged steeply into the valley of Waldoboro at a pitch of nearly twenty degrees. Another bullet sang by them. They could still hear faintly the frenzied clanging of the bell.

Suddenly the boy exclaimed, "This isn't fair! You get out! They're shooting high, but they might hit you!"

"Me? Get out?" gasped Isabella indignantly. And she who had never dared drive faster than fifteen miles an hour pressed the accelerator with all her might.

The truck lowered its nose and dived for the valley. The car behind them grew bigger every moment, tooting furiously. Had it not been open country the fugitive might better have taken to his legs, for it seemed inevitable that they should be overtaken before reaching the foot of the hill—if in the meantime they were not dashed to pieces. Over her shoulder Isabella could see the pursuing car filled with men leaping forward amid a curtain of dust, tossing its occupants in the air, from side to side, gaining every instant. Evidently aware of his advantage, the warden intended to recapture his prisoner in one pounce. They were less than a furlong behind, and going nearer ninety miles an hour than sixty. There stirred in Isabella, the maid of Bellehaven, some of the blood that had fought the pirates of Barbary or the Tartar hordes of Kublai Khan.

"Brace yourself!" she ordered him. "Hang on tight!"

Ahead she had glimpsed a signboard that indicated a crossing and a ragged stone wall that ran athwart the fields marking a roadside. With her right hand she gripped the emergency and pulled it tight as she threw out the clutch. The tires tore at the stony surface, the flivver groaned, stuttered and with a stench of rubber skidded sideways down grade. A moment and Isabella had swung into the crossroad, released the brakes again and thrown on the gas. Their maneuver had been entirely unexpected. Behind them the warden's car shot past down the hill toward Waldoboro, a gray streak in a typhoon.

"They'll be at the bottom before they can stop!" giggled Isabella hysterically. "If we can only get into the woods ——"

The boy beside her slapped his knee.

"Gee, that was great!" he ejaculated. "I don't know why you're doing this for me, but—you're a good sport!"

"That's why I'm doing it!" she almost shouted in a sort of Berserker joy. "I haven't had so much fun in years!"

"You're a brick!" he assured her. "A corker! If I could only change my clothes I'd take a chance by myself. I don't want to get you into any trouble."

"Oh, they think you've bound me hand and foot and are driving the car yourself," she cried—"and you are! I'm under duress! Look! There's a fork in the road. Can't we fool them?"

They were entering a stretch of woodland where the road was damp and free of recent ruts. The flivver's tires were smooth tread. The warden had not yet put in an appearance over the hillside—in Waldoboro probably, unable to arrest himself at such high speed.

Isabella, slowing down, followed the main right-hand road for about fifty yards; then reversed and backed to the crossing, where she took the fork to the left. At a distance of some fifty feet she stopped again and got out.

"You stamp out the tire marks on your side and I'll do the same over here," she ordered him, busily smoothing out the mud with her foot. It took but a few seconds, and they were off again.

"They'll think we're trying for Rockland," she remarked as they skittered through the woods. "They'll telephone ahead to all the main towns, but I know this country well. We can beat back inland, and you can board a train at some small station. Where are you going?"

"I don't know," he answered. "I haven't any plans. I just couldn't stand it any longer. I've been in there only a week. When I looked out this morning and saw everything so bright and wonderful outside I made up my mind I'd beat it, no matter what happened."

They had reached a glade where a sheltered wood road made off abruptly toward a gravel pit, and here Isabella turned in out of sight.

"Better get rid of that prison outfit right here," she ordered.

The boy recovered the bundle from the interior of the truck and disappeared from view behind a rock, presently returning arrayed entirely in blue denim. Meanwhile she had turned the car in the pit, and within three minutes they were speeding through the woods again. They were out of range of the bell now and could hear no sound save the purr of their own engine. Evidently their ruse had been successful, at least for the time, and the warden had gone on toward Rockland. The road was narrow, and Isabella was forced to slacken speed.

"We'll make for Lincoln," she muttered tensely. "There's a store there, and I've enough money to buy you a suit of clothes. There isn't any telephone exchange, and even if they suspect something they'll be glad to make a sale. Then we'll start toward Augusta, cut across through the woods and be halfway back to Bangor before they can get into communication with the sheriff."

"I don't know why you're doing all this for me!" he protested. "I reckon you've done enough already. Better let me leg it on my own!"

"Not for a minute!" she declared. "I'm having the time of my life. Where do you come from?"

"Amity," he replied. "My father runs the store there. I've never been in any trouble before—that is, real trouble. I'm kind of wild sometimes. The place gets on my nerves."

"I know," she assented sympathetically.

"A couple of weeks ago," he rambled on, "I went up to Rockland and got into a row with a man over—well, I thought he'd been insulting a girl. But he hadn't. I had him wrong. She was no good and was putting it all up. But I wasn't wise and I slugged him. He turned out to be Jock Haywood, the local boss, and I naturally got it in the neck—six months for assault and battery. Gosh, but they beat me up!"

"Amity!" she murmured, half to herself. "You must be a Faxon!"

"Yes," he answered in surprise. "How did you guess that? I'm John Faxon, Second. My father is Rufus Faxon. I'm named after my uncle. He's a very great man. I've never seen him, though. I was away from home last time he was back. He lives out in China or some place like that."

Ah, now she knew why she had felt that thrill at the first sight of him! Why her heart for some then unknown reason had gone out to him!

"You look very like him," she replied. "I suppose you've been told that before?"

"You know my Uncle John!" he exclaimed with pleasure. "What is he like?"

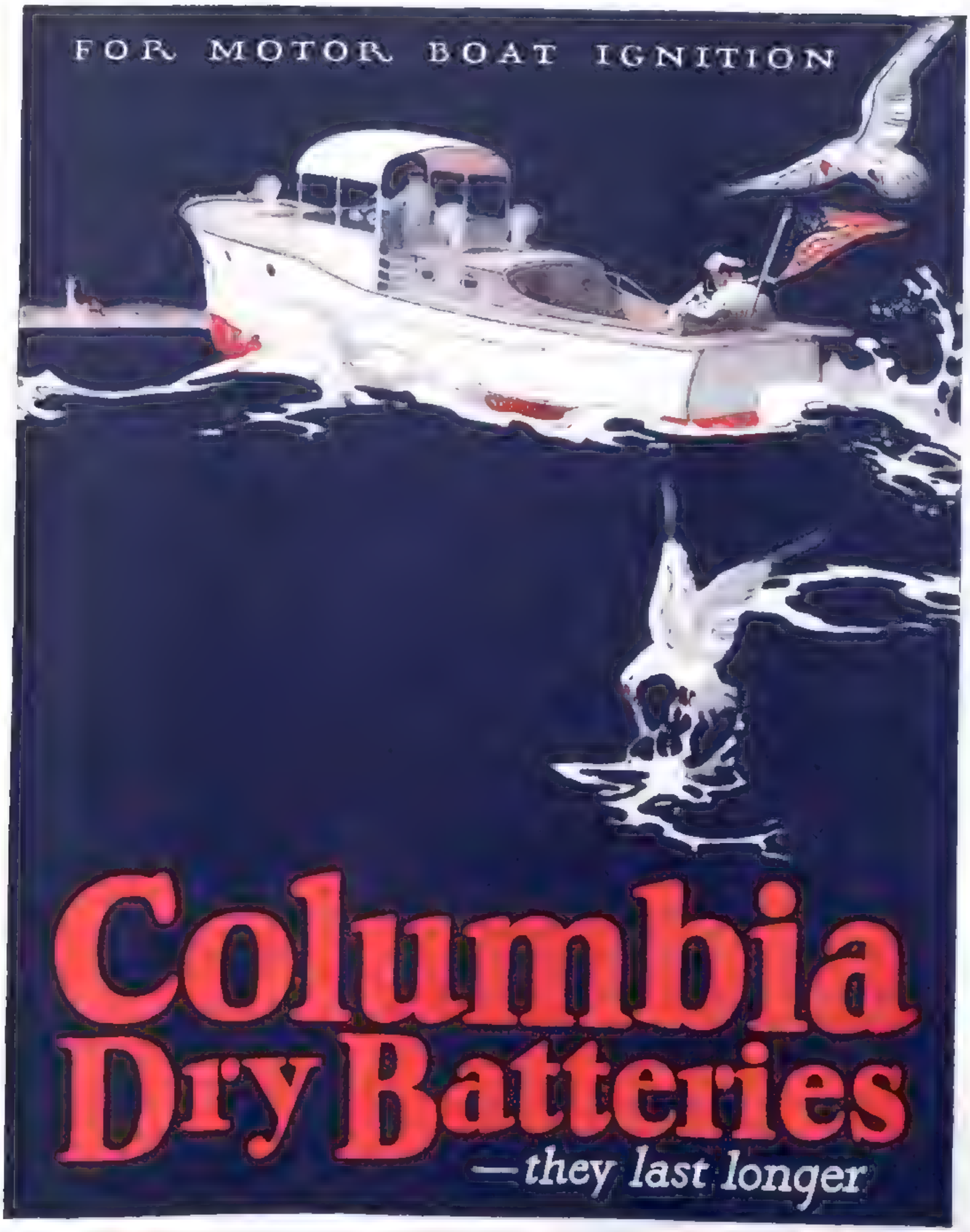
"He's a fine man!" she declared. "One of the finest men in the world!"

"I bet he is that!" agreed the boy delightedly. "He sent mother a tiger skin more than eight feet long."

During this polite conversation they were every moment being tossed about together on the front seat of the truck as it bounced over water breaks and mud holes, hurtling along through the forest at thirty-five miles an hour.

The Camorrist attitude, which all of us share in some slight degree, of antagonism to the police branch of the law, or, at any rate,

(Continued on Page 88)



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(Continued from Page 84)

of sympathy for the under dog, which we have inherited from those of our ancestors who wore iron collars in the days of Wamba the Son of Witless and Pepin the Bald, or from nearer kin under Torquemada or Ferdinand the Second; that sporting instinct which makes all Anglo-Saxons—but no Saxons—prefer to run with the hare rather than with the hounds; this natural instinct to aid the one against the many which had been the original incitement to Isabella's action gave place to one of personal loyalty. It was almost as if John himself were being hunted, tied beneath the belly of a running horse, loosed before a baying and snapping pack of wolfhounds in the baronial forests of some Teutonic knight.

As he crouched there at her side, his arm along the back of the seat behind her, a gleam of excitement on his face, the wind blowing through his hair and the blood tingling the satin brown of his neck and cheeks to red, he might have been a local Ben Hur or Apollo, Mark Antony or Rupert of Hentzau, Lord Byron, Jack Barrymore, or Assurbanipal a King in Babylon and she was a Christian slave. Her spinster heart leaped at the touch of his flapping sleeve of blue denim, the momentary pressure of his arm, the warmth of his body, the curve of his lips and the glint of his eye as he turned to her. Yet it was not the beauty of the boy himself that she fell for, or even the eternal spirit of youth that he personified; it was that he brought John back and roused all her passion for him that had lain semidormant in her since her girlhood. Isabella was in love again; and as love always does, it had flashed up in an instant, rendering her as wild and reckless as her great-grandfather Wallace, when, with a knife between his teeth, he had swum through the Moroccan night and cut the hawser of the corsair felucca in 1801. At that moment she would have fought tooth and nail with her back against a tree trunk, leaped into a flaming volcano or driven the flivver off a cliff upon the wave-lashed rocks below rather than that this reincarnation of her love should be taken back to prison.

Yet here they were interchanging commonplaces as to who he was and who he looked like just as if the next minute the sheriff's posse might not be covering them with its guns. At that moment they were safe, yes; but the next—round the turn of the pines ahead—they might be in the midst of gunfire, scuttling like rabbits, battling for their lives, just as any one of us may be. Who knows what is lurking for him at the crook of the road; what fortunes or perils, what loves or hates, what joys or bitterness, what bandits or fairy princesses, either or both?—and that is what makes life worth living. When we have lost the spirit of adventure, then we might as well be dead and done with it. And thus once more was wakened in Isabella Wallace the spirit of adventure that was her choicest inheritance through nine thousand or nine million years, from the days when her cave-dwelling forbears of R. F. D. Number 1, Neanderthal Center, Mittel-Europa, hunted the woolly rhino and the saber-toothed tiger through the marshes of the Elbe, or howling to the war god, those of the British lowlands had flung their blue-painted bodies upon the wheels of Roman chariots. She felt young and lean and hard as iron as fiercely she gripped the steering wheel and held it taut against the ruts.

"Gosh, but you can drive!" he cried admiringly.

"I've got to!" she retorted gayly. "They've reached Stonington by this time and found out that we haven't passed through. They'll realize then that we must have gone this way. But we've got a ten-mile start, and when we get to the cross-roads at Quarryville they won't know whether we've turned north or south."

The woods grew thinner. They rattled over a loosely built log bridge and entered a district of rough, bowlder-strewn, sparsely settled farm land, where a single telegraph line looped dangerously from staggering poles. Ahead a grist mill, a dingy schoolhouse and a barren store marked the site of the settlement of Lincoln Corners. No one was about, and here Isabella pulled out of view of the road into a cutting behind a pile of cordwood.

"You drive right up to the store and buy a complete outfit of clothes," she directed. "Here's the money. Don't get excited. I'll walk through the woods and wait for you up the road."

She watched him until he had mounted the veranda of the store and gone inside, and then sauntered up the alder-grown trail, skirted the school woodlot and found a path that merged upon the main road equidistant on the other side of the Corners. Here she sat down and waited. In a minute or two the truck appeared.

"It was easy!" he announced with a grin. "Everybody was home to dinner except a girl. I got everything—a regular rube layout. You won't know me!"

A mile beyond Lincoln they turned north into a still narrower road leading through a scrubby growth of birch and oak, and here Faxon again retired, emerging from his retreat a bizarre figure, arrayed in a cheap ready-made pepper-and-salt suit, stiff colored shirt, high collar and tie, and a flappy bicycle cap.

"Say," he laughed, "how'd I do for a blueberry buyer?"

"Perfectly, I should say," she returned. "If we could disguise the truck as well as you have disguised yourself, we could drive right down to Portland without being stopped."

"I'm afraid we can't!" he answered regretfully. "Anyhow, I've got to take to the railroad sometime, and the sooner the better, before they've sent messages all along the line."

"There's an afternoon train from Indian Point to Bangor at two-fifteen that stops at Eden—seven miles from here," said she. "With luck, we can make it. If it seems too dangerous when we get there we can go on to Lewiston or Augusta, or even straight to Bangor."

"All right," he replied. "I trust your judgment. If it wasn't for the truck I'd ask you to stick by me for a while longer, but with all that fresh paint it's about as inconspicuous as a barber's pole."

They tore on through the sandy road under the blazing afternoon sun, seeing no live thing except a big dog fox which eyed them for an instant and then leaped into the hedge, his bushy gray tail horizontal behind him.

"Maybe I was a fool!" said the boy suddenly. "Now I can't go home if I wanted to! They'll be watching the house for the next ten years. Maybe I'd better have served out my time."

"No," she assured him, "you weren't a fool! It would have broken your spirit."

"Anyhow," he continued, "I couldn't have stayed in Amity much longer. I felt all hemmed in there—sort of as if I was in a cage." He stopped, startled by her sudden movement.

"Yes," she encouraged him, "like a cage."

"It's dying of dry rot. I'd have left long ago, if"— he hesitated bashfully; then, observing her look of understanding, he went on—"if it hadn't been for a girl I know there."

They were silent for some time. Once a rabbit jumped out and loped ahead of the car for nearly a hundred yards, and a flock of partridges waited almost to feel the wheels, and then rose in deafening succession like a package of giant firecrackers.

"I wonder," he repeated, "if I hadn't better go back, after all, and serve out my time. Then I could go home."

She looked seriously at him; at his clear gray eyes, his smooth, broad forehead, his ruddy cheeks, his firm chin, his broad shoulders thrown so fearlessly back.

"No," she announced decisively. "You can make a home for yourself somewhere, just as your people did before you."

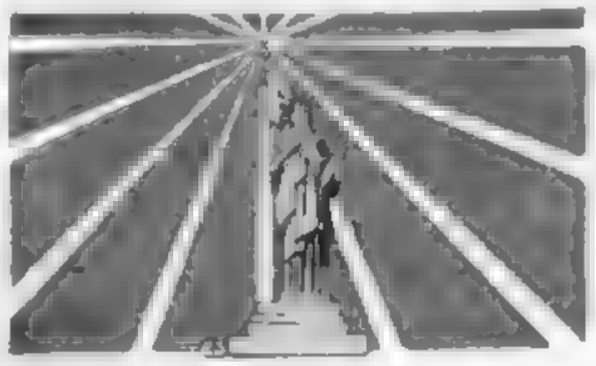
"It wouldn't be a home without—Jessie," he insisted. "You see we're engaged to be married, only we haven't told anybody yet. I wouldn't want to leave her."

"Has she got anybody dependent upon her?" asked Isabella.

"No, she lives with her family—it's a big one too."

"Then," she asserted, "if she's worthy of you she'll follow you anywhere."

"Oh, she'll come to me!" he assured her with entire confidence. "She'll come to me, you bet! But I've no place to go. If I only knew somebody ——"



"I'll tell you where to go," she informed him. "The Brahmakund Lumber Company, Bhamo, Upper Burma."

"Brahmakund?" he mused. "Seems to me I've heard of that place."

"Very likely. It's where your Uncle John is."

"That's an idea!" he exclaimed. Then he threw a look at her out of the corner of his eye. "You must think a whole lot of Uncle John," he said.

"I do!" answered Isabella. "A lot!"

How much she thought of him she had not fully realized for nearly twenty years until now. For John had faded for her into a sort of abstraction—an Indo-Chinese Zeus. Save for the day when he had broken up the tea party, when she had been so upset that she had had no ideas about anything, she had not seen him for twenty years. She had not seen any man for twenty years. Really she had not been thrown into intimate contact with any man since her girlhood, until suddenly this youth had dropped from beneath the chassis of her car—a *deus ex machina*, as it were—and abducted her—or she him. Which was it? The consciousness of physical companionship thrilled her to the finger tips. For Isabella, without being quite aware of it, had absorbed the spinsterly attitude of Bellehaven, that men, particularly young men, were to be rather suspected and avoided—presumptively not quite nice. Had she not been forced by present circumstances to another course, had she met the boy beside her on Main Street, she would have instinctively looked in another direction. In the feminine life of the town men were not given the benefit of the doubt. But this radiant person had been projected into her existence willy-nilly before she had time to think about it, without a chance to look the other way, and instead of shrinking she had found herself immediately drawn to him. Their spiritual elements had instantly combined under the unknown laws of psychological chemistry. It was an astonishing discovery. Sitting there with him on the narrow seat, his body at times crowded against hers, feeling his muscles tighten and relax, and watching the quick play of expression upon his sensitive young face, Isabella experienced a palpitant, ecstatic perturbation that lifted her out of herself, and was at once disconcerting, yet delightful.

"Over there everything is upside down. I suppose the spring will be coming," he said after an interval. "Funny to see the trees just budding!"

"Yes, when it's autumn here, it is spring there," she answered in a hushed tone, tremulously.

"And they say you gain a day going east—or maybe more," he added.

"Yes," she averred with decision. "Maybe a great deal more."

The woods gave place to sporadic clearings, and these in turn to consecutive farms. Beyond a valley between two hills they caught the glint of the Penobscot. Then they crossed a railroad track and came suddenly in view of a white spire.

"I guess it's safe enough," she remarked cheerfully, but with inward apprehension. "We'll leave the car in the woods and walk to the station. Here's all the money I've got with me. When you get to New York I'll send you what more you need."

They concealed the truck behind a clump of alders and started down the road together. Isabella had not noted before how tall he was. Even off there in the woods with no one to see them, she had a feeling of pride in having such an escort.

"We'll pretend we're brother and sister and that you're going up to Bangor to the fair," she suggested, and he agreed with amusement.

"We've got the warden beat a mile!" he declared.

Luck was with them, for, though the warning had already been sent down the line to look out for a freshly painted truck containing an escaped convict in his prison clothes, they found a Sunday-school excursion numbering more than a hundred adults and children, who had come down that morning to picnic on the shore of the river, and were now awaiting the up train, gesticulating upon the platform of the little station. These they joined, and when the train pulled in John ascended the last platform with the others, unobserved, and stood there smiling at her, waiting for it to start. Isabella looked up as if in a dream at the dirty windows, against which were flattened the beaming faces of the children, at

(Continued on Page 89)

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All leather, Selz quality, Fifth Avenue style—*six dollars*. It's the Selz $Six.

The merchant in your district known for greatest value giving will show it to you.

For that is the kind of merchant who features Selz Shoes—the store that foregoes individual profits to make volume sales.

The profit per pair, regardless of price—$6 or up to $10—is small. You get the benefit.

SELZ $SIX

Look for this stamp on the sole

Your Selz Dealer

He is in business to serve you well.

He knows good values and gives them to you.

He voluntarily takes less profit in the interest of greater sales.

1871 **SELZ** 1923

11 FACTORIES—30,000 DEALERS

CHICAGO : PITTSBURGH

SELZ SHOES—SIX TO TEN DOLLARS—FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC

Keep a Kodak story of the children

Autographic Kodaks, $6.50 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

(Continued from Page 86)

the discolored, sooty outer surface of the car radiating its fierce heat, at the blurred swarm of heads and shoulders inside.

Her heart was aching. It was almost like parting with John for a second time. Yet she exulted in his going. Master of his soul, he was entitled to his freedom. Was it possible that in this crowd of tiresome people, so full of the trifles of their narrow lives, a restless spirit fleeing from the outstretched arm of so-called justice was faring forth to seek a newer and freer existence in a world of adventure? Yet each in this banal crowd could have his adventure, would he but break the thread of habit. Life was full of infinite possibilities if only one dared to raise one's eyes! Bangkok or Bangor—what mattered it? One had only to take a train or a steamer, walk round the corner—write a letter! The great thing was to realize that one didn't have to stay put like a mollusk, to go on always as you were and always had been, and to have courage to act upon that knowledge; to live while you lived; to strive for something, no matter what; to change, to grow, to suffer even.

The engine whistled feebly—twice, and the fat conductor hurried puffing down the station platform. The boy leaned down toward her.

"Good-by," he said, holding out his hand. "Thank you again. I'll never forget you—sister'"

The blood surged to Isabella's face as she lifted it to his with a sudden impulse.

"Good-by," she whispered, closing her eyes. "Kiss me!"

But it was her own John who kissed her and whom she kissed.

III

IT WAS dark when Isabella emerged from the roundabout road through the woods which she had chosen upon the hill overlooking Bellehaven. Lights shone among the elms of the town, tiny spotlights of greenish yellow. To the west the sun had gone down in a tumult of color behind a leaden sea of cloud through which here and there one could look into rifts of lurid flame or infinite depths of robin's-egg blue. Below her a cobalt shadow lay across the bay, the distant islands beyond it still rose pink in the afterglow.

As she paused before coming into low gear a faint luminosity appeared like hoar frost against the sky over the dark outline of Isle au Haut, and the full moon thrust upward a silver edge. Slowly it rose as the west darkened and threw a sparkling carpet across the bay to her feet. That same moon not so many hours before had risen out of China on the teak forests of Brahmakund and flooded with its light the veranda of the bungalow upon which John sat waiting to hear from her. It was almost as if the moon were his messenger. He had seemed thousands upon thousands of miles away from her before; now, somehow, he was no distance at all—right there over the blue-black edge of the horizon, at the other end of the moon path. He had never seemed so near—and she had never wanted him so much! Why had she hesitated? Old? She smiled. If they could have seen her driving the truck down Waldoboro hill under that fusillade of shots! Or doubling on her tracks to send the warden hurtling past! She felt a reckless sense of outlawry that she had not known since childhood.

Was she to be like a bird caged for so long that when the door was at last opened she did not know how to fly out to liberty? A prisoner so habituated to his cell that when pardoned he could not live among his kind? She coasted down the hill past the deserted brickyard and the darkened wharf and stopped the car in front of the telegraph office. Sarah Stimson, the operator, a girlhood friend of Isabella's, was just putting on her hat preparatory to going home.

"Why, Isabella Wallace!" she exclaimed in amazement. "Where on earth have you been? They've been looking for you everywhere! Thought you'd been murdered or something!"

Isabella nonchalantly selected a yellow printed form from the rack and shook her head.

"Oh, I'm all right! I've just come to life," she laughed. "I want to send a cable. Can you wait long enough to take it for me? What's the rate to Upper Burma?"

Miss Stimson put on her spectacles and opened a large book.

"Upper Burma? Dear me, that costs an awful lot!"

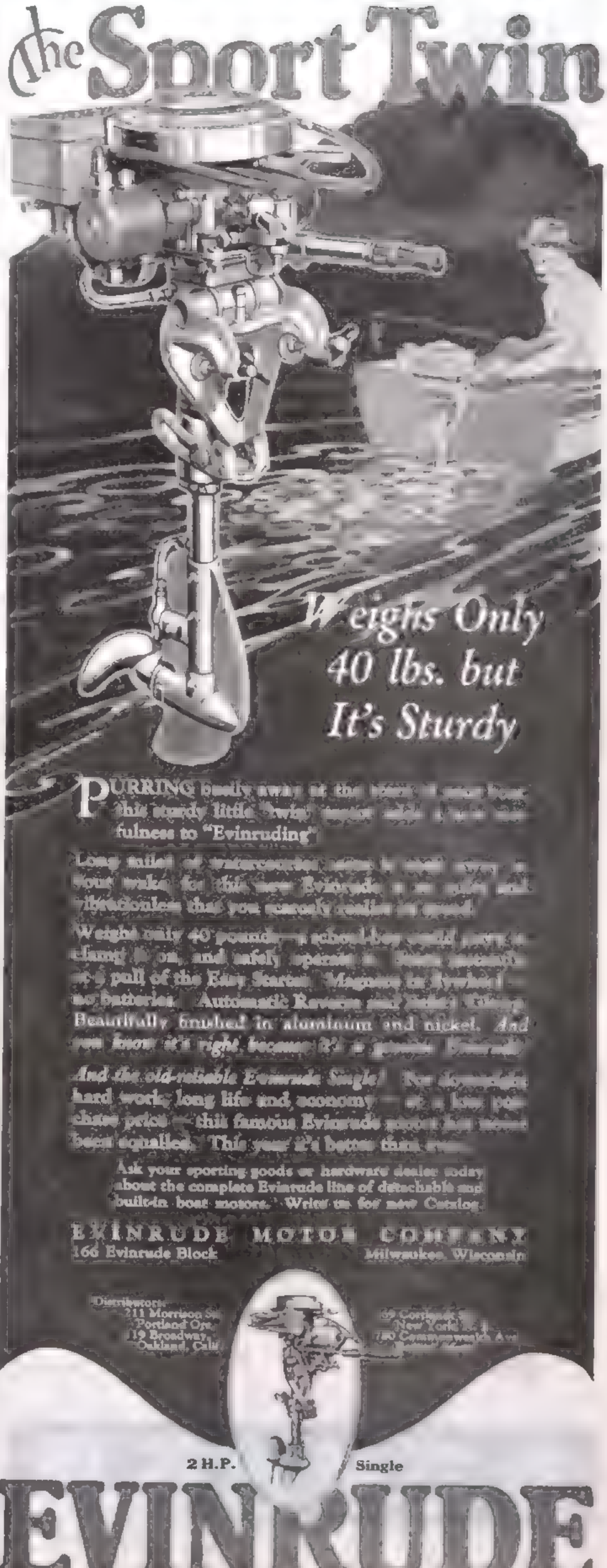
But Isabella had already begun to write.

"I only want to send one word," said she.

Then as she signed her name and blotted it she murmured inconsequently, "Did you know, Sarah, that when it's autumn here it's spring over there?"

DRAWN BY H. B. FULLER

The Optimist—"Well, the Picnic is Accomplished for Another Year"



The Preferred Paper

You want it made of clean materials and by sanitary methods.

You want paper of good quality and the largest possible quantity for the price.

These are the things you desire when buying toilet paper or paper towels.

So do all buyers.

More people buy the several brands of toilet papers manufactured by the A. P. W. Paper Company than any other make.

This preference is due to the fact that A. P. W. products do embody all the essentials necessary to good toilet papers.

Wouldn't it be well to find out why such a large percentage prefer A. P. W. paper, by at least trying an A. P. W. brand the next time you buy?

The A. P. W. Paper Company are the manufacturers of Onliwon Paper Towels and these brands of toilet papers: A. P. W. Satin Tissue; Cross Cut; Fort Orange; Pure White; Bob White and Onliwon.

Prices range from 5c to 50c per package.

Insist on an A. P. W. brand. Sold by good stores everywhere.

A. P. W. PAPER CO
ALBANY, NEW YORK

Quality toilet paper products

It's better to buy
A year's supply
—Ask about it.

Small-Town Stuff

By ROBERT QUILLEN

The Diary

OPEN John Smith's diary and you will find this entry:

Thursday: Worked as usual. Ate lunch downtown. Have a cough. Brought the wife a box of candy.

Having read this colorless summary of John's day, you will suppose him a commonplace creature of routine, a subdued family man, unacquainted with romance and blind to adventure—a dullard, perhaps; certainly a meek and inoffensive man whose placid existence is never disturbed by an idea, whether original or borrowed. You do John an injustice. He is not the poor creature his diary pretends. Except for his modesty, Thursday's entry would appear as follows:

Thursday: Waked at six o'clock, but dreaded the cold and decided to pretend sleep and let the wife get up to make the fires. Ruse successful. Took a nap. Got up reluctantly at seven o'clock when breakfast was announced. Coughed a great deal after I got up. Resolved to quit smoking. Took a cold bath. It was not entirely cold, but cool enough to be called a cold bath if questioned concerning it. Shaved, used cold cream and powdered generously. At breakfast the wife appeared to be nursing a grievance. Suspected her of an intention to mention the matter of building fires. Thwarted her by complaining because the breakfast was cold. It really was cold. She hadn't waked me in time. Scolded her until her expression indicated that she would not mention fires. Noticed later that she was pale, and felt an urge to pet her, but was afraid to relax discipline. Put on my overcoat and pretended that I would leave without kissing her. She followed me to the door. I enjoy having her follow me to the door. She never does unless she thinks I am offended.

Had a grouch when I reached the store. Jones hadn't finished sweeping. He is very independent and there are many things about him I don't like. Started to reprove him, but didn't. He becomes very disagreeable when reproved. I think perhaps I could whip him, but am not sure. I have heard that he once cut a man who cursed him. Anyway, I hate a scene.

Walked back to the office feeling misused. When I feel that way I usually have a season of moral recklessness. I don't know why, except that I feel resentful and wish to do something I shouldn't do to even the score. Miss Boggs was in the office. I think the poor creature is in love with me. I shook hands, as I seldom do, and patted her hand while I held it.

Dictated seven letters to manufacturers asking for an extension of time. Whipple was in and said he could deliver me a case of Scotch after dinner for one hundred and thirty-five dollars. Gave him the money. Stewart was boasting of the new models; offered to allow me eight hundred dollars for my old car. Think I shall take him up.

Sales were very slow. Miss Garrett let three customers get away and I rebuked her sharply. Jones came over from his counter and looked at me rather hard. The great bully. Some day I shall fire him. When I get ready to do it I shall take a few drinks. Perhaps it would be a good idea to put my pistol in my pocket. He cut that man very severely, I have heard.

Worked on accounts all afternoon. Found a drink of rye in a bottle behind some old ledgers. Drank it. After a little while I passed Miss Boggs' desk and placed my hand on her head. She shuddered, but made no other sign. Poor girl! I wish I could marry her and make her happy, but no doubt a man who takes care of one woman does his full duty.

Passed Doc Barnett on the way home. He stopped me and said that he had been to see the wife; nothing especially wrong, just run down, he said, and nervous. She was afraid it might be grippe or something. I brought her a box of candy. She appeared much brighter and had fixed her hair the way I like it. I really must get up and build the fires tomorrow. Still, so long as I make the living it is only fair that she should look after the house.

Thompson's Choice

HEZEKIAH SMALL lived in a log cabin on the side of Bald Mountain, cultivated a little patch of corn, hunted, fished and fared sumptuously from one year's end to another. He possessed an equable temper, an ancient mule, six hounds and two daughters. One of the daughters was beautiful and the other was homely.

The Thompson boy, who had gone down into the low country to get an education and returned to farm the impoverished and gully-scarred acres inherited from his father, paid court to the daughters of Small and in due season approached their sire.

"Mr. Small," he began, "I love —"

The mountaineer lifted a restraining hand.

"Jest a minute, son," said he. "I've seed you round here a heap o' times, and of course I knowed what you was up to. I ain't blamin' you none, and I ain't aimin' to interfere. You can have whichever gal you want, if she's willin'. I'm gittin' along towards the shank of life, and I'll be glad enough to git the gals married off. But before you commit yourself so you'd be ashamed to change your mind I'd like to say a few words by way of warnin'.

"When I was a young feller a hoss trader down at the county seat offered me my choice of two mules fer a hundred dollars. One o' them mules was jest a plain jar head with a sleepy eye, an' the other was as purty as a saddle hoss. He stepped high an' danced round like he was itchin' to git in front of a plow. I wasn't right bright in them days, an' so I bought him. Son, you've heerd preachers talk about the deceitfulness of riches. It ain't nothin' compared with the deceitfulness of mules. That purty mule was good to look at, but he wasn't fit fer nothin' else.

"That mule learned me a lesson. He learned me that hit ain't never safe to jedge a mule nor nothin' else by the looks. Maybe you ain't never noticed it, but a tomato vine ain't nigh as purty as pizen ivy. Hit ain't as purty, but hit's a sight healthier to fool with. And snakes is that way too. You go out in the woods when the sap is risin' and projeck round old stumps and like as not you'll stir up a black snake. If you torment him right sharply he may hiss, but there ain't no harm in him. He ain't purty an' he ain't pizen. And then some day you'll be weedin' cabbage and step on a moccasin that's all marked off with purty diamonds of black and yaller, and he'll dang nigh ruin you.

"I ain't sayin' that all purty things is pizen or wo'thless. But I've noticed that when a man gets the notion he is purty, him and work has a fallin' out. He don't want to do nothin' but look at hisself in a glass or slick his hair or hang round where the wimmenfolks is at. An' hits the same way with gals—leastwise with the gals I've knowed. A homely one, she knows the world is agin her. She don't expect no favors. Maybe she ain't got no more sense than a purty gal, but she ain't got no excuse to dodge work, and she learns to be handy. Bein' ugly makes her humble and anxious to please. She ain't always pretendin' to have her feelin's hurt, because she knows there ain't nobody goin' to soothe 'em.

"A purty gal needs pettin'. She is fotched up on it, and she craves it. She needs waitin' on. All her life she ain't had a thing to do but set still and look purty, an' she don't know how to do nothin' else. Havin' her own way has give her a mean temper, so she'll blaze out on a body fer nothin'. And then ef he keeps to hisself to dodge a tongue-lashin', she pouts and says she ain't appreciated. They ain't none of 'em purty, son, when they gits to feelin' sorry for theirselves and their eyes is red from cryin'.

"I reckon that's all I meant to say. I ain't meanin' to run down one o' my gals or make you pick accordin' to my notions. Hit's your funeral. But I'm jest sayin' one of 'em would make a good wife and one of 'em wouldn't. You kin use your own jedgment and take your pick."

The Thompson boy and that one of the daughters who was beautiful were married next day, and Hezekiah Small mourned the loss of his favorite.

A BABY KNOWS ONLY TWO SENTENCES

Babies cry. Babies crow. It is as though a baby knew only two sentences—"Something's wrong" and "Everything's right"—with which to express deeply felt convictions on such vital matters as a chafed skin, cold bottles, and the treacherous pin in the diaper.

Poor little tikes! They can't tell you—you can only guess. But *at least* you can always prevent distress caused by toilet articles containing harsh or impure ingredi-

so easy to be sure of purity if you insist upon names which have earned a reputation for purity.

One such name is San-Tox. And one product over which thousands of mothers are enthusiastic is San-Tox Baby Talcum. It is perfectly pure; gently soothing. Bolting it through silk of finest mesh keeps out all but the smoothest, softest particles. There is no medication, no mineral matter—

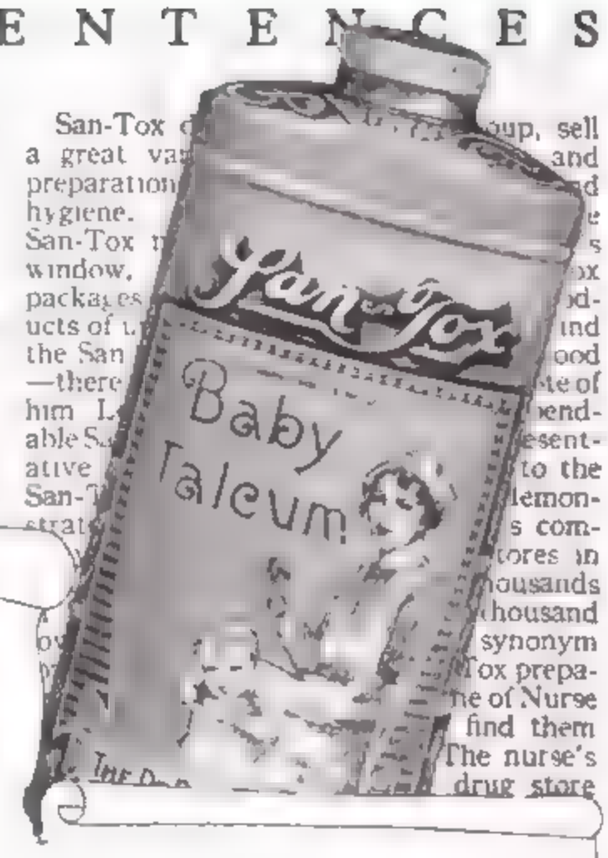
skin. A

to the

search far and wide without finding a soap so mild and safe as San-Tox Baby Castile Soap. It contains only pure vegetable oils; twenty-five per cent is *edible olive oil*. Double-wrapping in waxed paper and vegetable parchment retains the cleansing and emollient properties at their best.

Then there is San-Tox Zinc Stearate This provides in the purest form the powder which authorities now recommend for diaper rash and minor skin eruptions, and as a dusting powder. Many mothers use it instead of talcum powder for the baby's

men and women, too, have dis-



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The nurse's

drug store

O Careful Mother! How can you be sure that what touches your baby's silky skin is *safe?* Perfumes and pretty packages mean nothing. Names mean everything ' ' ' Here is one name worth remembering—San-Tox. (The blue-and-white container: the smiling nurse.) Best of all, it is one name for a whole family of requisites for toilet and hygiene—all admirable for their purity and goodness—for every member of the household ' ' ' Do you know the San-Tox druggist in your neighborhood?

THE DEPREE COMPANY
New York *Holland, Mich.* *San Francisco*

SAN-TOX FOR PURITY

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

One Who Must be Shown

NOT all the people who have to be shown are residents of Missouri. There is an occasional skeptic in Massachusetts, for example, who doesn't believe that all residents of Boston speak with cultured and refined accents; and once in a while one finds a resident of sunny California who doubts the wisdom of standing in a persistent drizzle and referring to it as a low fog. When, however, a dubious Californian or a skeptical Massachusettsian resides for a time in Missouri his desire to be shown seldom becomes atrophied through disuse.

Of the class, genus, species or variety that has a pronounced and devouring craving to be shown, the Hon. Albert Johnson, of Hoquiam, Washington, is well up at the top of the list, with a glance of strong suspicion constantly emanating from his cold blue eye and a terse request for further information periodically bursting from his lips. To avoid complications it should be understood at the start that Hoquiam is a place and not a secret society.

Albert Johnson, of Washington, is chairman of the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization of the House of Representatives; and as such he wants to know. He wants to know about everyone and everything from Kaluszyn, Poland, around to Kalgan, China, by both the eastern and the western route. He wants to know what people are doing in Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, North America, Australia, the South Sea Islands and all other detached and semidetached places, whether with or without all modern improvements, and why. He also wants to know when and where, to say nothing of with, from and by whom. Curiosity is commonly reputed to have killed a cat, and it may have done so; but it certainly never killed any human being; for if it had, Albert Johnson, of Washington, would have expired with a loud and terrifying gasp away back during the year of the Big Wind.

It has long been within the province of Albert Johnson, of Hoquiam, Washington, to be curious and inquisitive, not to say catechetical, about all matters. He first developed his inquisitiveness in the town of Hiawatha, Kansas, where as a youth he edited a weekly newspaper and filled it up with items concerning the comings and goings of Hiawathans—a work that necessitated constant inquisitiveness of the highest order. He then graduated to a paper in St. Joe, Missouri, where his natural desire to be shown was augmented by the Missouri climate.

His inquisitiveness concerning the demise of a wife murderer at the end of a hemp rope was so thoroughgoing that his account of the demise in the St. Joe paper caught the fancy of Joe McCullagh, the editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat; and Old Man McCullagh promptly lured him to the larger journalistic field of St. Louis with the princely honorarium of twenty iron men a week.

Coolie Labor in the Northwest

UNDER Old Man McCullagh the Johnsonian inquisitiveness flourished like the laurel-leaf willow, which as a flourisher makes the green bay tree look like a fence post. He became a specialist on train robberies, which were flowering nobly on every side at the time, and on Cripple Creek shooting frays, and on bank breaks and what not—so that his curiosity found an ever-widening circle in which to disport itself.

On one occasion his persistent seeking after knowledge led him to be marooned halfway between two policemen and two burglars who were engaged in a serious attempt to ventilate each other through the agency of .38-caliber bullets; and since this failed either to kill or cure him, his case came to be regarded as hopeless.

During Grover Cleveland's reign he moved onward and upward from St. Louis, and came to rest in the national capital as a reporter on the Washington Post. Cleveland, because of trouble with his party and the approach of hard times, was feeling very low in his mind; and for the purpose of relaxation he went duck shooting down the Potomac ever and anon. Finding presidential duck hunting a pleasing subject on which to write when other news was dull, as well as when other news wasn't so dull, the Washington correspondents wrote frequently on the subject, and treated it with freedom, carelessness and disrespect. Cleveland accordingly became secretive about his duck-shooting expeditions, and sometimes set off on them in the middle of the night in order to escape the jocose journalists. Since Johnson's insatiable curiosity was recognized by his new employers, he was assigned to see Cleveland before

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Congressman Albert Johnson, the Militant Chairman of the House Committee on Immigration

he went duck shooting, after he returned from duck shooting and while he was duck shooting. Johnson did the job with such extreme attention to detail that on several occasions Cleveland opined that it would give him a great deal more pleasure to shoot Johnson than to shoot ducks.

From Washington, Johnson went to New Haven as managing editor of the venerable and sedate Register. The particular form taken by his inquisitiveness at that time was a curiosity to learn whether or not the paper's circulation could be increased by making it snappy, sensational and modern. He wasn't long in finding out that the contrary was the case and that the old blue-blooded Connecticut subscribers regarded the taking of a snappy, sensational and modern newspaper in the same way that they would have regarded the taking of a tarantula into the home. He therefore returned to Washington, and on the outbreak of the Spanish-American War was given the busy job of night editor of the Post. At the end of the war Sam Perkins, Republican national committeeman from the state of Washington, came East hunting for an editor for a paper that he was starting in Tacoma, and was sent to Johnson. Johnson was at once filled with a consuming curiosity to know whether he could make a success of such a paper, and hurried West to find out. This time he found out that he could, and Perkins' paper under his guiding hand began to fatten the Perkins exchequer in a gratifying manner.

In the West Johnson encountered two matters that aroused all the inquisitiveness and all the craving to be shown that lurked within him. The first matter was the heavy importation of Japanese coolies that was taking place in the state of Washington. The Philippine rebellion was on, and transports loaded with American troops were steaming out of Tacoma with great regularity; but for every troopship that went out, two liners came in crowded with Japanese coolie labor. Johnson looked around with some care, sprayed requests for information in every direction, and then let out a bellow of indignation that was heard from Southern California to Alaska. He demanded editorially to be shown reasons why Japanese coolies should be allowed to pour into the state of Washington, but nobody was able to show him even one good reason. In time the streams of coolie labor shifted from Washington to California, and Johnson's preliminary bellowing was echoed by the Californians. Eventually the uproar resulted in the so-called gentlemen's agreement between the United States and Japan, by which Japan agreed to give no more passports to coolies.

After several years in Tacoma he went to the Seattle Times as managing editor; and in Seattle he took a notion to build himself a greenhouse, which was the small bud from which grew a large, loud odor. He hired an Austrian gardener to help him with the greenhouse; and as they worked together, Johnson wanted to know what, which, when, why, whence and how come? So the Austrian told him all about a lovely organization to which he belonged, said organization being the I. W. W., about which very few people had ever heard at that time. He explained that the I. W. W. would revolutionize the world, and that it would result in arraying all the workingmen against all the people that owned anything, and that the entire social system would be broken up into little pieces with a bung starter and entirely rearranged. He told Johnson all the I. W. W. plans, and gave him all the I. W. W. literature, secret and otherwise. In other words, he spilled the beans.

War on the Wabblies

WHEN Johnson had completed the greenhouse he found that he had saved enough money to stop being a managing editor and get a paper of his own; so he went to Hoquiam and bought a daily paper. He had barely adjusted the editorial swivel chair at the proper height to fit his form when the National I. W. W. started a big strike in the lumber mills of the state and selected Hoquiam as strike headquarters. Having been filled to the muzzle by his Austrian gardener, and having large quantities of secret documents within easy reach, Johnson at once let fly both barrels at the I. W. W. with a reverberating crash. What he did to the I. W. W. was more than enough, as may be gathered from the fact that when he ran for Congress a little later the I. W. W.'s and the socialists accused him, with their customary accuracy and adherence to fact, of breaking children's backs and throwing them into the river, of turning the fire hose on strikers' babies and washing them off the street, and of other little pleasantries. Johnson had furious public debates with the I. W. W.'s and kept clouting them over the head in his newspaper. Eventually the strike was broken, many of the worst I. W. W.'s were shipped out of the state and Johnson was made a member of the committee to adjust wages in the lumber mills.

Johnson's opponent in his congressional fight was a Republican congressman who had turned Bull Moose while occupying his seat in the House. Johnson ran as a Republican, but he had no political machine to work for him, he was unknown politically, and other candidates on his ticket didn't dare to come to the platform to speak in his behalf because they thought that his fight against the I. W. W.'s and the resultant anger of the liberal, socialist and labor voters would swamp him and everybody aligned with him.

He was obliged to make his fight alone, and he was as regular as the shingles on a roof. He told the voters that progressivism consisted of adopting the newest notion of the last man to whom you talked at the latest possible moment; and that though all political parties were progressive, you couldn't, if you were labeled Progressive, permit anyone to have a newer notion than you had. He also spoke pregnantly on the necessity of carrying out party platforms, and of resigning a seat in Congress if you couldn't agree with your party's program, instead of bolting to another party and betraying your electors.

He was a standpatter of the most pronounced type, and proud of it. He believed that the only way to keep Congress in line was to preserve the power of the speaker, so that the speaker could discipline any gentleman who wished to stray off the reservation. He declared, concerning the celebrated Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, as a result of which Ballinger had been ejected from the cabinet, that Ballinger had been crucified and fed to the mob. His views, on the whole, were of a sort to cause those unfettered souls who called themselves Progressives and radicals to explode with disgust.

Notwithstanding all these things, Johnson was elected to the Sixty-third Congress, whereupon he placed his broad-brimmed black hat on his curling locks and galloped to Washington, where he begged, implored and demanded to be placed on the Immigration Committee so that he might take further whacks at the aliens who had succeeded in giving him so many shooting pains. His plea was heard and he was placed as requested.

It might be mentioned in passing that practically all important restrictive legislation has been enacted during

(Continued on Page 97)

Arm yourself by knowing the simple facts about iron

In every city and hamlet there are people who are losing money through ignorance of the commonest of all metals

THE baby's crib is iron; man's last resting-place, the grave vault, is iron. From birth to death in this, the Age of Iron, no other material affects each one of us in so many ways.

And yet a great many people think of iron as iron, without realizing that there is as much difference between pure iron and impure iron as there is between pure air and stuffy air. Pure air conserves your health, pure iron saves your dollars, and this is true not only in the case of business men but in the *daily* lives of women in the home.

Test sheet held at an Armco plant to see how sheet metal is exposed to the elements.

That colossal moth—Rust

Perhaps you accept rust as inevitable, like death and taxes. But rust takes so heavy a toll from *your* pocketbook that you should know that it is the impurities in metal—the carbon, silicon, manganese, sulphur, phosphorus, etc.—that cause rust.

These foreign substances are all right in their place, but they don't belong in sheet iron. They cause dissension, so to speak, on account of their difference. When exposed to air and moisture, action similar to that which goes on in a galvanic battery takes place; corrosion sets in, and the result is what you see when your stove is eaten through, or the gutter under your eaves breaks through, or your skylight leaks.

Here is what we did to Reduce the Rust Tax

Realizing that not only in preventing waste but in many other ways what pure iron would mean to industries and individuals, we set out some twenty years ago to see what could be done. We knew the ancients had put up monuments of practically pure iron, such as the Pillar of Delhi, and that these objects had resisted the challenge of the centuries.

Starting with all that science knew of ferrous metals at the time, we set out to discover the way to make ingot iron that was free from practically all impurity.

What is the Result?

Through the unceasing research of our metallurgists, a revolution in manufacturing methods and the investment of millions of dollars, we have produced Armco Ingot Iron—the purest iron ever made in commercial quantities. (It has less than 1/6 of 1% of rust-promoting impurities.)

If you went through one of our mills you would marvel at a great plant exercising almost the care of an individual craftsman in precious metals to assure purity in a base metal, iron. Yet every laborious process, every extra safeguard we take means or can mean a definite benefit to you in your business and in your home.

How You Benefit

Armco Ingot Iron means not just a lack of impurities but a metal whose density, uniformity, and workability give its users special advantages.

The very character of Armco Ingot Iron that holds rust at bay makes it possible to add a coating of either paint or zinc that gives special protection against the ravages of time. If the zinc-coated shelves in your refrigerator or the ash cans in your cellar are made of Armco Ingot Iron, they will be long-lasting.

What makes Enamel so Smooth?

If the base metal in your enameled stove, refrigerator, table top or tub covers is Armco Ingot Iron, you can be sure that the smooth satin finish will be long lasting. The velvety surface of Armco Ingot Iron gives a lasting beauty to enamel that women appreciate.

Who uses This High-Purity Iron?

Not only have great industries pretty generally adopted Armco Ingot Iron for their own plants, but they also utilize it in innumerable articles they make for the public. Knowing its worth and its reputation they use Armco Ingot Iron in their wares and so label it in order that you will appreciate the fact. Thus Armco Ingot Iron has become a familiar term in millions of homes. Often things made of Armco Ingot Iron cost more at first, but invariably they prove least expensive in the end.

Modern household equipment made of enameled or zinc-coated Armco Ingot Iron means much to the progressive housewife.

The salespeople in progressive hardware, furniture and department stores will gladly show you things made of Armco Ingot Iron, and they will point out the label to you.

Likewise sheet metal men and dealers in building materials are happy to supply Armco Ingot Iron with the Armco triangle stenciled on the product.

Whenever you are needing anything of sheet metal and want the best, ask for Armco Ingot Iron and identify it by the trademark.

Modern observatory, California, covered with Armco Ingot Iron to give greatest protection to the valuable astronomical instruments.

WHERE TO LOOK FOR ARMCO *Ingot Iron*

Here are some of the everyday uses of Armco Ingot Iron

WITHIN THE HOUSE
Stoves
Washing Machines
Garbage Cans
Ash Cans—Pails
Refrigerators
Furnace Drums
Hot Water Tanks
Table Tops
Tub Covers
Electric Light Reflectors

IN INDUSTRY
Welding
Smoke Stacks
Oil & Water Tanks
Freight Car Roofs
Drainage Systems
Gasoline Tanks
Wire Fencing
Grave Vaults & Caskets
Boiler Tubes and Pipes
Cold Rolled Strips
Cold Drawn Bars
Safety Treads
Street Cars
Gas Tanks
Milk Cans
Signs
Culverts
Flumes
Farm Equipment

IN BUILDING
Coping
Roofing
Siding
Flashing
Eaves Trough
Down Spouting
Skylights
Ventilating Systems
Window Frames
Metal Lath

OTHER ARMCO PRODUCTS

Armco chemists and metallurgists, working in the most complete laboratory of its kind in America, have developed not only Armco Ingot Iron, but also Armco steel sheet specialties for the automobile, electrical and other industries. Leading automobile manufacturers use Armco steel sheets on account of their exceptional bending and drawing qualities. Armco steel electrical sheets are widely used because of their high permeability, low core loss and non-aging qualities. The American Rolling Mill Company are makers of high-grade special sheets to meet the demands of exacting manufacturers. Technical information will be supplied to any manufacturer as to Armco products and their adaptability to any particular use.

The Armco triangle is stenciled on our iron at the mill, so you can identify it in sheet form for building and other purposes.

This label, in blue and gold, is the thing to look for on Refrigerators, Stoves, Enameled Table Tops, Washing Machines and other household articles.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Middletown, Ohio

ARMCO
TRADE MARK
INGOT IRON
Resists Rust

Any colors and patterns you want

Your Palm Beach Suits are always as appropriate as they are cool

A Summer Sunday morning when you drop your paper for a romp on the porch with the kids; during a heat-prophesying and heat-generating sermon; a week-day business engagement in a stuffy office or hot hotel room; a date with a girl at a grilling dance or at the melting movies—for any occasion there are colors and patterns in Palm Beach Suits to meet your preference.

Palm Beach Suits are made in all colors and patterns—from white down through gray, brown, and blue to black; from conservative hairline stripes to smart checks and plaids.

The most beautiful colors and patterns of worsted or woolen suits are also found in cool, well-fitting Palm Beach Suits, besides the distinctive summer colors and patterns found in Palm Beach alone. Wear Palm Beach and be cool, comfortable, and well-groomed.

Palm Beach Suits vary in price, depending upon the amount and quality of tailoring put into them when manufactured. All genuine Palm Beach Suits, at various prices, have the registered Palm Beach label sewed into them. This is for your protection. Look for it.

Golf Knickers and sport clothes of Palm Beach Cloth are cool and good-looking—practical and durable.

THE PALM BEACH MILLS—GOODALL WORSTED CO.
Selling Agent: A. Rohaut, 229 Fourth Avenue, New York City

At All Good Clothing Stores

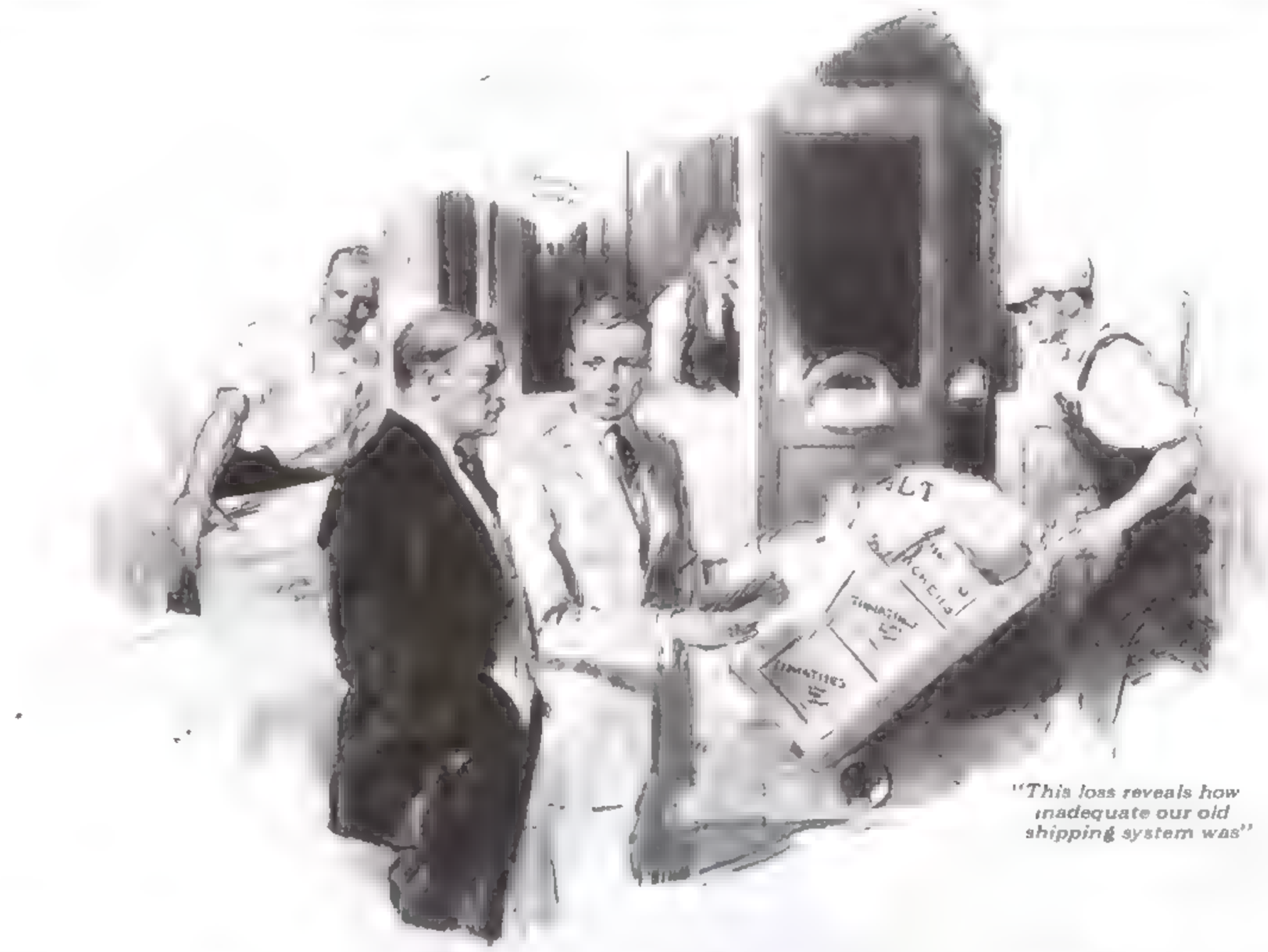
Always Look for this Label
It Identifies the Genuine

An interesting booklet about Palm Beach Cloth will be mailed on request

PALM BEA

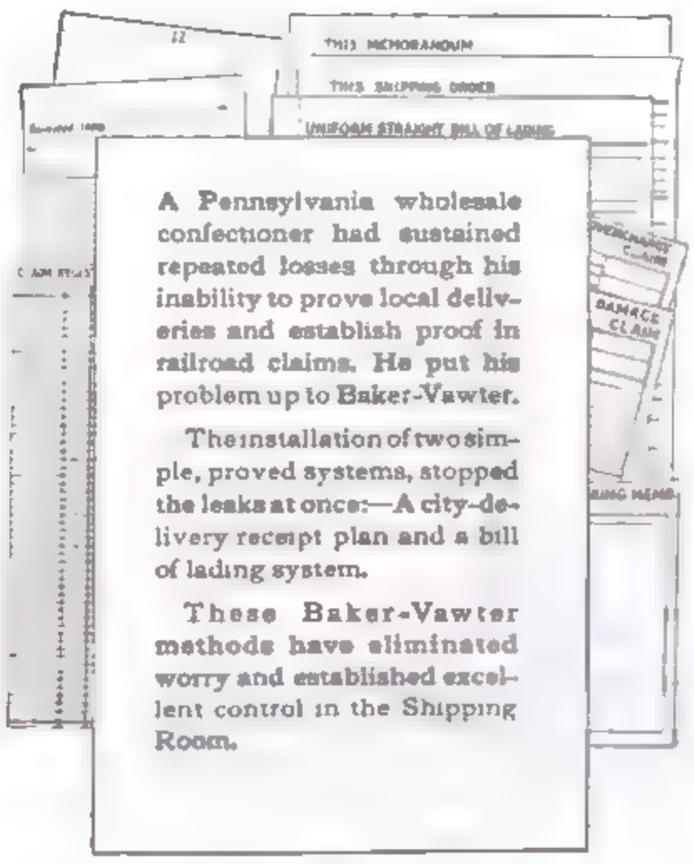
© 1923, G. W. Co.

CH SUITS



"This loss reveals how inadequate our old shipping system was"

Shipping leaks that cost $3900



A Pennsylvania wholesale confectioner had sustained repeated losses through his inability to prove local deliveries and establish proof in railroad claims. He put his problem up to Baker-Vawter.

The installation of two simple, proved systems, stopped the leaks at once:—A city-delivery receipt plan and a bill of lading system.

These Baker-Vawter methods have eliminated worry and established excellent control in the Shipping Room.

Here's what happened.

Twenty-one shipments in eleven months to one concern; twelve of them didn't show on the books; a dishonest clerk in league with a dishonest retailer; total cost to the house $3900. That's what the auditor of a wholesale house revealed to his president in checking up a shipping loss.

This might have happened by carelessness—it did happen through dishonesty; a faulty shipping system made it possible. The auditor discovered the loss by accident.

A Baker-Vawter system was installed; after that such things are impossible. A simple, effective method of checks and controls, keeps everything straight.

Any executive may reasonably ask himself, "Is my shipping system safe?"

THE biggest service we render a business is not as manufacturers of binders, forms, and filing equipment, though we do all that—well. It is in putting at your service our accumulated experience of 35 years in the best ways of doing things in the business office.

There's a Baker-Vawter way of simplifying every business detail. You'll find a Baker-Vawter man near you; discuss your problem with him, or write our nearest office.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Originators and Manufacturers Loose Leaf and Filing Equipment

General Offices: BENTON HARBOR, MICHIGAN

We serve and sell direct • Our own offices in 55 cities

Manufacturing Plants at Holyoke, Mass., Benton Harbor, Mich., Kansas City, Mo., San Francisco, Cal.

(Continued from Page 92)

his service on the committee. Considering the fact that there have been Committees on Immigration in both the Senate and the House for a century and more, and that during the past forty years many millions of highly undesirable people have poured into America to mess up its life, its politics, its economics and its racial purity, this statement should be construed more as an expression of contempt for past immigration committees than of praise for modern immigration committees. The restrictive legislation of the last three years is legislation that should have been enacted between 1880 and 1885.

Johnson, as a member of the immigration committee, stood for immigration restriction first, last and all the time. One of his earliest contentions was that if immigration is bad for the country, it ought to be restricted, and that the best way to restrict immigration is to restrict immigration. When others were becoming pleasantly excited over the literacy test as a means of restricting immigration, Johnson continued to state hoarsely and remorselessly that a literacy test for immigrants couldn't compare with merely stopping the immigrants if the immigrants really weren't wanted.

In 1918 he became chairman of the committee, and his craving to be shown resulted in the holding of hearing after hearing. There are only two or three committees out of the sixty-odd House committees that hear as much testimony and do as much work as Johnson's immigration committee. Johnson wants to hear everyone who knows anything about immigration or thinks he knows anything about immigration or has a motive for being interested in immigration. He hears press agents, steamship owners, merchant tailors, Greek refugees, Armenian refugees, Syrian refugees, newspaper correspondents, coal operators, State Department representatives, presidents of steel companies, representatives of organized labor, farmers, clergymen, priests, rabbis, consuls, Department of Labor officials, immigration inspectors, representatives of foreign-American societies, representatives of associations of manufacturers, propaganda specialists of all sorts, and plain travelers.

These people come before the committee and talk for hours and sometimes for days, and Johnson and his committeemen question each witness as to why he is there, and who is paying his salary, and how much he gets, and where he lives, and what he knows about immigration, and how he happens to know it and whether he really believes it, and so on and so forth. When the committee has heard everyone who wants to be heard it goes into executive session behind closed doors, and fights for days on end, with Johnson rising up occasionally and making the members behave and be good boys. Eventually it evolves a bill that does more restricting than the bill that preceded it; and this, in these days of genuine and greatly needed restriction, is as much as the most captious restrictionist should demand.

Lots of people who want to fatten their bank accounts with the assistance of Europe's cheapest labor are pestering Johnson and his committee to relax the immigration law; but fortunately most of the members of the committee demand to be shown; and, thanks to Johnson, they are hard to show.

When the Senate Immigration Committee was holding hearings prior to the passage of the first real restrictive law in 1920, Johnson kept bustling over to the Senate committee, dumping further information before it, warning foreign propagandists to keep out of the committee rooms, and offering testimony, all of which was very shocking to the distinguished senators and very unusual procedure for a House committee chairman. Unusual, but highly enterprising and useful.

Johnson must be regarded as one of the leaders of the House, inasmuch as the House trusts to his knowledge of the immigration question and follows his leadership in that matter. He is not always as happy in his leadership as he might be, however; for the good folk of America feel free to take pen in hand and give him forty or fifty blasts a day for his failure to pass laws that will restrict immigration as they want it restricted. This frequently causes him to emit a loud howl to the effect that those who attack him seem to think that there is nothing to an immigration law except restrictive provisions, and that it apparently never occurs to them that an immigration law must also contain provisions regarding contiguous territory, races, steamship lines, existing treaties and various other matters. Despite this howl, no good congressman was ever known to have been damaged by letters, and they have been known to help.

A great many busy men have hobbies with which they dabble in their spare moments. Johnson has a little side line, the same being his membership on the Committee on Printing, which consists of only three members. His membership on this committee aroused his well-known curiosity and started him on the warpath against useless government periodicals. He found more than two hundred of these at the close of the war, and kicked them all out of business with a series of brisk and enthusiastic kicks, for which he was passionately cursed by organized labor and by the Department of Agriculture and by several other interested parties. The cursings left him cold, for by his kicking he saved the Government several millions of dollars every year, which is a proceeding that is not without merit.

In between times he acts as a member of the Committee on Committees and looks after the wants of a very large and populous district, which includes several hundred miles of navigable shore line, many navigable rivers, Camp Lewis, a Federal penitentiary, the state capitol, three forest reserves and two large national parks, including Rainier, all of which makes enough work to keep anyone jumping around with considerable vivacity. Some of Johnson's ancestors fought in the Revolution, and his grandfather fought in the Mexican War, and his father, who was a law partner of Lincoln's law partner, Herndon, fought in the Civil War. Everything considered, Johnson needs all the fighting blood that has been bequeathed to him—and is using it.

A Truce With Nature

By RAYMOND L. DITMARS

Curator of Reptiles in the New York Zoological Park

WAY back in the dim ages, when man, according to scientific allegation, was playing in the trees and may even have possessed vestiges of a tail, Nature tried an experiment in the development of a deadly weapon. Evolution lent a hand in the improvement of this and it finally attained perfection for instantaneous and highly effective use. And this marvelous lethal instrument was awarded to the snake.

The fangs of a venomous serpent are the most wonderful natural weapons possessed by any vertebrate on earth. They are primarily intended as weapons of the hunt, to kill the prey. But they have inspired tremendous respect throughout the serpent's domain, even among the now exalted races of man. This comes from the snake's full appreciation of Nature's provision—a realization of the consternation created by a successful fang thrust.

Not so many years ago there was a deliberate steal on man's part in copying the serpent's fang in the production of the hypodermic needle. The first artificially made hypodermics were terminally clumsy. Curiously enough, as the needle was perfected by better precision and delicacy in manufacture, it more closely approached the construction of the reptile's fang.

On each side of the serpent's upper jaw, corresponding in position to the canine teeth, are these wonderful fangs. Attached to the base of each is a canal which extends backward to the temple, and in each temple is a glandlike reservoir, generously supplied with a deadly fluid which may be forced forward by contraction of the jaw muscle. Here is Nature's invention designed specifically to produce death. No wonder that man-devised antidotes have yielded poor results in treating snake bite.

Husky youngsters at school near San Francisco

For the next generation-

WHERE would your baby choose to live and grow up, supposing that your baby had a voice in the family councils?

Would it not be California?

Consider these facts:

In California babies weigh from 2 to 4 pounds more at the end of the first year than in other parts of the country, according to Federal statistics, and children of six years and under average two-fifths of an inch taller and three-fourths of a pound heavier than children elsewhere.

Of twelve cities, ranging in population from 10,000 to over 250,000, listed by the American Child Hygiene Association as having the lowest infant mortality rate in the country, *six are in California*. San Francisco, for example, has an infant mortality rate of 51, as against an average for the country of 77.9. Everywhere there is more clear and sunny *growing weather* for children as well as for the trees and plants that make the fame and fortune of California's agriculture.

The Best in Schools

But this is not all. When these children reach school age they are taken into a school system that ranks among the best in America. Teaching requirements are higher, salaries are better, and school buildings better designed in California, and much of the teaching is done out of doors. In the rural districts are many "union schools", notably beautiful in architecture, to which the children are brought and returned by motor busses rolling over the magnificent California highways. In their playtime, they hike, they hunt, they fish, they play tennis and golf twelve months in the year; a little later they go to college (the University of California is the second largest university in the world) and contribute to California's astonishing yearly quota of tennis and track champions, and All-America football stars.

And When the Child Becomes a Man—Here is California, with its Great Central Valley—an Empire half-built, waiting for his hand, with rich and varied opportunities in every department of life, with State development surging ahead at a rate that promises to triple the present population within less than fifty years.

Will he be a farmer? From six to ten million acres of fertile land still await development in the Great Valley. Each year seven thousand new twenty-acre farms are ready for families. The average farm in the United States produces $2,300 worth of crops every year. The average farm in California produces $5,000 worth—twice as much.

Will he be a manufacturer or merchant? Between 1910 and 1920 the output of California's factories increased from $771,291,000 to $2,649,000,000—over 243%, and more than 53% of all manufacturing in the State is concentrated in the district around San Francisco Bay, the largest land-locked shipping port in the world. A hundred opportunities lie open to him in the great group of prosperous and rapidly growing towns and cities that are a distinctive feature of California life.

Let Us Tell You More About California

To live in California you need only the same resources as elsewhere for your beginning, and the rewards are vastly greater. Take advantage of the low excursion fares on all railroads, starting May 15, and make sure that your ticket takes you to San Francisco, the starting point for every place you will wish to visit. CALIFORNIANS INC., a non-profit organization of California citizens and institutions interested in the sound development of the State, invites you to come and wishes to serve you without charge in every possible way. Write us for full information, and for our new, free, illustrated booklet, "*California, Where Life Is Better*". Address:

Californians Inc.
HEADQUARTERS SAN FRANCISCO

CALIFORNIANS Inc.,
140 Montgomery Street, Room 508-D,
San Francisco, California

Please send me your booklet,
"*California, Where Life Is Better*"

Name

Street

City

Can men be trusted to buy underwear?

For Protection, Health and Fit

Wear Underwear *that's* **Knit**

MEN pride themselves as buyers—in business. But let one buy things for himself—and, well, take Summer underwear for instance?

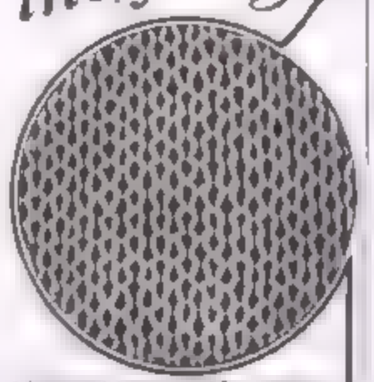
He buys a garment hoping he will look like the Olympic Athlete pictured in it. He discards another when the picture of a man with winter weighted underwear in summer makes him feel uncomfortable in sympathy.

And all the while he *overlooks the most important point* of all—THE FABRIC—the MATERIAL from which his underwear is made.

No man, for example, would wear anything but *knitted socks*. Whether knit from sheerest silk or warmest wool, he finds the porous and elastic KNITTED FABRIC the most comfortable. It looks, feels and fits him well. It is clean and sanitary—warm to the ankles in winter and cool in summer.

If *feet* are so considered, is not the *balance* of the body *equally* important? A little study will convince you that all garments next the body should be KNITTED in whatever weight and style you prefer.

Made loose or form-fitting in cotton, wool silk and mixtures in every style and every weight for every member of the family



Magnified Section - Note how ... threads ... the structure which ... together ... knitted fabric ... can't RAVEL

ASSOCIATED KNIT UNDERWEAR MANUFACTURERS *of* AMERICA
108 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

An Association of Knit Underwear Manufacturers, representing 75 per cent of the output of Knit Underwear in the United States.

You men want the reason for this. We have 27 Reasons. Write for our Association's booklet.

About twenty years ago a noted French surgeon, Dr. Albert Calmette, decided to arrange a truce with Nature in the battle against venomous snakes. The area of war was India, where an average of about twenty-two thousand human lives the year were snuffed out by the bites of venomous serpents. Appalling as this figure may appear, the victims were not altogether blameless. A large majority of them ambled bare-legged through reptile-infested country and otherwise took foolish chances.

Doctor Calmette investigated along the simplest but most practical lines. Nature had distilled a deadly fluid and hypodermics to inject. The proper way to obtain an infallible antidote was to induce Nature to prepare it herself. Doctor Calmette was soon provided with a family of cobras and vipers, and by pinning down and grasping each specimen by the neck and causing it to bite upon the edge of a glass vessel he collected a generous quantity of the venom—a pale-amber fluid of albumin composition.

A horse was injected with a very small quantity of diluted venom. The quantity was far beneath that calculated to produce markedly harmful results. There were certain disturbances, however, some inflammation, even symptoms affecting the entire organization. These quickly subsided, combated and eliminated by the natural resistance of the healthy subject. Then a slightly larger dose was administered. As the doses were repeated and increased, Nature stepped in as a laboratory worker—in fact, entered into the spirit of the game with such vigor that the human workers became mere assistants.

By some mysterious process that we do not fully understand, Nature began the production, within the blood of the equine subject, of an element to fortify it against the action of the disturbing toxin—an element appropriately designated as an antitoxin. Its presence produced immunity against the nerve-attacking, blood-and-tissue-destroying action of the injected venom. The injections were continued in increasing doses and immunity became stronger. Finally the horse could be subjected to several times a deadly dose without indication of harm.

First Aid for Snake Bite

Thus the coöperation with Nature produced immunization within the animal subject. The next step was to obtain this immunizing element from the horse. This was simple and involved no seriously painful process. A delicate tube was inserted into a blood vessel and a quantity of blood drawn away, but not enough to harm the animal. The operation involved no more severity of manipulation than a hypodermic injection, and was quickly over. The blood was put through a process that extracted the red elements. The balance was of a pale-yellowish color. This was the serous portion, rich in immunizing action.

Thus the product was known as antivenomous serum. It was capable of concentration and sterilization against spoiling, or, more technically, decomposition from bacterial or germ life. The serum was measured out in doses, placed in small glass tubes terminating in a long neck, then hermetically sealed by fusing the glass in a flame.

Administration to the snake-bite victim was simple. The slender end of the tube was broken off, the contents drawn up into a hypodermic syringe and injected under the skin. As the serum was rapidly absorbed into the victim he quickly indicated a developing reaction. Constitutional symptoms that may have developed soon subsided, and local manifestations, such as great swelling and discoloration, gave way to a normal condition.

Thus originated a positive cure for snake bite, and since the early days of experimentation some decided advances have been made. For a number of years the Calmette product, issued by the Pasteur Institute, formed the only serum obtainable for the United States. Three types were produced. One was the result of immunization from cobra venom; the second from venom of viperine snakes; and the third was known as a polyvalent serum. The third was produced by immunization from a mixed virus of cobra and viper poisons. This polyvalent serum was valuable in treating a sufferer who was not sure of the identity of the offending reptile.

Snake venoms vary decidedly in ratio of chemical ingredients among different kinds of serpents. Cutting loose from technical phraseology, we might concisely define serpent venom to be composed of two basic ingredients; one is known as neurotoxin and the other as hæmotoxin. The action of the former is to paralyze the nervous system. The hæmotoxin does tremendous damage to blood and tissue. Venom of the cobra is very rich in neurotoxin, a very approximate ratio indicating 80 per cent of this to 20 of the hæmotoxin. With the Indian vipers, the two basic elements appear to exist at a close to fifty-fifty basis. The North American rattlesnake indicates a considerably higher percentage of the hæmotoxin, and the North American water moccasin appears just about to reverse the ratio of the cobra in possessing a venom in which the hæmotoxin greatly predominates.

There are nineteen distinct kinds, or species, of poisonous serpents inhabiting the United States. Fifteen of these are rattlesnakes, and may be listed under one head and visually branded by the caudal warning appendage. There are the copperhead and the water moccasin and the two coral snakes that are so pretty that occasionally people pick them up and get into serious trouble. There are poisonous serpents in every state in the Union, though Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire have the least of them, particularly the first. In some states there are more rattlers according to area than there ever were cobras in India.

The copperhead snake, which looks uncomfortably like fallen leaves, is very fond of the attractive country that lures forth the hikers and campers. The water moccasin teems over great areas of the South.

A Ticklish Job

Considering this abundance of fanged reptiles, the small number of accidents is truly astonishing; yet we should note several conditions: The only poisonous serpent in the western half of the country is the rattler. If he has a fair chance of sounding a warning before being actually stepped upon, he will buzz a startling danger signal. If he thinks you are going to pass by without disturbing him he will lie silent and unnoticed. The Eastern rattler is the same in habits, and this leaves only the copperhead, moccasin and the coral snakes.

The copperhead is a mild-tempered reptile, seeking to glide away unless very closely approached and fearing injury. The swampy home area of the moccasin is too well known for careless wandering, and the danger from coral snakes, unless used for playthings, is negligible. But despite the fact that our poisonous snakes have the one commendable trait of minding their own business, and that this country is rather open, and that we wear a type of shoes and clothing that often prevents accidents, there is danger; and, above all, there is considerable fear. Hence there is a real need for serums specifically produced to counteract the venoms of the several types of reptiles we shall long have with us.

It was through the courtesy of the Brazilian Government that our wants have been partially filled, and from the same source we shall soon have the various specific serums needed.

We have at the present time thirty copperhead snakes and two dozen moccasins, or cottonmouths. There is a large glazed table, and the only apparatus used in collecting venom for use in making serum consists of a glass tumbler with a thin parchment tied tightly over the top and a bamboo staff. Behind the table are two large sugar barrels. One contains the snakes. With a heavy bent wire the head keeper reaches beneath the folds of a snake and swings it to the table. The writer presses the stick across the reptile's head, then with the other hand firmly grasps it immediately behind the head, lifts the reptile and applies its jaws to the parchment covering the tumbler. It furiously bites, sending the fangs through the parchment, and there is a jet of venom from the hypodermic teeth. A squeeze of the fingers across the poison glands yields a drop or two more. The reptile is then lifted over the empty barrel, and, by throwing the fingers wide open to escape the yawning jaws, is safely dropped. A snake a minute is the usual time consumed. Sometimes a savage specimen causes delay by cutting up capers on the table. The snakes are in no way harmed and are called upon once the week. The venom is dried in flat dishes; then easily scraped into particles like flaking varnish, in which condition it is shipped.

FOR MANY HAPPY RETURNS

WEED TIRE CHAINS

and Careful Driving, Insure "Many Happy Returns"

On stormy days throughout the years, careful driving and Weed Tire Chains safeguard his car from the ever treacherous skid, and insure "Many Happy Returns" for him and for his family. A motor car equipped with Weed Tire Chains is safe on wet, skiddy streets and highways, if the automatic action of the chains is not thwarted by incautious steering or the careless use of the clutch and brakes. "*Weed Chains and brains must be used for the safe operation of motor cars.*"

Weed Tire Chains are now made in two patterns:

WEED DE LUXE, for those who want the reinforced cross chains which give far greater mileage; the Twin-Loc Side Chains which are smooth on both sides and withstand strains from any angle; and the Lever Locking Connecting Hooks which draw the side chains together with little effort.

WEED, for those who are loyal to the familiar Weed Chains which have safeguarded them for so many years. These now give greater mileage because of the improved hardening process, and the Lever Locking Connecting Hooks make them easier to attach.

Look for the name WEED on the Connecting Hooks and Cross Chain Hooks of Weed and Weed De Luxe Chains. Their glittering brass-plated Cross Chains make such a beautiful appearance—and how they do hold and last!

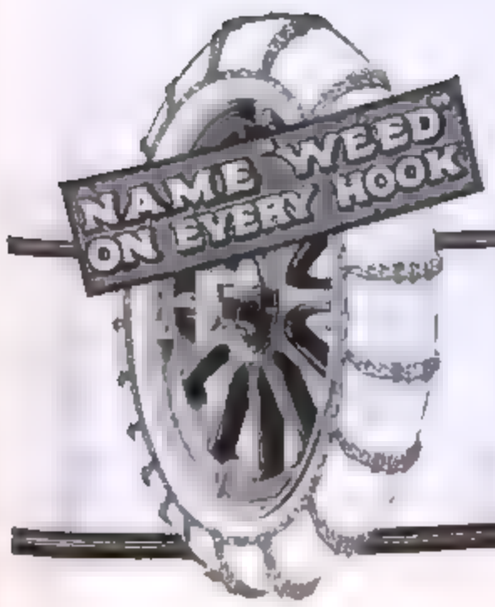
AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Incorporated, Bridgeport, Conn.

Manufacturers of

Weed Chains, Weed Bumpers, Weed Chain-Jacks, and Campbell Self-Spreading Cotter Pins

In Canada: DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, LIMITED, Niagara Falls, Ontario

District Sales Offices: Boston, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Ore., San Francisco



Weed Tire Chains

Garland Gas Ranges are made to fit every sized kitchen.

Garland Three Fuel Combination Range burns either gas, coal or wood

Garland Coal Ranges have been the standard of comparison for over fifty years.

Garland the Peak of Good Range Value

Whether you pay more, or pay less, for a Garland Range, we sincerely believe that Garland gives you greater value for the money.

That conviction is based upon careful study of the quality range market. This excess Garland value is made possible by Garland's vast resources, its buying ability, its facilities for low-cost production.

It is this more generous money's-worth, as well as the superiority of Garland design and manufacture, which is so rapidly adding new thousands to the great army of more than 4,000,000 owners of Garland products.

If you do not know the name of the nearest Garland dealer, or if you have any heating or cooking problems, write direct to us because there is a Garland heating and cooking device for every purpose.

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Michigan

GARLAND

COOKING AND HEATING

GAS-COAL-ELECTRICITY

THE GREAT VAN SUTTART MYSTERY

(Continued from Page 7)

Miad's life. He continued as a matter of course not only to occupy the pleasant room in which he was born but to appear at the table of the mother of five when he was hungry and at that of Mr. Crabbe when he was less hungry and too lazy to climb the stairs. Mr. Crabbe had a servant, a drab, inarticulate creature, who was supposed to have food waiting for her employer whenever the necessity for aliment overbalanced the delights of labor and curious research. Not even by a stretch of courtesy could she be called a cook.

To Miad this woman, with whom he was in constant contact for years, scarcely existed; she had not to his thinking the color or the importance of the stuffed dugong, much less of the Egyptian mummy; and in this valuation he was precociously correct. The woman was an automaton; the very witlessness of her shuffling from one slovenly task to another was what made her valuable to Mr. Crabbe. One would have thought that the death of John Blake when Miad was still in the six-year-old class would have awakened in her some stirring of the latent instinct for maternity, but nothing of the kind happened, perhaps because Miad did not miss his father. The reason he did not miss him was that when he wanted to see him all he had to do was to go down in the cellar and look at him.

In anyone conversant with the laws of the state of New York with regard to the disposal of mortal remains that statement may arouse incredulity; but several contributory circumstances should be held in mind—the factors of time, of Cobbled Court and of Mr. Crabbe. One is apt to attach a morbid significance to the body after the vital essence of the soul has flown, but as a matter of cold logic there is much more justification for shrinking from a mummy two thousand years old than from one two weeks old. To Mr. Crabbe and to Miad there was nothing morbid whatever about the perpetuation of John Blake.

Mr. Crabbe looked upon the quiet demise of the ex-porter within the very walls of his establishment as a godsend. He called in a medical man, secured a written certificate of death from natural causes, and then, with a memento that the physician had long coveted, bribed him to forget to file the customary notice with the Health Department. At that point in the transaction it cannot be denied that two punishable crimes were committed, but they were so small as crimes went in the vicinity of Cobbled Court that one would have required a microscope to discover them.

Armed with the certificate Mr. Crabbe proceeded to expend a thousand dollars' worth of materials, love, skill and professional pride in the embalming of John Blake. That he sought no market for the resulting specimen of an ancient art was just another proof that there are times and natures to which intricate work, well done, is its own sufficient reward. When the expert job was completed John Blake was put in an ancient open-faced mummy case in the cellar and labeled "Awaiting burial." Let the inspectors come. There was the certificate, the label, and any one of half a dozen plausible statements: The body had been forgotten; the heirs were temporarily in straitened circumstances; or, truest of all, the deceased was being held for back rent, long overdue.

At the age of eight years and three months Miad Blake was led around by Mr. Crabbe through Hague Street to the front door of Public School No. 112 and told to go in. Fortunately he was not without the bare rudiments of knowledge; his natural curiosity, aided by his father and Mr. Crabbe, had taught him to distinguish one letter from another and spell his name. It had also enabled him to acquire the very necessary information that five cents added to five cents were the equivalent of a dime in his own experience, and that in the case of Mr. Crabbe five dollars and five dollars made ten dollars.

A whole story could be written about that first day of school, for to all intents and purposes it loomed as big and long as a year. Here it is in dots and dashes: Miad before the principal, establishing, unaided and beyond cavil, his right to public instruction at that particular school. Miad, incongruously clothed but unabashed, before the teacher of the lowest primary grade, declaring his name in a too clear voice. Miad amazed to hear titters from the thirty girls and boys seated behind him. Miad obliged to spell his name while the titters became laughter. Miad whirling, slapping the face of the nearest boy with all the strength of his right arm and immediately turning back to give the teacher his respectful attention. Miad reproved. Miad asking, wide-eyed, "Oh, have they got a right to laugh at me?"

"No; but ——"

Miad interrupting: "Well, then, don't you worry. They won't never laugh at me no more."

In that prophecy he was correct. There had been something so outright and final about the resounding slap that the entire class was sobered. The girls looked at Miad with unconcealed curiosity; the boys examined him with pensive faces and speculated on his weight and reach. When school was dismissed no one bothered him and it was several weeks before his prowess was put to a genuine test. The occasion was an assault on a little girl named Cornelia Van Suttart by Harold Grimble, the best-dressed boy of a higher grade, in a vain effort to implant a kiss.

Individuality in children is that essence which makes them different in spite of and unbeknownst to themselves. Cornelia had it in such subtle form that she almost but never quite escaped notice. She was always dressed unobtrusively in dark material, picked for its wearing qualities rather than for its becoming appearance. The setting tended to dim her peculiar attractions as a shade dims the glow of a night lamp. But the glow was there. Her skin was smooth and of a creamy pallor. Her eyes were of Irish blue, her pigtails had the gloss of a raven's wing and her lips were red and full. In short, she was Mary Malone in chrysalis.

These lips caused the downfall of Harold Grimble in a very real sense. He did not think of Cornelia as pretty or particularly attractive. To his eyes she was shabbily clothed, and her long spindling legs were the joke of the school. Then, too, there was a shadow on her name, something that had happened back in the nebulous past, when she was a baby. Her father and mother had gone away and left her, taking all the money. Something like that. But he forgot these deterrents when he looked at her mouth; it was so sweet, so detached, so kissable. It seemed to have little if anything to do with Cornelia.

He was not a bad boy and it was not calculation but sheer impulse that led him to seize her one day as she turned a corner and attempt to kiss her. She did not cry out, but the sound of the determined scuffle that ensued was enough to attract the attention of Miad Blake. He turned, came back slowly at first and then with a rush. A demon seemed to take possession of him; strangely enough the very same demon that had led him to set his teeth in the lip of the big man in Hague Street. He hurled himself on Cornelia's assailant with such fury that Harold was borne to the ground with a thud. At first the bystanders were highly entertained; then they were awed and finally alarmed. They pulled Miad off of what was left of Harold.

"Gee!" gasped Harold, staring at the imprisoned Miad with wonder and admiration. Presently his scratched face broke into a grin and he called over his shoulder as he proceeded homeward, "I won't fool with your girl any more."

It would have worried and puzzled him had he lingered long enough to see how little effect the taunt had on either Miad or the girl. They stood side by side and watched Harold's retreat almost indifferently; then Cornelia turned to examine her champion, asked him for his handkerchief, learned that he had none, fetched out her own and used it to wipe blood from his ear in a matter-of-fact manner.

"It's just a scratch," she said; "noth ng like what you gave him."

"I guess he won't pick on you no more," commented Miad, never swerving his eyes from Harold's diminishing figure.

His gaze remained fixed until Cornelia broke it by standing directly before him. They were almost of a size, Miad being exceedingly short for his age, and eye met level eye.

She considered for a moment and then asked gravely, "Would you like to kiss me?"

"Naw," replied Miad promptly. "Didn't I just lick him for it?"

Cornelia frowned, not with annoyance but with mild puzzlement. "That's why I thought perhaps you wanted to," she explained.

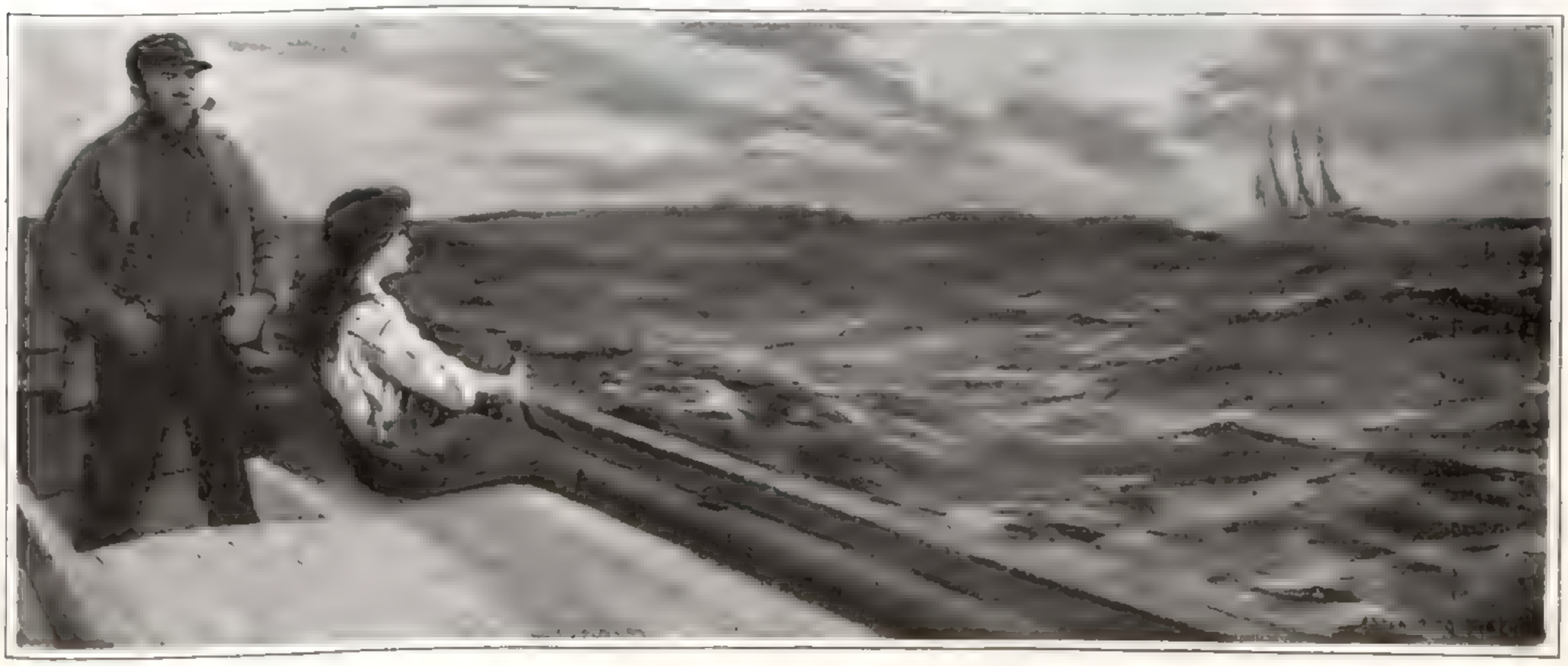
They parted without further words, each conscious, nevertheless, of a strange indefinable increase in the warmth of the paling sun, and as Miad hurried toward Cobbled Court thoughts of the lost mother of his babyhood kept creeping into mind, for no reason that he could see. Especially did he think of the last time he had seen her. As he passed through Hague Street, which had long since lost all terrors for him, he did not pause at the spot where he had bitten the lip of the big man, but stopped short of it and stared long and thoughtfully at a series of tiny rusted gratings flush with the level of the narrow sidewalk opposite, and lining the wall of an apparently empty house. Suddenly he realized that he had seen those gratings before—from the other side—deep down. Long ago. When he was but a baby. Long ago!

He had been six at the time his father passed from a desultory existence in the second-floor front to a permanent enthronement in the cellar, but it must have been fully three years before that event that Miad had explored the regions beneath Mr. Crabbe's shop. Indeed, he had gone farther than that. He had approached the hole in the wall that occasionally swallowed Mr. Crabbe for hours at a time. He had even ——

But first let this hole be described. The bricks, which still lay scattered about, seemed to have tumbled out by chance, revealing a shallow space and beyond it a wall of masonry such as might be constructed to back a flue. Miad had even stepped within the shallow space, crept to the left and perceived that the wall of masonry was but a mask to a pitch-black narrow passage that appeared to lead in the direction of Hague Street.

That was enough for one day, but on a subsequent occasion, when Mr. Crabbe had entered the cellar and delayed, Miad toddled down after him and groping along the damp walls with his baby hands had fearlessly traversed the full length of the passage, secure in his faith that he would find Mr. Crabbe at the end of it. It seemed to him very long, but at last he came out in a series of vaultlike compartments lighted by tiny iron grilles at the level of the ground above. Here he made out an indescribable jumble of the sort of things that cumbered the ground floor of the house in Cobbled Court, and finally came upon Mr. Crabbe working at the same sort of bench as that

(Continued on Page 104)



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(Continued from Page 101)

with which Miad was so familiar. He approached the old man and tugged at his trousers to attract attention to his presence.

He was successful. Mr. Crabbe let out a grunt that from any other man would have been a full-throated yell; he also jumped so that his erect hair almost touched the vaulted stone roof. As soon as he perceived Miad, however, he promptly recovered his accustomed poise, picked him up, placed him on the bench, nodded his head up and down solemnly and then gave vent to a chuckle. It was the first and last time Miad ever heard Mr. Crabbe chuckle. He looked up inquiringly.

"Baby," said Mr. Crabbe, for the name Miad was still some months unborn, "did you come along through the dark alone or have you been just behind me all the time?"

"I come alone," said Miad.

"Well," said Mr. Crabbe, throwing a cloth over the object on which he had been at work, "now we are going back, and don't you ever come in here any more."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than a flash of belligerence in the child's eyes made him realize that he had taken the wrong tack. "I mean, for a long time," he qualified, and as soon as they had returned to the everyday shop he led Miad to the mummy and discoursed earnestly on the benefits accruing to those who knew how to keep their mouths shut. He also started to tell of the great significance of Cobbled Court before the Civil War as a main station of the Underground Railroad; but realizing almost with a shock that Miad was in fact little more than a baby, he postponed to a later day the peopling of the mysterious passage and the vaults beneath Hague Street with unfamiliar black visages.

What a jumble of records is the life history of any child! Why dodge forward and back from school to walking age, and from walking age to the eventful epoch of toddling? Why jump around like a foolish chicken on a hot stove? Why not set down the narrative of Miad Blake in sane chronological order—diapers to kilts, kilts to smock, smock to pants, and pants to trousers? Because that is not the way Miad grew, nor is it the way any child grows. Things as they happen are seldom perceived at the apparent moment of occurrence. A brick falling on one's head from six stories up is not an event; it is a termination. But a tossed pebble or a slowly settling stone may develop in its own time to an event of enormous proportions—today, nothing; yesterday, an avalanche. Read that again. Remember it.

Miad was not an obedient child; though he was not destructive there was but one method of insuring that he would do a thing, and that was to tell him not to do it. Having discovered, as sooner or later he discovered all things, the hiding place where Mr. Crabbe kept the huge key to the shop during his frequent absences, Miad said nothing and waited for the necessary increase of a half inch in stature that enabled him to reach the keyhole and unlock the door. He was told peremptorily by both Mr. Crabbe and his father never to do so again, and, true to form, he proceeded to disobey whenever the chances appeared to be against detection.

On one such occasion he had no sooner penetrated well into the deserted shop than his mother appeared in the doorway. His regard for her was quite different from his attitude toward his father or any other human being. To be caught by her in wrongdoing struck panic to his sturdy heart. Without pausing to reason he turned and rushed for the stairway at the back of the room, cackling with nervous laughter as he went. She cried out "Baby!" twice; then followed him with such speed that she was just in time to catch the flick of his kilt as it disappeared through the hole in the wall of the cellar. From there on, perforce, she followed more slowly, feeling her way, and struck silent by wonder.

The child issued from the dark passage well in the lead, and, hearing her approach, passed from one vaultlike chamber to another until he reached the next to the last of the series. He paused, tottered and almost tumbled with surprise, for the last of all was forevermore inaccessible, the arch which once gave upon it barred by a mass of débris. Even the one in which he stood was strangely changed and glorified. He stopped, spellbound, and there she came upon him, standing with his hands fixed in an open gesture of amazement within the aureole of a slanting bar of golden light. At his feet was the large stone which, rolling from a breach in the roof of the second chamber, had let in the sunlight that was dazzling his uplifted eyes. She had passed that spot in the street only five minutes before, and had glanced curiously at the hole in the ground and at the departing workmen who had just caused it in the process of leveling and refilling indentations along the line of the bridge.

Remember that too; the street, the hole, the workmen gone for their nooning to some public house. But now she had no thought for external things. She ran forward, sank upon the stone, swept the child into her straining arms and cried out, "Oh, baby, my dear, dear boy, why did you run from your mother?"

The boy's tense body did not yield; if anything it stiffened. A deep shadow had suddenly dimmed the sunlight and darkened his illumined face. A voice from without—from up in the street—spoke, its tones magnified by the funnel-like opening, but still hard and thin as the edge of a saw: "Ha! What did I tell you, William? A bit of fortune; or perhaps it was the finger of God that pierced this hole."

For an instant Mary, his mother, sat quite still. Still as the stone she sat upon. Even her soft breast and the throbbing of her heart became as stone. The pallor of her face faded to white. White like milk. Whiter than milk. Like paper. Then she turned her head with a slow upward movement and gulped, "William! Mr. Van ——" Miad remembered little more; only her cry with a note of panic in it as all the light was suddenly blotted out and pebbles and earth began to trickle down into the chamber. "Run, darling! Run!"

He had run, the note of panic thrilling through his scampering little legs. Something was after him, something big, something that followed with a roar and stopped with a dull thud. An avalanche—an avalanche of caving stones and mortar; and yet, in that day and at that time to the baby Miad it was nothing more than a pursuing sound! He bruised his hands and even his face in the dark passage, but once safe upon the cellar stairs he stopped, listened, waited, his eyes fixed on the ragged hole in the brick wall. His mother did not come; no one came. Presently he crept up to the shop and out of it. It seemed impossible that Mr. Crabbe had not returned, for children do not measure time by minutes and seconds. He locked the door and restored the key to its hiding place.

How tiny a boy; how great an event! Stupendous! How near together; how far apart! How long had the elder Van Suttart been suspicious of the comings and goings of his son's wife? Was it chance that had shown her to father and son as she hurried along the torn bit of Hague Street to her tryst? Following upon her footsteps, had they come upon the hole and looked down it just as she had done swift moments before?

"Ha! What did I tell you, William? A bit of fortune; or perhaps it was the finger of God that pierced this hole!"

Terrible voice, cold as chisel steel. Portentous words! A woman's soft breast and throbbing heart turning to stone. Poor Mary Malone! More agony? Incredible! More torture coming to her hard-pressed soul? Despair. But wait. The true finger of a merciful God, pushing pebbles, pushing earth. Premonition. "Run, darling! Run!" The rumble and roar. The avalanche. Silence. The returning laborers, pleased to find their work done for them. No sign of the triple tomb. Not one.

Miad Blake grown from that day to eight years and five months old, and fresh from his battle for Cornelia, stood in Hague Street staring at the tiny rusted iron grilles which twice he had seen from their other side and then raised his eyes slowly to the beetling masonry of the bastions of Brooklyn Bridge. It was upon that very towering wall he had gazed through the amazing hole in the roof of the underground chamber. Suddenly he remembered with a strange constriction of the throat that his mother had not reproached him after all! No. She had held him close and spoken not with anger but with love in her voice: "Oh, baby, my dear, dear boy, why did you run from your mother?" And then, deep from within her, her eyes wide, compelling, "Run, darling! Run!" He wondered why she had never come again. He had never heard of the great Van Suttart mystery.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of five stories by Mr Chamberlain. The next will appear in an early issue.

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FOURS The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wis. **SIXES**

A THREEFOLD CORD

(Continued from Page 10)

stowed away between the blankets in Lee's bunk, steadily mounted. Each night the two men sat together over the small table in the cabin, estimating and appraising the value of their day's find; and at such times Trull's eyes shone and glistened in a fashion Lee could recognize. He had seen the fever on men before; himself was only by comparison immune. His sense of humor saved him now, helped him to see that Trull was faintly ridiculous. But for Trull the madness was very real; there was a hilarity upon him, a curious thing to see in a man habitually so morose. There were times when in a harsh, croaking voice he sang. At night he made wild guesses at the total of their hoard, while Lee, from his greater experience, smiled at the man's conjectures and discounted his estimates.

They continued their work far into the fall, and when frost came they thawed out the ground each morning, painfully excavating more dirt, painfully washing it out in the stream that was already freezing over. But at last it became impossible to do more work even under such difficulties. Trull himself was forced to admit this. Winter shut down upon them. Lee knew something of the dangers of a winter spent in such isolation; of the havoc that confinement works upon the temper of the best-natured man. To avoid these dangers he had planned that they should continue active through the winter; and to this end had brought traps with the purpose of laying out a trap line and adding to the profits of their expedition the value of the furs they could thus secure. As soon as the snow came they made snowshoes and set out the traps, and the men took turns in following this line. It was on such an expedition, when he was returning to the cabin over the ridge, that Lee's accident happened. Coming down the steep slope he stepped upon an ill-balanced log that turned under his foot. He fell, twisting the ankle, which was cramped by the snowshoe, and the log settled heavily upon his leg. His rifle shots at length brought Trull to his side; but it was necessary for the sullen man to return to the cabin and get an ax before he could free Lee from his predicament; necessary then that he half carry Lee back to the cabin.

Lee appraised his injuries with what skill he had and decided that there was a dislocation and probably a fracture. While he gripped the head of his bunk, the sweat of pain forming on his forehead, Trull pulled with all his strength at the injured leg and then bound it between two split pieces of firewood in a rude splint. Thereafter, while he lay helpless in his bunk, a heavier burden fell upon Trull's shoulders. He ran the trap line, cut firewood and did what chores Lee was unable to do. The weeks dragged by; but Lee's leg would not heal, and Trull resented his continued servitude.

On this morning of the final quarrel between the two men Trull was preparing to start out as usual along the line of traps, a two days' journey. The issue came, as it had come more than once before, over the matter of rifle and cartridges. Trull always took a rifle, as did Lee; but Trull expended ammunition recklessly and unnecessarily in spite of Lee's protests.

This morning Lee said: "Trull, you'd better leave your cartridge belt behind today. You won't need any more cartridges than you have in the magazine. You can kill anything you find in the traps with your ax."

Trull protested with a sudden ferocity. And Lee, whose temper had suffered under the continued torment of his injury, replied as angrily as the other. The argument, growing more heated while Trull was getting breakfast, ended at last in an abrupt surrender on Trull's part, a yielding in which Lee thought he perceived a hint of treachery. He watched the other with a sudden and acute attention, spoke to him once or twice of other matters and considered the tone of his replies, caught the man's eyes and weighed the expression that lurked in them. When, his work done, Trull departed Lee was convinced that he had read the man's thoughts; convinced that Trull meant to kill him.

For an hour after Trull departed Lee sat still, his injured foot propped on the bench in front of him, thinking. The man had common sense and a sense of humor. The thing that he had seen was, on any rational basis, so grotesque as to be almost incredible. Nevertheless, he was so sure that he was right that for a time after Trull was gone Lee expected his return. Once or twice he opened the door and looked out, but there was no further sign of the other man.

During that morning his first suspicion hardened into certainty. He considered all Trull's actions for days past, and it seemed to him he could see the forming of the plan in the other's mind. Weighing the situation now he felt sure that the other's determination would, during his two days' absence, harden into a concrete plan.

When once he had accepted this conviction Lee's thoughts took it as a starting point for new considerations. He was not a man to yield easily, even to the inevitable. But there was so little he could do. It was impossible for him to escape. He could not travel a hundred yards. He might seek to defend himself, might by sudden surprise disarm the other and hold a temporary supremacy. But he could not maintain such a domination. So small a thing as sleep would betray him. It would be impossible for him to keep awake, and if he slept Trull's opportunity would come.

He might strike first. His own rifle leaned against the wall of the cabin at the head of his bunk. He could watch for Trull's return and shoot the man down before he even reached the cabin. But the prospect appalled him. There was in Lee a native fineness that made such an action not only impracticable but impossible. Yet if these alternatives were abandoned, what else could he do?

Sitting very still his eyes searched the interior of the small cabin, considering all means at his command. The place was no more than a dozen feet long, less than as many wide. On each side of the door were the bunks the men occupied. Against the foot of Lee's bunk, a bench was built, a table facing it. Against the opposite wall, on shelves, their supplies were stored. The stove stood at the end of the cabin opposite the door. Lee studied this place as a general studies a battlefield, his thoughts racing clearly and accurately as men's thoughts do race in an emergency. It was not until nearly noon that something like a plan came to him. At its first glimmering his eyes brightened and he smiled faintly. There was a grim humor in the idea that appealed to him. If the thing could be done it would be worth doing. It would not save him if Trull were intent upon his death; in that event nothing could save him. But it would serve to even the score between him and Trull after he was dead.

He spent an hour considering every possibility, and at the end of that time his plan was completed. Moving painfully about the cabin he began at once the work necessary to put it into effect.

Trull returned at dark on the evening of the second day, and as soon as he came into the cabin Lee was confirmed in his reading of the other's murderous intention by the treacherous affability of Trull's manner, by the excessive amiability of his greeting. When Trull arrived Lee was sitting on the bench at the foot of his bunk, leaning back against the upright. His back was thus turned toward the door; and when Trull came in he moved his head but did not otherwise change his position.

Trull dropped his burdens on the floor, stamped the snow off his feet and approached the stove to warm himself.

He said, "It's going to be colder."

Lee nodded.

"Yes," he agreed; "I could tell that by the way the wind leaked in between these logs. I've built up a big fire in the stove. We're almost out of wood."

"I'll get some more in the morning," Trull replied. "It's too dark. We can get through the night all right."

Lee pointed toward a kettle on the stove. "There's hot stew," he explained. "I thought you'd probably be hungry."

"I am," Trull replied, "and that smells good too." He lifted the lid of the kettle and stirred its contents, and said, "About ready to eat."

"It ought to be," Lee agreed.

Trull got their tin plates from the shelf and put them on the table.

"The coffee is ready-mixed. You just set it on the stove," Lee told him. "All it needs is to come to a boil."

Trull nodded and put the pot over the fire. Then he sat down and the two men began to eat. Trull was talkative. He gave an account of his trip over the trap line, reported results. Lee listened in silence, watching the other with faintly smiling lips. After their meal was done Trull washed the dishes and put them away. He filled a pipe and began to smoke. A restlessness possessed him. He was not able to sit still.

At last Lee spoke to him and said, "Why don't you sit down? You make me nervous, stamping around that way."

He saw the sudden flare of anger in the other's eyes, but Trull's voice was smooth as he replied: "Well, I suppose you're bound to be nervous, sitting here all day. I should think you'd want to get up and get to work."

Lee said, "I expect to, soon as this leg heals up a little."

Trull habitually wore, attached to his cartridge belt in a heavy holster, a revolver. Lee had more than once made a jest of this; had pointed out that it was just so much extra weight to carry and that it could be of little use in this country where the rifle was the accepted arm. But Trull insisted that he did not feel comfortable without it and persisted in the habit. Now he drew this weapon from its holster and examined it attentively in the light of the lantern.

"It needs cleaning," he commented. "Some snow got in. She has rusted a bit."

"Kerosene will take that off," Lee told him amiably.

He was finding an ironic amusement in the situation; was conscious of a certain gayety of heart and soul. He had accepted the inevitable and found satisfaction now in anticipating Trull's dismay when the other should discover the trick that had been played on him.

Trull ejected the cartridges from the revolver, swabbed out the barrel, oiled the cylinder and scrubbed away the rust that had caught his eye. The men were not three feet apart. Only the small table separated them. When Trull finished his task and reloaded the weapon its muzzle was at Lee's very breast, and Lee unconsciously stiffened himself for the shock of the bullet; but the muzzle turned aside. He saw that Trull's hand was trembling and he laughed in the other's face.

"What's the matter with you?" he challenged. "You're shaking like a man with the ague."

Trull stamped to his feet.

"I'm going outside for a moment," he replied.

"Better put dry socks on," Lee jeered. "You don't want to get cold feet."

Trull growled inarticulately and moved toward the door. Lee heard the door open, listened without turning his head for the sound of Trull's footsteps, for the sound of the closing door. The door did close, but Lee knew that Trull had not gone out, was just behind him. His head leaned back against the upright of the bunk and he smiled widely.

The narrow cabin was suddenly filled with an explosive roar of sound. Then it became very still.

Trull's decision to kill Lee had long been in the brewing. The idea had first come to him during the previous summer, when the gold madness was heavy on the man. To see the hoard accumulating day by day; to know that in the course of events only a small part of it would be his; to know that by the pressure of his finger on the trigger he might have the whole had tormented him with unspeakable greed and hate. Trull was not a bold man; he was simply a weak man. The thought of murder at first appalled him, horrified him, and he sought to put it aside; but always it returned. It is a fundamental truth of human nature that if we contemplate an appalling thing for a sufficiently long time it becomes less terrible in its aspects, and we are more easily reconciled to its possibility.

During the early winter away alone along the trap line or in the cabin where he did two men's work while Lee sat helpless, the dreadful project returned to his thoughts again and again; seemed more and more simple, more and more reasonable; seemed more and more the logical and natural thing for him to do; until at last his long irritation was crystallized into a ferocious lust to kill.

He left the cabin that morning intending to creep back and watch his chance and shoot the other down. His courage for the moment failed him; but during the two days that he was alone he hardened himself to the deed. When at last he returned and saw the mockery in Lee's eyes it awakened the old madness in him and—now Lee was dead.

For a moment after the discharge of the pistol had filled the little cabin with a thunder of sound Trull stood very still in the doorway, watching his partner's body where it sat without movement upon the bench. He had expected Lee to fall, to topple forward and slide limply to the floor. He had a moment's panic, a moment's fear that he had missed his aim. Then the gun roared again and then again. Lee's body slumped a little, that was all. Trull crept forward, tiptoeing as though he were afraid of being heard, until he could see the dead man's countenance, until he saw the open eyes, the wide sardonic grin. This was death. It somewhat reassured him. He laughed, brushing the sweat from his forehead with the sleeve of his coat, straightened his shoulders with a feeling of achievement, of liberty, reloaded his revolver and jammed it into its holster. Then he stepped to Lee's bunk and jerked aside the blankets beneath which the pouch, heavy with gold, was always kept. His lips were wet with greed.

The pouch lay there; but when he picked it up he perceived that it was empty. This moment was the beginning of Lee's vengeance on Trull. The murderer held the limp poke in his hands, staring at it, stupefied with surprise. He could not believe his own senses. With fumbling fingers he loosened the cord that bound its throat and thrust his hand inside; felt a crackle of paper there. He drew the paper out and saw it bore writing, stooped near the lantern and read what Lee had written:

My dear Trull: If I have any skill in reading men's minds, then I read yours today. If I am right in what I thought I saw you have decided to kill me. I could readily enough kill you first; but there would be small satisfaction in that, since it would not save my own life. But there are other things I can do. You believe that, having killed me, you will become my heir. You expect to snatch the gold and flee away from here. But, my friend, I have bound you to this spot with a threefold cord—as you have now begun to understand. OSCAR LEE.

Trull read these scribbled lines in something like a state of stupefaction. He was not a quick-witted man; he had not as yet fully appreciated the fact that the gold was gone. He was bewildered by the discovery that Lee had expected death. There was a space during which he stood in the middle of the cabin, watching the body of the man he had killed as though he expected it to come to life again. His hand instinctively sought the butt of his gun. But after a little his first confusion passed. Lee was dead. So much was clear; and after all a dead man could do him no harm.

The gold was no longer in the pouch. That was the point. Lee had hidden it. It was for him to find. There was plenty of time for the search. It would be months before Dace would come in the spring. Trull considered the possibilities. Lee could not walk. It was therefore unlikely that he had gone outside the cabin to hide the treasure. It must be within these walls. Trull set himself confidently enough to look for it. There was no method in his search. He tore the blankets off Lee's bunk, rummaged beneath them, looked on the floor and beneath the bunk itself. He opened Lee's packsack and fumbled through the other's garments. He looked under his own bunk, ran his hand along the top of the log below the low roof.

By and by his eye lit on the shelves where the food was stored. There were cans there, packages and boxes. He turned that way and at once made a new discovery that increased his growing alarm. The first can he touched had held baking powder. He opened it and found it empty. The coffee can likewise was empty. There had been potatoes in bags on the floor. He found in them only some sticks of wood. In his alarm he worked with desperate haste, and ten minutes was sufficient to convince him that all the other stores, with one or two exceptions, were gone. He thought at first that Lee must have hidden these as well as the gold. His search, at first directed to finding the gold, had now two objects. It was impossible the food

(Continued on Page 110)

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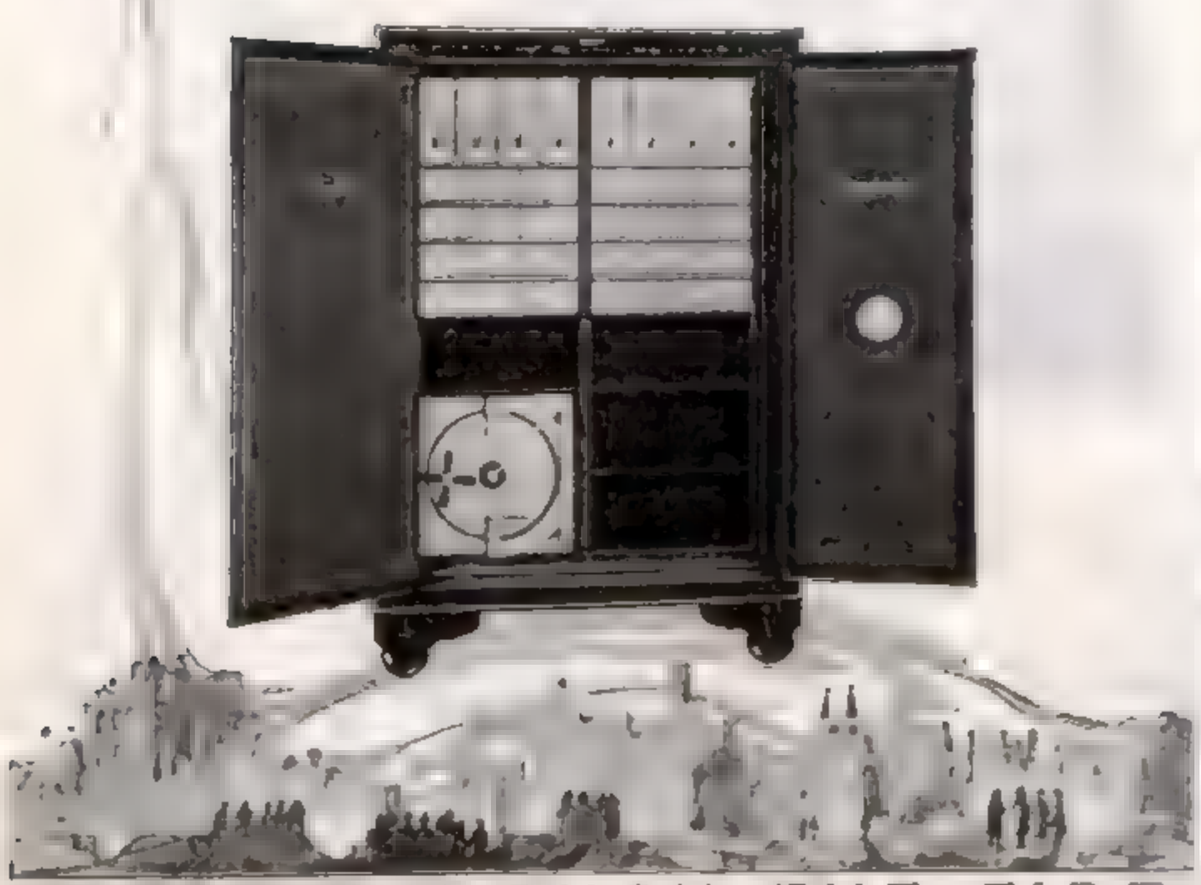

CLEAR THROUGH THE FIRE

(Continued from Page 107)

could be hidden in the cabin. Lee must after all have gone outdoors. But when Trull went outside to look he saw that the only tracks in the snow were his own, made days before.

Toward midnight, his search a frenzy now, he became conscious of increasing cold in the cabin and realized that the fire was low. When he lifted the lid of the stove he discovered only a few smoldering embers and among them charred fragments that he saw had been potatoes. A moment's investigation convinced him that Lee had little by little burned up their food supplies. The discovery awakened in him such a fury of anger against the dead man that he swung toward Lee's body with an insane impulse toward new atrocities. But Lee's death smile halted him and thrust him backwards. He built up the fire in the stove, then stood, warming his hands, his eyes flickering to and fro, trying to think. He must have food to live. But in sudden relief he grinned triumphantly and reassured himself with the thought that he would be able to kill enough game to keep himself alive. Even if the food were here he would not be able to carry a great amount with him when he began the flight he contemplated; but so long as he had ammunition he need not fear. The destruction of the food was not the catastrophe it had seemed. It was only necessary for him to find the gold and make his escape as he had planned.

To find the gold! He flung himself into the search with a new ferocity, and when it was still fruitless something like a madness seized the man. With an ax he split away Lee's bunk from the wall, thinking to discover a hiding place behind it. He took off the lids of the stove, looked behind the fire box and beneath it. He examined the chimney. Towards dawn he had reduced the interior of the cabin to a scene of devastation, without result. In the light of day he went outside again, unwilling to be convinced even now that Lee had not found some hiding place beneath the snow. He had abandoned himself to a frenzy in searching and ceased to regard at all the passage of time.

On the morning of the second day he became conscious that he was hungry. In the madness of his search he had forgotten the necessity for food. When hunger made itself felt he tried to calm himself, took up his rifle, intending to go out and find game. On his last trip over the trap line he had used up all the cartridges in the magazine, and he now reloaded from a box on the shelves.

A quarter of a mile from the cabin he surprised a hare that made two or three bounds and then sat up on its haunches. He aimed carefully at its head and pulled the trigger. The hammer clicked, but there was no discharge, and he ejected the shell and pulled the trigger again and again. Then the hare departed on his own affairs.

When it was gone and he could think, he realized that Lee must have tampered with the ammunition. The realization awoke in him a demoniac rage and at the same time a cold frenzy of fear. He went back to the cabin on the run, concerned now not so much with the gold as with his own life.

His only chance for safety was escape over the weary trail; and if that chance were to be seized he must move at once. Within an hour, driven by an implacable fear, he was on his way. At about the same time it began to snow.

Trull did not at any time during the hours that followed perceive that he was lost. The man was already weak from lack of food. The snow, though it was not severe, tended to blind him; and it is a fact that before he had traveled two hours he was wandering in a circle.

Toward night he made camp with the automatic certainty of habit, and crouched without sleeping over a fire that had to be constantly fed. In the morning he pressed on through the soft snow that had fallen. He still carried the rifle. His pockets were heavy with cartridges. He clung to the hope that Lee might have overlooked some of them; that some of them might respond to the impact of the hammer and kill the game he must have for food.

Twice that day he saw hares, and when the rifle misfired he shot at them with his revolver. He did this again the next morning until the revolver cartridges were all exhausted.

Once, toward noon, he saw a single caribou and threw the useless rifle to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. The animal did not move, and Trull floundered toward her through the snow, his knife in his hand, crying aloud with a very madness of hunger. But when he came to where the creature had been the beast was not there, and there were no tracks in the snow.

Toward dusk that day he topped a low knoll and saw a small troop of caribou huddled in the hollow below him. He flung himself upon his face and began to pull the trigger of the rifle, reloading madly, utterly bereft of his senses, unconscious of what he did. Before his cartridges were exhausted his fingers were so numbed by the cold that he could no longer operate the mechanism of the rifle. He sprang to his feet at last with a shout, took a step or two forward, stumbled, fell and did not rise. That night it began again to snow.

Joe Dace, making his way into the interior the following spring, when he was within no more than a mile of the valley where he expected to find his partner, came upon what had been the body of a man. He and his companion examined it, fearful that this had been Oscar Lee. Sure at last it was not Lee's body, they still sought to read the story of the tragedy. Two or three paces from the body lay a rifle, where it had been thrown or fallen, and beyond it the glimmer of brass caught Dace's eye.

He bent to look more closely and saw, scattered here and there, a score or more of rifle cartridges. He picked one up, and another and another. Each one bore the imprint of the firing pin.

Dace took out his knife and worried the ball out of one of these cartridges to see why it had misfired. When he had done so from the mouth of the brass case cascaded a little stream of yellow gold.

AMBY

(Continued from Page 15)

shouts back Hod. "Anyhow, when was you made an umps in this league?"

They bellers back and forth and finally calls in the cuckoo with the blue suit. He ain't seen nothing that looks like a balk, and gives Hynes about a minute to get his hired men back on the job, which he does with the happy smile of a hyena that's just been robbed of its youngsters.

Wilsco is the next baby up, but just as he gets set, Hynes yanks him out and slaps in Crimmins, a pinch hitter that is supposed to be good against any kinda pitching. I watches McGrath close and sees him wave his hand at Amby.

The boy throws one with his left that is high and wide and it goes by for one of them few kinds of balls about which they ain't no arguments. The next shot is from the right and catches Crimmins flat-footed. He takes a swing at it, but the ball has been in the catcher's mitt long enough to grow a beard when he does so. The same thing happens with the next one, which is also from the north side. The fourth throw is a right that goes for a ball, but after that comes a quick left that makes Crimmins so thirsty he runs over to the water bucket.

This mixing 'em up gets the crowd on its toes. They is whooping and yelling for Amby, and the racket don't help Hynes none in doing his stuff. He changes his mind three times on the next batter and finally makes a lucky guess. The bozo catches one in the groove that is good for a single when it reaches the right fielder, and two more bases when it goes through his legs.

The next three pitches is left-handers which ain't no nearer the plate than I is to my ninety-eighth birthday. Amby winds up for another throw to the batter but changes his mind and tosses right-handed to third. The runner is about eight feet off the base and they ain't nothing left for him to do but sneak out in left field and go to work.

And he gets plentiful. The Lizards is so much up in the air from the new gag that's been pulled on 'em that they plays baseball, if any, from then and on, about as good as I sings when I got a cold—or when I ain't, as far as that goes.

The infielders ain't got nothing to do but duck quick while the boys out on the grass

(Continued on Page 113)

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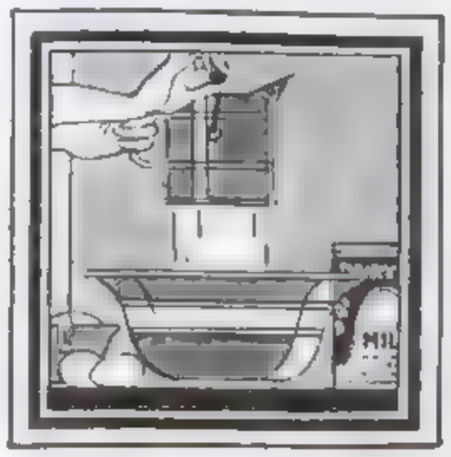

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Whiz 98 QUALITY PRODUCTS

98 Quality Products that Serve and Save

(Continued from Page 110)

run themselves ragged trying to beat the pill to the fence. The Blue Sox snag eight markers in the bing-bang fest, but Amby don't bring nothing to the party. He takes two strikes as a right-hander and the other one as a southpaw, which ain't so bad when you considers that pitchers with only one good arm don't do no better.

The rest of the game is made up of bingles and bungles, the Blue Sox doing the formal and the Lizards the later. Hynes' gang musta been sore on him because every time he sends 'em up to the plate to do some work they walks out on strikes. But all kidding on the outside, Amby does his rural delivery in grand style. He feeds the right-hand wallopers from the south side, the other kind of sluggers verser-visor, and mixes 'em up every which ways for the lads that is supposed to be good at any kinda pitching. A few of the Lizzies get on bases, but they ain't no big leads taken by no runners with the bozo in the box flinging 'em both ways.

Hynes keeps calling balks all afternoon, but it don't get him nothing excepting a little hoarse. Amby don't start off like he's going to throw with the right hand and then switch to the left. Like I told you before, he winds up with his arms straight over his head, then brings 'em down and let's go with one mitt or the other without no fancy motions.

Between every innings McGrath grabs off the kid to hisself for a confab and I don't get no chances to congratulate Amby on having me discover him. The game ends thirteen to two, Hynes having used everybody in the line-up excepting the bat boy's grandmother.

The pair of markers hooked by the Lizards is got on a coupla honest walhops, a wild pitch here or there and a missed outfield fly that even I coulda caught in my vest pocket with my coat buttoned to the neck and the sun in my eyes.

"What do you think of my horse by now?" I asks McGrath.

"I ain't got a think left over," he comes back. "I used 'em all up on Kid Stupid. I has to tell that bone baby of yourn what to do every time he throws one, and then he gums a plenty enough. If Amby only had as few brains even as you, for the instances, he'd 'a' shut out them Lizzies."

"He may have shut 'em out," I cuts in, "but not you up. You must remember, bo, if the kid had anything under them cowlicks he wouldn't 'a' let hisself get trapped on a team that ain't got no more look-in on the prize money than I has of being king of Timbucktooth. Try and get a hit off that."

A little while later I gets a chances of a few words with Amby. He don't look so happy like a busher should that's just knocked the heaviest gang of sluggers in the league for a row of whiffs.

"You done fine," says I. "What do you think of the big-league stuff as far as you is gone?"

"Not so much," comes back Amby. "They is too many people trying to tell you what to do here. The manager keeps talking to me all the times, and then the catcher is got something to say and they don't leave nothing to my judgments. What do they think I got brains for?"

"Well," says I, diplomatic, "they is supposed to know what the different batters is weak on and the so forths."

"If they is so smart," asks the Snake Hollow two-wheeler, "why is they in eighth place?"

"That's easy," I spoofs. "This is a eight-team league and don't one of 'em naturally got to be eighth to make everything come out even?"

They ain't nothing that goes for a kid with Amby. He looks for a second like he's giving thinking a try.

"That's so," he says finally. "Funny, I ain't never figured that out before."

IV

I GOT other things to do besides bumming around ball yards, so I don't see Amby soon again. A few days after he two-times the Lizards the Blue Sox starts out on their first quarrels over upper and lower berths and they is gone for nearly a month.

But the rags keep me in touch with the boy. The sport pages is full of the freak doings of the kid, and he's a big draw at the gate all over the circuit. Amby wins a right smart of the games as they say up in Snake Hollow, and the Blue Sox, which has been in the basement so long they can only see good at night, climbs up into the first division, close enough to third place to hear the jingle of the show money.

The day the team comes back I drifts around to call on Hod, expecting he'll be tickled punk to see the guy that's responsible for lifting him outta the damp, but the bird looks about as pleased as a guy that's got twins, a hang-over and fired from his job the same day.

Columns of the Great Corridor in the Temple of Luxor. Part of Original City of Thebes

"What's the matter, sunbean?" I asks. "Ain't your indigestion good?"

"Nothing," yelps McGrath, "only I wish to hell you'd left that Amby cuckoo-nut in the jungles where you found him. Another month of that bozo and the squirrels will be chasing me through the park."

"Tell mother everything like a little angel pet," says I, soothing. "What's the boy done wrong by our Sal besides winning a flock of games, jamming a bale of jack in your jeans and getting the Blue Sox talked about serious?"

"I've handled a lotta shy-domes in my times," comes back Hod, "but I can say truthful without no fears of successful extradition that of all the flat tires I has ever seen Amby is in a classroom by hisself. Like Harvard Johnny Pelley used to say, he's sewer generous, meaning they ain't only one of the kind."

"He's been copping games for you, ain't he?" I asks. "What else do you expect a pitcher to do—give you trade lasts and tell you bedtime tales?"

"Yeh," admits McGrath, "he's won some games, but he's damn near wrecked me and the team doing such. He don't mind nobody, and when me and Franey, the catcher, tries to tell him something, he acts like we was asking him to commit May's hem or some of them other fancy crimes. You can imagine what a swill time I'm having trying to fight him and the other team all at the same times. Remember that game he dropped to the Coyotes?"

"I read about it," I tells him.

"Well," says he, "you not knowing barely anything, probably don't know they ain't got nothing hardly but left-hand hitters, which are suckers for southpaw pitchers, so I tries to get Amby to do most of his stuff that way."

"And?" I cuts in.

"And," goes on Hod, "he does what he he wants. After the game I asks him what the hell. Then he tells me he got to pitch the same number of balls right-handed like he does left-handed so that both wings will get the same amount of work. He don't want one to be treated no better than the other. So besides the other jobs I got I has to count Amby's throws so's they'll come out even. In that mix-up with the Coyotes he figures in the sixth inning that he's used up his quota of lefts and goes in for rights, which is cake for them babies."

"It's a sad story, mates," I agrees, "but, after all, you can stand a lot from a lad that's delivering. If he don't mind you, how does he happen to cop so often?"

"I ain't telling you everything," comes back Hod. "I gotta a few ways of getting work outta the boy. I sure hopes Amby comes through today. If we can turn them Lizzies back this afternoon we'll be sitting pretty in second place."

I kinda sympathizes with McGrath and I hunts up Amby at his flop house to have a talk with the kid. I figures he's taken a kinda liking to me and I gotta idea that maybe I can get him in line. I finds him without no troubles and he acts like he's glad to see me.

"Well, boy," says I, "you sure is burning 'em up."

"I could do much better," comes back Amby, "if they would let me alone. McGrath and some of them other players is always trying to tell me what to do. They talks like I ain't got no brains. I knows more than them babies has forgotten."

"You sure do," says I, "but listen here, my lad," and I goes on with a fatherly talk about how important it is to do what the manager and the catcher says. I tells him I got a big bet on the game with the Lizards and he should do me a favor for once anyways. Well, we talks back and forth and finally Amby says he'll do what I wants.

"But you shouldn't bet," he tells me, "because if I do what they says maybe we wouldn't win the game."

"All right," I comes back, "maybe it will be worth losing just to show McGrath and them others that they don't know everything, after which they will maybe let you alone."

"That ain't no bad ideas," says Amby with a grin. "Funny I ain't thought of that before."

Then I beats it. The boy ain't worked against the Lizards since the first time he pitched and I think it's such a cinch that he'll cop if he minds McGrath like he says he will that I planks down a bunch of kale at two to one, me taking the long end. It's about all the loose jack I got, but I figures it's like throwing bread in the waters which is bound to come up.

I gets around to the park a little late and I draws a swell surprise. Amby ain't pitching, a in-and-outer by the name of Franz doing the heaving.

"What's the big idea?" I asks Heenan. "I thought ——"

"I thought so too," cuts in Mike, "but Hod figured he'd cross the Lizzies."

"He ain't crossing nobody but me," I yelps.

I'm mad clean through. That's a swell way to treat me after what I has done to get Amby in line, and McGrath telling me he's gonna pitch the boy. I ain't told Hod about my talk with the kid, so I really ain't got no right to blame him so much, but I'm so sore I don't think nothing of that.

Well, I sits back with a grouch and watches the game. Franz is throwing some real good ball and they ain't no runs made offa him in the first seven innings. In the eighth the Lizzies begin some real hitting but the Blue Sox gets some horseshoe breaks and they ain't no runs made. Nobody ain't scored nothing so far.

When the last spasm opens up I'm not feeling so bad about my bet. The first two lads up for the Hynes layout strikes out, but the next bird gives my hopes a wallop. He catches a cripple for a clean single to right, the which seems to upset Franz considerable and he walks the next two batters.

The crowd starts yelling for Amby. That bozo's been sitting in a corner of the coop looking like bad news, and when McGrath motions him to come out cold and take a hand he don't get no happier. He walks out to the box like a bloke that's been invited to take the lead in a hanging.

"Remember," I hisses as he passes me, "do like he tells you."

They is a great hand for the kid as he takes his warm-up flings. When he's ready for the regular stuff I see McGrath go through some motions, and the boy nod. That makes me feel good. Amby's gonna do like I told him.

He lets loose from the right. Bong! Murphy reaches out just a little, and the next thing I knows they is a bunch of kids in the right-field bleachers battling over the ball. I looks over at Hod. That bozo's jumping up and down like a crazy man, which he musta been in the first place ordering a right-hand pitch to a round house killer like Murphy. He stamps around and finally shooes Amby outta the box, a rookie going in to finish the crime.

"You nut!" I yells to the Snake Hollow simp when he comes in. "You fathead!"

"I done what he told me," mumbles the boy.

"You mean to say," I hollers, "that McGrath tipped you to pitch a right to that guy?"

"Yeh," insists Amby, "and Franey, too; and I minded them."

About that time McGrath comes raging in.

"You're released!" he shouts. "You're through! Get outta my ball yard!"

"Didn't I do like you told me?" asks the boy. "Didn't you signal for a right?"

"Sure I did!" comes back McGrath. "But when did you start listening to me?"

"Today," answers Amby. "He said for me to do everything like you orders."

And he points to none other than me. Hod gives me the bloodshot eye.

"What's the matter?" I asks.

"Nothing, you cuckoo," he answers. "Only I been getting some work outta that busher of yours by giving him the pleasures of crossing me. Didn't I tell you he wouldn't do nothing like I wanted?"

"I see," says I. "When you wanted a right you asked for a left. How the hell was I to know? I thought I was doing you a favor ——"

"Do me another one," cuts in Hod. "Take this away from here."

"He don't need to," says Amby. "I got to go away anyways. They is troubles at home."

"Ma sick?" I asks.

"No," he answers. "Remember that pasture you was fooling around in at Snake Hollow? Ma writes me that some fellers was digging a hole in it while she was away visiting, and now they is oil running all over the place."

"Oil?" I yelps. "On your land?"

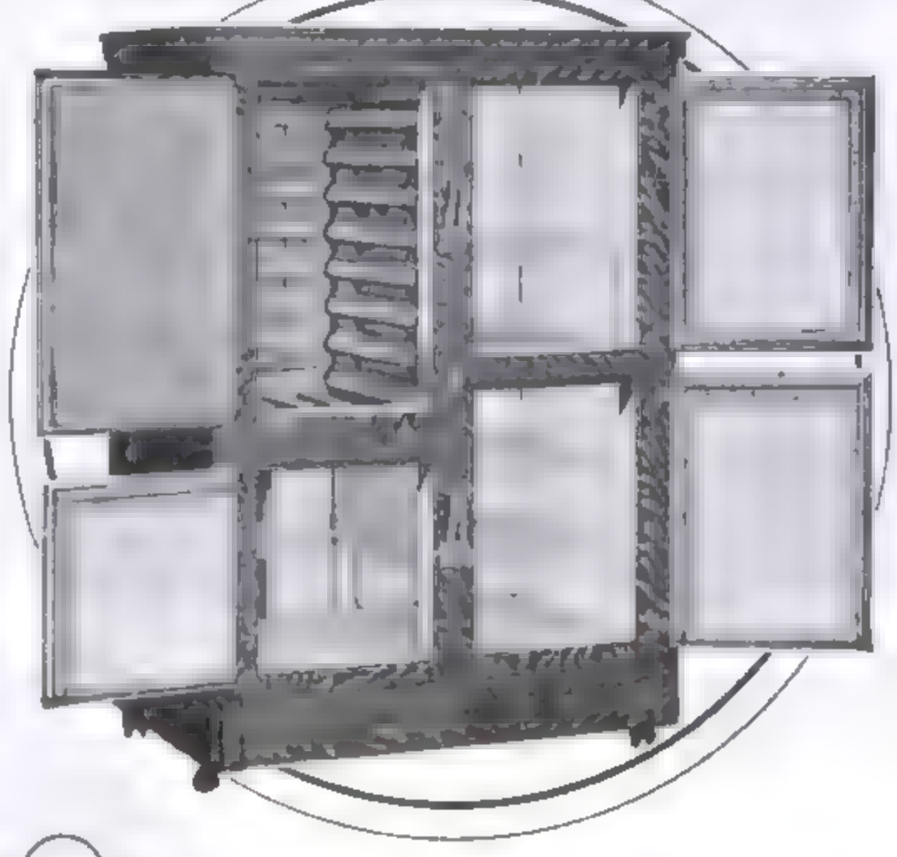
"Yeh," says he. "Where you was looking. I gotta go home and stop it."

"Stop it?" I asks. "What for?"

"That pasture is worth fifty dollars a acre," comes back Amby, "and I ain't gonna let nobody spoil it. It's pretty near ruined now, I guess."

"It and me both, kid," says I.

McCRAY REFRIGERATORS



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A McCray refrigerator in your home means wholesome, palatable meals; food kept temptingly fresh and appetizing. It means an end to waste through spoilage. And the family's health is protected from the danger of contaminated foods.

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The name McCray is recognized as the sterling mark on refrigerators, a distinction won in a third-of-a-century's devotion to the most rigid ideals of quality.

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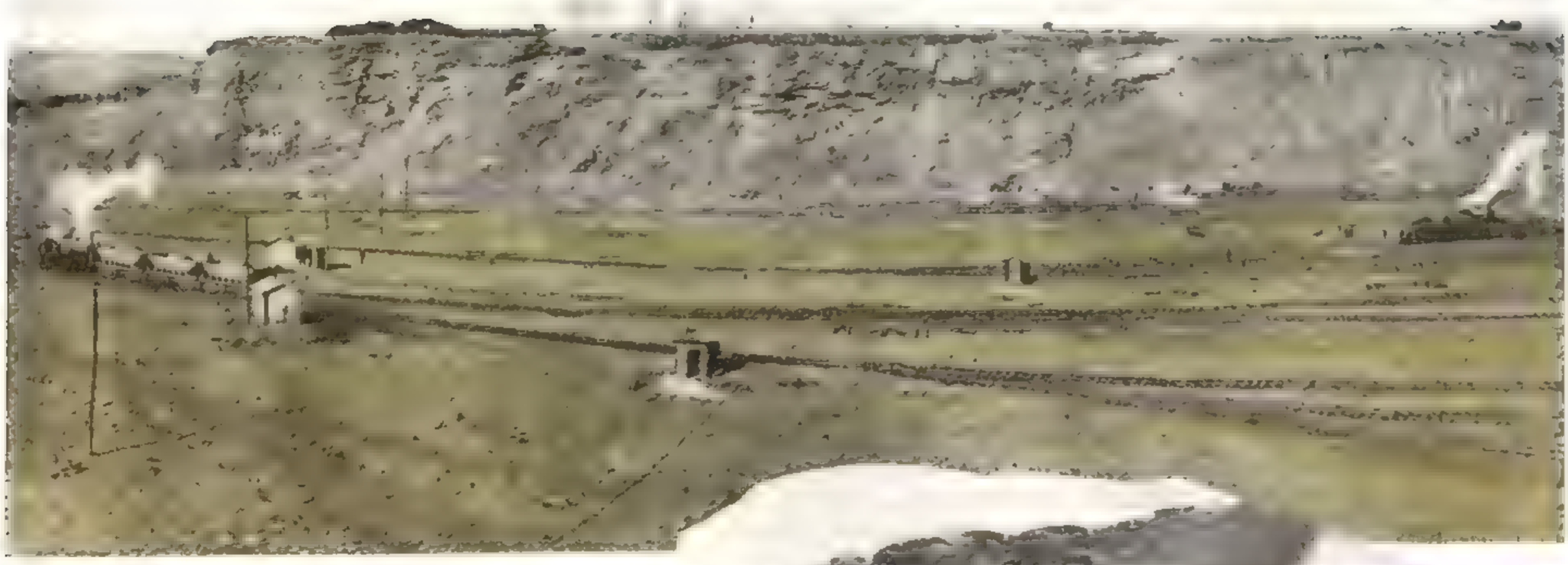
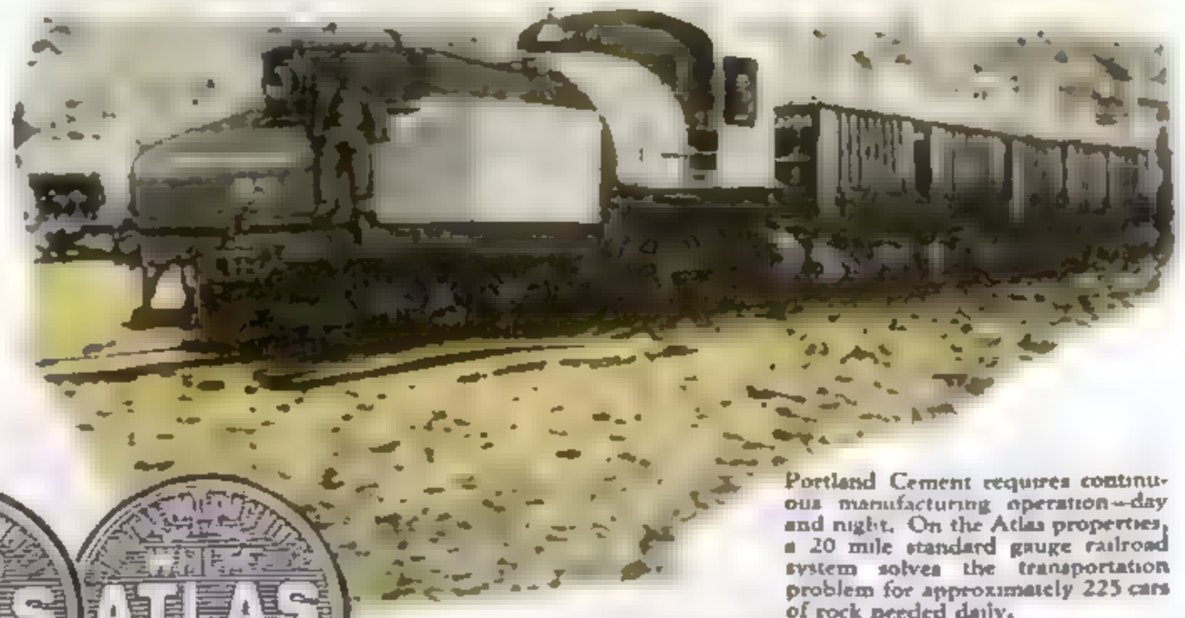


This quarry of the Atlas Mills at Northampton, Pa., is operated every day—winter and summer—and must produce 15,000,000 pounds of rock daily to supply the raw material for full capacity plant operation.

The quarry face is 115 feet high. To dislodge this solid rock, 9,000 pounds of dynamite are used in a single blast.

Each of the seven great steam shovels operating in this quarry is capable of lifting 8500 pounds each shovelful and can load a car in 15 minutes.



Portland Cement requires continuous manufacturing operation—day and night. On the Atlas properties, a 20 mile standard gauge railroad system solves the transportation problem for approximately 225 cars of rock needed daily.

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Out from the ATLAS *Quarries comes Building Economy*

OUT of the earth come many things—almost without exception time increases their price. *But the price of Atlas Portland Cement is actually less than it was thirty years ago.*

Originating in the quarry, it passes through 85 intricate manufacturing operations involving a high degree of technical and mechanical skill.

Building problems have multiplied, with congested cities, heavy traffic, modern industry. But the one material that meets the greatest variety of building needs is today the cheapest of all products involving a complete process of manufacture.

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The Atlas Portland Cement Company will be glad to answer any questions regarding the cement industry or the use of Atlas. Its Technical and Service Departments, as well as its large assortment of informative literature, are at the public's disposal.

ATLAS
PORTLAND CEMENT

It Couldn't Have Happened With Neptunite Varnish

An Amusing Tale of Boyhood Days

IT happened at Chester, N. Y., the summer the Presbyterian preacher went abroad for two months and the seats were varnished. Two months to dry and harden in, it was agreed by the Ladies' Aid Society, should be ample.

But Deacon Conklin's wife found out to the contrary when she, with characteristic force, arose for the singing of the first hymn. Tony Sarg has caught the full spirit of the occasion in his painting of the episode.

Varnishes that dried hard and *staid hard* were decidedly problematical in *those* days. Likewise in *these* as well. But happily for you, all Neptunite Varnishes *do dry hard*, and do *stay hard*. That's why almost anyone can use them. There's no special skill required.

Katharine McDowell and her Husband did all the varnishing in their new home at Bronxville, N. Y. They tell all about it in their "Diary of The House In The Woods". Send 10 cents for it. You'll find it delightfully informative.

The Four Neptunites

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"Save the surface and you save all" Paint & Varnish

Lowe Brothers
High Standard Paint

A NICE LITTLE HUNK OF GRIT

(Continued from Page 13)

He made his exit without difficulty, and proceeded to the business establishment of Rosy the fence, whose office hours were whenever he had a customer. But to Pancake's consternation Rosy wouldn't shell out.

"I tell it to you, Pencake," he said, "them pigeon-blooded rubies would be drugs from the market. I would be maybe two, three years shoving them off, because, *verstehst*, they wouldn't be any more fashionable anyhow. You got good diamonds there, but oi! oi! they would be also wicked to hendle, Pencake, because they would be cut so funny, not up-to-date. I tell it to you: I slip you maybe five hundred now, Pencake, and when I would maybe sell something I give you a percentage; and you could take it or leave it, Pencake, because positive it would be the best I could do for you—ebsolute."

"Gimme them rocks," said Pancake curtly, and walked out on him.

It was half past three in the morning, and Pancake, with one conviction behind him, was liable to be picked up on sight. He had got to unload, and that right early. A dozen complicated schemes occurred to him, but he shed them in favor of one that was simple and practical, and would at least prevent him from being caught with the goods on.

He dropped into Mike Egan's—via the family entrance and the countersign—and found the gang playing stud.

"Hello, fella," they said. "What's new?"

"Been rollin' the bones up on Fifty-ninth Street," said Pancake, yawning. This was what he had already told Fluff.

"Talk for you, did they?"

"You said it, bud! Hot dog! I trim the crowd! They read 'em and weeped. I clean one guy out of his shirt. Say, Mike, got a piece paper and a string? I want you to keep somethin' for me." With his back to the gang he wrapped seventy thousand dollars' worth of jewelry in a crumpled newspaper. "Bo! I win from everybody was there, but this guy—I got his stickpin and his shirt studs and his ticker! Put 'em in storage for me, Mike. This guy says he's gonna buy 'em back. Now then, you tinhorn sports, what are we shootin' for?"

His cash capital amounted to precisely three dollars, but by sunrise he had run this up to four hundred bucks. Yet this was not the prime cause of his effervescence. Every time he thought of how he had indianized those dicks he had to grin. He sure was sitting pretty: and after he had located some other fence who would be more reasonable than Rosy he would sign up for that long-wished-for flat, and get down to romance and revenge.

But at midafternoon of the following day, when Pancake, having just surrounded his breakfast, was lounging at ease, thumbs in waistcoat, smoking a cigar, Ed Grady pronged in without knocking.

"Hello, Pancake. I want you."

Pancake was staggered, but he grinned jauntily. "Oh, hell," he said, "I suppose you got some more finger prints like mine when everybody's finger prints is different, huh?"

"They's one little thing you forgot."

"What's that?"

Grady applied percussion to his own shirt front. "Me," he said emphatically. "It don't never pay to get gay with me, young fella, and you can paste that in your lid." Abruptly, then, his attitude changed. "Say, listen. I got to hand it to you, boy. Them toe prints give us a haw-haw all the ways from me down to the commish, see?"

"I don't quite make you, Ed," said Pancake perplexedly. "You took up chiropody for a side line?"

"Listen. Don't stall. I'm talkin' to you, see? I'm on. Now here's my offer. You didn't leave no marks, see? But I'm wised up to your style—and I got a ace in the hole, see? Now, you make a killin'. You're gonna cash in for a big piece of jack. Here's my offer. Split fifty-fifty; you get the hell out of here and stay out—and —"

"Say," said Pancake scornfully, "how do you get that way?"

"I don't say it twice. Do you take me?"

Pancake leaped out of his chair. "Sure I take you—but I take you for a farmer, see?"

"I said I got a ace in the hole, didn' I? Well, you take me, and take me quick, or I put you away for the full stretch, see? You didn't leave no marks—but Daisy, she squealed on you 's afternoon."

Pancake, like his wife, had his limit, but unfortunately his was a featherweight limit, while Grady tipped the beam at a hundred and ninety. Pancake knew that Daisy hadn't squealed on him, because she wasn't in the know, and there was nothing for her to squeal about; but he couldn't stand for Ed Grady's taking her name in vain, and so he uncorked a left swing, which never landed. Grady caught him flush on the button—which is what you and I mean by "jaw"—and when Pancake came to, the bracelets were on him, and a gat had been neatly planted on his hip.

As soon as Pancake felt that protuberance he realized how much of a fool he had made of himself. But now there was nothing to do but to leave a message for Fluff, and to send for Long again.

In view of what Ed had said about there not being no marks, however, Pancake decided to parlay his bet. Both to Fluff and to Long he swore utter ignorance of the Merrick break, which was in all the papers. Grady, he said, had come in and ridden him pretty hard, and eventually pulled a rough line about Fluff, and he had just got sore and tried to bump Ed one, so Ed had framed him.

The more eminent lawyers called Long a shyster, but he served his clients with the cream of his intelligence. "Why, Pancake," he said, "you would ought to be back in knee pants, already! Out of the bush leagues it is for a dick to ride a man like that, for to start something. Now look what he's got on you from the Sullivan Law! Out of the college a week, and a rod on you! You could get twenty years for it. Could he planted it on you if you kept what sense you was born with? I tell the world, no!"

"Can it!" said Pancake. "I got four hundred in my jeans. That's the family bank roll. You're gonna get it—what are you gonna do with it?"

"Not a lot," said Long, and he knew whereof he spoke.

The People of the State of New York, in their action against French, never sullied his reputation by the faintest hint of burglary. But for toting artillery, contrary to the form of the statute in such cases made and provided for, Pancake was given a recess of five years to think it over. The chief witnesses against him were two: Eddie Grady, and a gentleman named Monk Chase, a protégé of Ed's, who swore that he had sold Pancake that particular rod and that Pancake hadn't even paid him for it.

This, on Grady's part, was excellent technic; for technic in the Tenderloin isn't so much to send a man up for what he has actually done as for what he never even dreamed of doing. By such finesse the majesty of the law is made doubly apparent.

Daisy was broken-hearted, but still staunch. "Aw, Freddie darling! Couldn't you see, now? Next time wouldn't you play it different? Don't you see you got a jinx if you wouldn't?"

"You gonna wait for me, Fluff?"

"Aw, Freddie, don't you know?"

"We wouldn't have that flat for quite some time, Fluff—that's what bites me the most. I'd made you a lady. Now you gotta work some more. Well—you always got that grit you can hock. They'd give you the most at the Collateral. Lemme have it a sec. Gee, it's nice! 'At was some big night, Fluff. Some class. Remember? Well—now you know the way, come up often."

Of the bundle in Mike Egan's custody, not a peep! He had decided to cover up and take his chances. Because Daisy was his wife, and he was convinced now of her loyalty, he trusted her sentiments; but because she was a woman he didn't trust her judgment. Suppose he let her take the stuff and try to slide it off, and she got nabbed? That would be unfortunate for Fluff, and moreover it would react rather heavily on Pancake himself. Furthermore he had no friends to whom he cared to assign so critical a mission; friendship is a precious relationship, but boodle is something else entirely apart. Mike Egan, on the other hand, would keep the parcel for a thousand years if necessary without batting

(Continued on Page 118)

Built to Meet a New Condition

The Sedan Tire

A Perfectly Balanced Tire for Closed Cars

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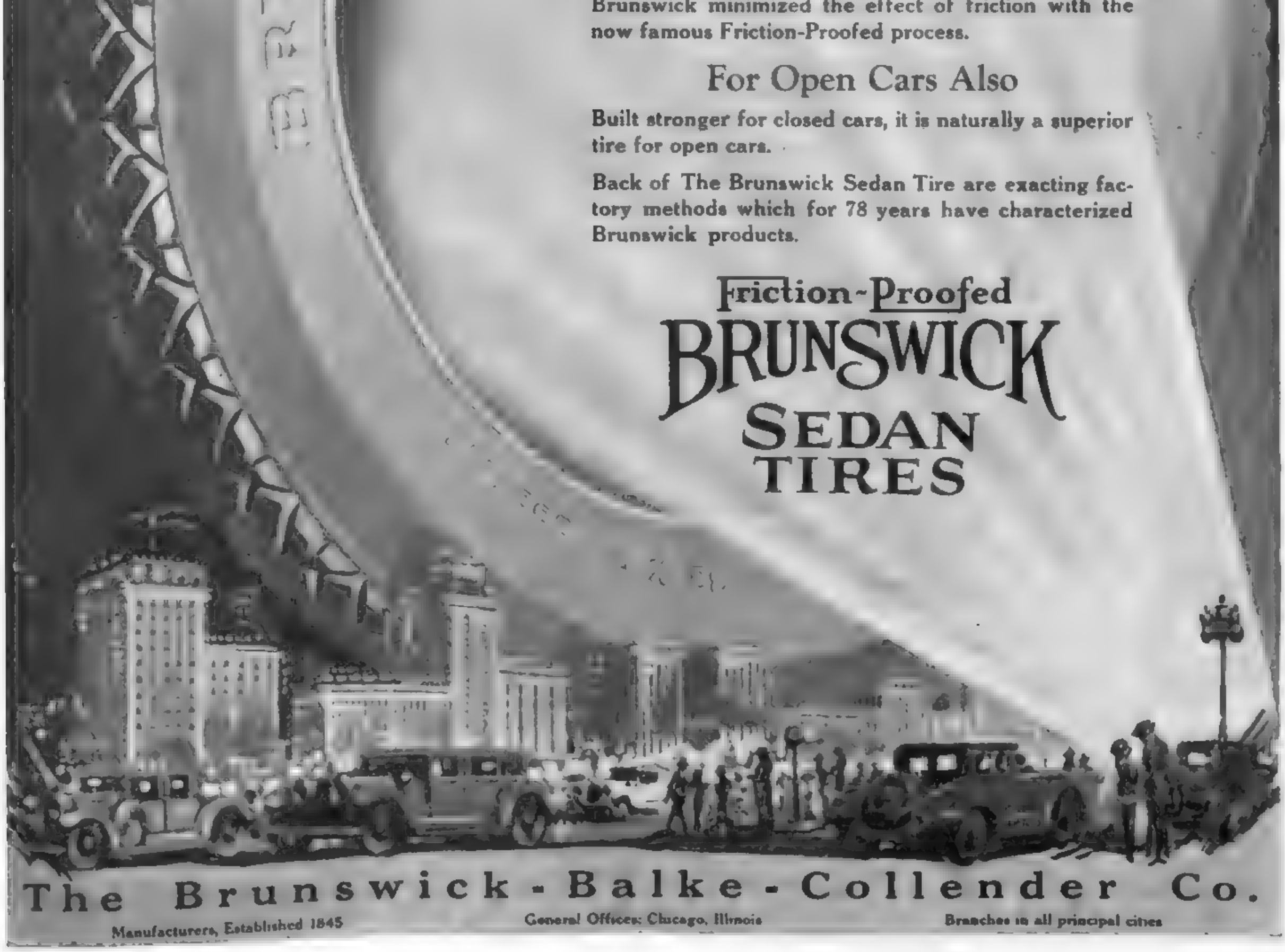

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

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The feather-weight, *flat-knit* fabric is so thin, so cool, so elastic. Yet for all its gossamer effect it absorbs perspiration as *only knit underwear* will. Does not stick to your skin like a wet handkerchief.

Each LAWRENCE garment is cut separately to pattern by hand, like hand-tailored clothing. This means roominess, comfort and correct size. Any man, no matter what his physique, can be fitted well in LAWRENCE Underwear.

And how it wears! Seams won't split and buttons *can't* come off.

Union Suits—$1.75 to $2.00; Shirts and Drawers—$1.00 to $1.25.
Two qualities: Blue Label, combed yarn, finest quality. Red Label, same durability and finish, slightly different yarn.

FLAT-KNIT Union Suits, Undervests and Bloomers for Women—perfect in fit, daintily finished.

Over 10,000 merchants sell LAWRENCE Undergarments for men and women. If your dealer hasn't the particular style you wish, please send us his name. We want to see that everyone who desires LAWRENCE Underwear is supplied.

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Established 1831 Lowell, Mass.

S. M. TOWNSEND & CO., *Selling Agents*, New York City

"For Protection, Health and Fit, Wear Underwear that's Knit."

LAWRENCE
Tailored Knit
UNDERWEAR

(Continued from Page 116)

an eye or—what was far more important—cutting the string. It was kind of tough to think of Daisy having to sling hash again while golden fortune was sitting in Mike's fireless cooker, but after all, this was safest, and Pancake had always played it safe.

As before, Daisy came up to the coop to see him, and reported that Eddie Grady was dippier than ever about her. He was getting kind of cave man too. He said that unless she came to life pretty soon and began to idolize him, he sure would learn her a few.

A month later Daisy was canned from Gallio's without cause stated; Gallio ran a policy game on the side, and needed protection. She tied up with the Every Day Lunch, and lasted eight weeks. The boss bought liquid eggs with a heavy proportion of benzoate, and a buddy of Ed's, who was on the Health Squad, told him that for the sake of his own health he could take his choice between eggs and Daisy. She moved north to the Casey Casino, but the manager's wife's cousin was a motorcycle cop, and Daisy was let out. She found refuge at the Springfield Classy Café, but as soon as Eddie located her she went out on her ear. The proprietor wanted to be an alderman.

Grady had inquired of her then if she hadn't perceived that passionate love stops at nothing—not even at the Springfield Classy Café. And he had added that he was just getting warmed up.

"I see you hung onto your grit, though," said Pancake.

"Aw, Freddie! I'd most starve, first! Only when you get out wouldn't you ——"

"Can it!" said Pancake, not unkindly. He adored her, and he was hep now to the fact that her love was undying; he certainly owed her something, but he also had debts to Eddie and Monk. And he had promised himself that in the third race he wasn't going to be left at the post.

Towards the end of the year he wrote her a sprightly epistle:

I got your kind letter of the 13 where you dont say nothing about if this kike you are working for now is going to keep you or not Or if my frend the Big Stufed Shirt you know who I mean all right has still got you on his blacklist But cheer up Fluff I have got some grand new Dope Well Monday the P. K. send for me and a swell dame is in there Well this dame who would you think it is Well it is Mrs. Hamilton Merrick thats who it is and the govenor has choose her in the Prison bord and she is all hot for merry sunshine and giving cons another lookin And the P. K. says I am the kind of bird would of been diferent if I had been diferent brought up and had a fair start and not had to be a kind of mudlark Well we chin and she says would I put up a good fast strugle if I get me a paroal and I say you bet your neck lady no kiding see And she thinks I am the Candy kid and in 6 mo. if I keep my copper she will okay me for a paroal Well that is not so bad only it kind of nocked me for a cock-eyed gool you know why Well I am well at this writeing except 3 boils on my neck but such is life Well be sure and pike up here the 1 of next mo. No more at present XXXXXX

FRED.

Daisy piked up there, and found Pancake on his toes. Indeed his optimism was so high, his sense of humor so keen, and her own joy so great that she never thought to tell him what her recent miseries had been. He never even noticed that she wasn't sporting her hunk of grit.

"Go get 'em, dices!" said Pancake jubilantly. "Say, Fluff, can you tie it? The dame don't know who I am!"

But in this, Pancake was thoroughly mistaken.

In March the principal keeper sent for him again; Mrs. Merrick wanted to chew the rag with him. Mrs. Merrick was about as slender as a German opera singer what you might call an irreducible maximum and she was all dolled up like a plush horse; but when she was through bazzing she looked to Pancake like one of the more prominent angels. She had been wise to him from the drop of the flag, she said—that was why she had been especially interested in him—but she had liked his map and his good record in the hoosgow, and she believed that it was nothing but evil influences that had put him down for the count. She had no personal resentment against him; she was simply sorry for him, from the bottom of her heart—and that was a long way. She wanted to date him up for a return engagement with society and see if he wouldn't make a better showing. She was going to swing his parole for him, and her husband would get him a job, and in return she simply wanted him to be the best there was in him. And, of course, if he welshed he would go up for the full stretch next time.

"Lady," said Pancake dazedly, "you can lead me to it!"

There was one thing more. She didn't want to embarrass him, and, of course, his second conviction had nothing to do with his first, but—well, everything else aside, did he know where the jewelry was? All of it, or any of it.

Pancake said no; and this was truthful enough, because even if it was still in Mike's fireless cooker he didn't know whether it was in a drawer or in a pigeonhole.

Mrs. Merrick produced a sigh that sounded like it came all the ways from the Bartlesville sand. The coal, she said, was mainly heirlooms; she had offered a very large reward—she named it—and hired a famous detective agency—she named it—but so far they hadn't unearthed so much as a smell. She had hoped that Pancake could help her out.

Pancake looked sympathetic. "Lady," he said, "you just don't never know what's goin' to happen. If I could do somethin' for you, believe me, I would."

Actually she was so much of a sand-lot amateur that she believed him!

His parole came at Easter. Mrs. Merrick was frolicking in the South, but she had made arrangements. Pancake was to be staked, and to proceed, in due time, to Buffalo, where his job would be ready for him. Home life was essential to honesty and happiness, said Mrs. Merrick, and so Pancake could have up to two hundred and fifty seeds, as a loan, to furnish his kennel. His boss was in the know, and would see that Pancake had a fair break. Would he kindly go to it?

But en route to Manhattan, Fluff confessed what Eddie Grady had been doing to her. She had had to hock the grit and flee for refuge to the Bronx, and Ed had promised, on what he was pleased to designate as his word of honor, that to punish her for not loving him he was not only going to learn her a few more but that he was also going to railroad Pancake again, and this time for the limit.

Pancake said little, but he thought much—both of Eddie and of Eddie's friend, Monk Chase.

"Say, Fluff," he demanded, "what's Tom McDermott doin'?" Tom McDermott was the duke's brother-in-law, a former-plain-clothes man, straight as a string, who had gone into the private-detecting business.

"Why, the same place. Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered," said Pancake absently.

As soon as he could break away from Daisy he hurried down to Mike Egan's, where his heart almost stopped beating until, after the eighth handshake, Mike said, "Why, seems to me you did leave somethin' here once. This it? Yeah, I see where I put your name onto it. . . . Here! Where you goin'? Stick around while I open a bottle of glue."

But Pancake was booked for a heavy thinking act, in solitude.

Alone in the familiar back room, he sat staring at the whisky calendars. It was more than half a year now since he had planned a sly joke on Mrs. Hamilton Merrick. He had planned to do up the junk in an old bonbon box, and ship it to her husband's office, marked "Personal." This would tickle her to death, and besides, when the stuff was so queer that Rosy wouldn't take a shot at it, Pancake might have trouble in working it off elsewhere—to say nothing of the fact that he couldn't afford to be caught. But there was another side to it. If Pin-Cushion was so willing to pay twenty-five grand for the collection, who was he to deprive her of that privilege, especially when he could kill two birds with one club? To Mrs. Merrick, twenty-five grand was merely cigarette money.

"Well, it's kind of stingin' the old dreadnought," said Pancake to himself regretfully, "but I got to do it."

He moseyed out to the bar and made a few casual inquiries which produced astonishingly good results. Ed had been seen playing pitch at the ward political club only twenty minutes ago, and Monk Chase was up at Rooney's. Apparently Pancake's stage was set, and there was no brains in delaying the curtain. Accordingly he strolled around to a cigar store where there was a public telephone booth, and put through three calls in judicious undertones—one to Ed, one to Monk, and one to Tom McDermott. And everything was

working for him tonight; the jinx was benched and out of the game.

And so, when Eddie Grady, answering what he took to be an urgent message from his best stool pigeon, tapped on the door of Monk's chambers, abutting the Sixth Avenue Elevated, Pancake was there as a reception committee of one. Pancake knew this rookery of old, and he had known how to slide into it without disturbing anybody. And inasmuch as he was giving Ed the advantage of more than sixty pounds in weight, Pancake had thought it fair enough to increase his own physical resources by, say, two pounds and a half of lead pipe, wrapped in an evening journal.

"What you got it dark for? What's the matter with your lights, Monk?"

"Not one little damn thing," said Pancake, and wielded the baton.

Grady went down without a squawk, but Pancake caught him, so that there was no heavy fall, and besides, out on the L tracks, an uptown express was deafening the universe.

Grunting, Pancake dragged him to the middle of the room and, resisting a wholesome urge to kick him in the slats, stooped and listened to Ed's breathing. He had timed the wallop beautifully; Ed wasn't croaked, but he would stay stunned for an hour. Pancake grinned and got busy—and he was a fast worker.

In Ed's side pocket he stowed a necklace of pigeon-blood rubies which Mrs. Hamilton Merrick's grandmother had worn at the Court of Saint James. In Ed's tie he thrust one of Mr. Merrick's scarfpins. He broke the chain of a lavallière and tucked it in Ed's coin purse. Of the remainder of the Merrick gems he distributed half in a drawer of Monk's bureau—and left the drawer open—and strewed half in generous profusion over the carpet. He took Ed's gat, and laid it on the floor near Ed's hand. Last, he took out Ed's watch, set it ahead forty minutes, wrapped it in his handkerchief, smashed it on his heel, and let it drop where it would.

"There, you big bum," said Pancake cheerfully, "dream on!"

In five minutes he was back at Egan's, where there was hardly time to buy a round for the crowd before Tom McDermott came in to keep an appointment with him. Pancake took him into the inevitable rear room and locked the door.

"Say, Tom," said Pancake, "you're on the dot. Say, listen. Why I phoned you was this: Would your outfit want to make a deal?"

The duke's brother-in-law, who was straight as a string, became intent. "What kind?"

"Say, listen," said Pancake engagingly. "If I tip you off so you guys cop a reward, where do I fit in?"

McDermott eyed him thoughtfully. "Why, goin' in blind, I'd say about a quarter."

"Not near enough, Tom! Not near."

"Then loosen up. What's the idear?"

"Listen, Tom. I know where the Merrick stuff is."

McDermott jumped. "What?"

"Sure. And I know you folks got that order. I been told. I know you knock down twenty-five grand. Well, you got to keep my name out of it, and slip me a even half, see?"

McDermott considered it, frowning. "Is that on the level?"

"You said it."

There was a long pause. McDermott's agency had worked more than a year on that case and never got a clew.

"All right, Pancake. We'll trade with you." And Tom McDermott was an honorable man.

Pancake leaned forward. "Monk Chase," he said under his breath. "Monk done the job, and he's got the stuff still. The fences wouldn't touch it here, so he's gonna take it over to Chi."

"Where is it now?"

"Monk's room. He told me—today. Say, listen, Tom. You know why I'm givin' it away?"

"Well, I heard Mrs. Merrick got you out. That it?"

"Sure. She's the one told me they hired you, see? But they're more to it than that. You know where I stand with Ed Grady?"

"Yeah."

"Well, Ed's my meat, see? And he was in on the deal. It's a split. Monk told me. He's been takin' care of Monk, see? He was Monk's lookout when Monk done the job, see? That's why I'm spillin' it too."

"Say, Pancake, you know me. Is that straight?"

"Hell! Go over there and—say, what's your time?"

"Eleven-five."

"Monk's shootin' craps at Rooney's. Get a couple bulls and go take a squint. Monk told me."

"Well, I guess I might."

"Leave me out of it, Tom."

"Didn' I say I would?"

As they passed through the bar Pancake again asked the time. Mike Egan said it was 11:07, but Young Buffo and Bald Jim said it was 11:08.

Monk Chase had been requested by telephone—and in Ed's name—to be in his room at 11:15, neither before nor after, but on the tick of doom. And Eddie Grady's watch had been stopped at 11:20.

The Buffalo express was pulling out of 125th Street when Pancake, clutching his wife's arm, showed her the headlines. And while she snuggled to him, palpitant, he interpreted what was in the papers.

"Yeah," he said, "these guys got a line on Ed and Monk, see? So they're snoopin' around Monk's place when Monk comes out on the hotfoot, and when he spots 'em he starts to duck, so they nip him, see? His kicks is full of ice, see? So they go up top, and there's Eddie laid out stiff with a rap on his knob, see? His clock was busted, so they see where Monk just done him it a couple minutes before. Ed's got some coal on him, too, and he'd snaked out his gat, and one of the dog collars was broke, so they must had quite some scrap, see? So this is the dope: Monk had the stuff, and Ed was shakin' him down for a divvy, see? So Ed, he must of pulled somethin' rough—he's a strong-arm guy anyways—and grabbed some coal for hisself, and Monk had this here persuader, and Ed drawed his gat, but Monk beat him to it, see? Well, what they both says, first off, don't hitch; Ed says Monk beaned him soon's he come in the door, and Monk says he never beaned him at all. But after ——"

He had to halt and laugh. How well he had understood human nature! How well he had known that Monk, punctual to what he imagined to be Grady's orders over the telephone, would enter, switch on the lights, stand aghast—and then lamp the stones and obey his impulse. His impulse would be to scoop up what he could and make a get-away.

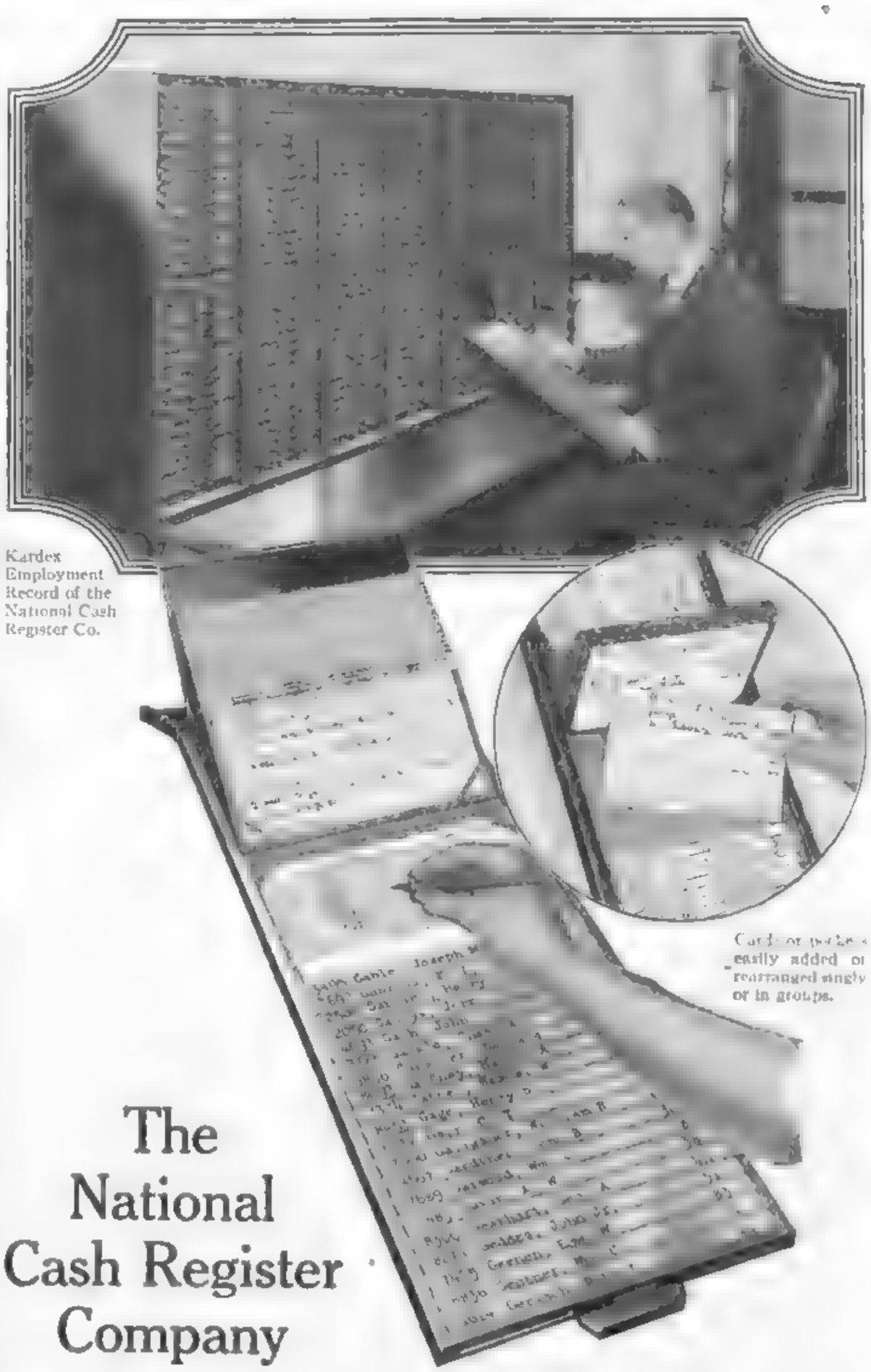
"Yeah," said Pancake, "but after—when they both of 'em get the third degree—they open up and tell everythin' they got on each other since Judas was a pup. It reads kinda raw. Yeah, they'll get theirs, all right, all right. About twenty-five years."

Fluff said nothing, but huddled closer.

"And I and you," said Pancake, "are gonna get that flat we been talkin' about, and Ed ain't gonna rule me no more, never. All furnished. And a phonograph. You could sing your block off to it. That ain't so worse even if it is Buffalo."

She drew a prodigious breath. "Is they any chance of gettin' my ring back ever, Fredgie? I did love it so."

"Why, yeah," said Pancake heartily; "I guess they is, at that. I got some kale owed me. The guy owes it, he'll come across. Yeah, you'll get it back, all right, all right. But say, Fluff! That wasn't only a measly little hunk of grit, any ways you look at it. Where'd you soak it—Collateral? Well, soon's I get my hooks on this kale that's owed me I'll swap it in for a regular one. Say, what colored upholstery we gonna have in our flat, Fluff—red or green?"



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KARDEX

BARBRY

(Continued from Page 23)

In the midst of her alarm Barbara felt a big rescuing hand reach from the aisle.

"Mr. Belden," observed the sweeper mildly, "I don't pertend to interrupt you, but here's a little girl'd ought to be headin' home, or she'll git scolded; and Jen Savory, though entitled to all the credit doo, has a command of words rougher'n a rip-gut fence any day. Pick up your trotters, my dear. Jen Savory won't love me so, nor speak good of my name, if I keep her waitin' for you."

Outdoors again, the bright morning lay spread before them; river and hollow fields made a prospect of liberty. Barbara stood free once more with her protector, hearing the Peabody bird sing on Boxberry Hill.

"What did he mean?" she asked. "He scared me. Things crimson washed in snow white as wool"

Captain Barzillai had stowed away his new broom in the vestibule behind the great mournful stove. He laid both hands on her shoulders from behind, and so looked downhill over her.

"Why, it's a mystery," he answered. "Parson means all right for a man of his age and learnin'. Don't you fret, so long's you do your own dooty. Let's us go home. For'ard, march!"

They were walking on, but not yet beginning to descend, when a noise greeted them, and shouts.

"Ged up! Come, ged up, you! Give 'em the whiplash, 'Niram! Come on now, hoop her out! Earn your oats! Pull!"

Near by, in a field opposite the church, a group of men made a turmoil round two stout bay horses that tugged and sent turf clods behind their heels, trying to draw an old hemlock stump.

"Can't fetch her!" cried the driver, despairing. "She cuddles to her bed like an old Plymathrock hen hatchin' glass aigs!"

The horses gave back, ceased hauling, as though of the same opinion with him.

"Go hire a steam darrick!" jeered one of the bystanders. "Or else go git Cap'n Pagan."

"There he is now, this minute!" bawled the driver, pointing his whip. "Hey, talk of angels! Cap'n, come help snake her out for us, will ye? We don't seem to thrive, somehow."

The captain laughed, winked at Barbara, then slowly took off his blue coat, which he folded and hung across a young tansy bush.

"Guess I'll have to," he said in apology.

Next moment he was over the stone wall and down in the pit of brown earth which circled the hemlock stump.

"Wait till I git mad!" he shouted, grappling the worn, silvery trace chains. "Ready, boys!" His back rounded and swelled his waistcoat. "Now! Out!"

At the thunder of his voice the bay horses plunged forward nobly, and dug hoofs into the grass. He pulled behind them under their lifted tails.

"Hurray!"

Up, slowly, with a ripping noise, then all at once, the hemlock butt tore forth from its pit and whirled along the grass, a broken cloud of earth and roots and flying dirt.

"Hurray!"

Barbara joined their cheer, shrilling, hopping on the wall. One of the men heard her and turned with a good-humored laugh.

"Cap'n Pagan's the boy, ain't he?" said this man. "Hey? Cap'n Barzy Pagan can pooty nigh outhaul any span of hosses ever was foalded. Can't he?"

Barbara skipped again and clapped her hands. The sentiment was a glorious one.

"You bet you!" she replied. "He can do anything!"

Not until afterward, some hours later, at home, did she understand who had been her companion, the hero of her day. Knowledge came to her while she sat turning the grindstone for Bion Savory, who had a hatchet to sharpen.

"Do you know a Captain Pagan?" she asked.

The deacon grunted.

"Sings in choir, sometimes." He pressed the hatchet more heavily on the monotonous upcircling rim, so that blue-gray water spurted. "Pagan by name, Pagan by natur'. So mother says. Pow'ful strong man, though. Old Cap'n Pagan, he can hold two fifty-pound chists o' tea, one on the flat of each hand, straight out, and not a muscle quaver. You seen him in church"

"I don't turn round, Sundays," replied Barbara. She toned at the iron crank of the grindstone, and thought. "Has he got a boy—my age?"

"Older," said Bion. "Goes to sea by now. Andrew Pagan. He's good for naught."

VII

ANYONE who had called the Savorys unkind to their little maid—supposing her worth discussion—would have got no support among their neighbors. Both man and wife were too well known as "good stiddy folks, perfessors, not a mean streak in 'em." Jen, moreover, knew herself for a woman who had plenty of sense, and who could judge the plenty or dearth of it in others. To follow truth was her conscious aim; doing so, her unconscious method was to meet a fact bluntly, find it as plain as the pug nose on her face and tramp ahead to meet the next, flat-footed. Everyone should do likewise. There was no time to deviate. For a long while, especially after that rubbish about what's-name turning into butterflies, Jen more than suspected the child was a born liar; yet, feeling no surprise, she felt no call at present to become either more or less kind than before, and said nothing, but waited for the fact to cross her path.

Even when Barbara came home late from her three-mile errand the deacon's wife did not rant or storm.

"Humph! There y'are." Jen looked down at her coldly and sniffed. "All day to it. Could 'a' gone my own self to Jericho and back—twicet."

It was another thing altogether which brought hatred between them.

The wreck of Shakspere under the stairs had been rescued, every leaf, half leaf, shred of print hunted out among the moccasins, fitted together like a puzzle, carefully pasted with flour; and now, wrapped in brown paper, it lay under Barbara's bed, a mess of glory. She read it, straining her eyes in the dawn, by snatches while dressing; at night she plunged into it for another breathless moment until a voice ringing up the stairway told her to blow out that candle, quick: and once, on the window ledge she had tried vainly to read by winter moonlight, shivering. In the dark, when she lay and remembered scraps, they shone like leaves from a golden bough.

One dull day of summer rain, being sent up attic to fetch a candle mold, she made a second great discovery. The attic itself was a place of awe-struck delight, into which her head bobbed suddenly from a black stair hole, so that her eyes could peer, no higher than a mouse's or a fairy's, right along the floor. Broad boards tilted and creaked underfoot, raindrops drummed overhead on other broad boards, eighteen and twenty inch pine that, upheld by half-round rafters with bark on them, slanted down to the yawning mystery of the eaves. Under there, among huge rose-red chimneys, gaped the dangerous ground of striped lath and plaster, in coffinlike deeps.

"If you trod on that one," thought Barbara, "which room would your legs go into downstair?"

Almost she dared try the experiment, but not quite. She moved on toward that dim eastern window set low in a triangle of darkness.

"Gins and pitfalls. Doleful critters of the pit."

To right and left hung or lay grisly white skeletons of hoop skirts. Behind those two corner chimneys, ahead, lurked the giants Pope and Pagan. She no longer feared Pagan, for she knew his family now, in the open air.

"Turn not aside your footsteps. Keep to the firm ground."

So, at a gingerly pace and with delicious dread, she came safe through the valley. The attic window being at floor level, she could stretch up to where hung the candle mold, a long six-barreled affair of tin. Reaching so, her hand brushed something among cobwebs on a shelf over the window.

"A book?" She pulled the thing down, blew off dust and stared. "Oh! It is!"

She knew it at once, and rightly, for another of the dead soldier's books. Both covers were gone; its back was all cracked glue and broken twine; and the first remaining page began in the middle of things:

—— to her uncle. Cressida therefore ——

Down on the floor sank Barbara, holding her treasure close to the panes and diving straight into the heart of Troy.

"It's them!"

Here were old friends, Troilus, Cressida, many others, Greek fighting men from their tents, Priam and his sons, of whom Barbara had often longed to know more; the same noble company who swept through those other pages, leaving her dazzled. This great prize, and the one beneath her bed, must be brother miracles. The child read on quickly, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright. Soon came a loss or disappointment, for here the company were not alive and talking, but still, dry and faded, like pressed flowers or the autumn maple leaves in Mr. Savory's fat Congress book.

That voice downstairs began to call. Barbara jumped on foot, took the candle mold from its nail, but stooped for one last flying glance and a rustle of the pages.

"Pictures! O-oh! . . . Yes'm, I found it!"

She ran, blinded with excess of beauty, and fell thumping down the last few steps of the dark stair. Bruises were nothing. She had seen chariots, warriors, beautiful women turned to pillars of stone from the waist down, a curly-haired god with ram's horns, queer pieces of money fastened together like sleeve buttons, naked men taming bulls and horses, a nightmare snake squashing three other men ——

"Tumble-toes!" said Jen, in the kitchen. "Did ye go dent my mold for me?"

"No'm," answered Barbara meekly.

The dead schoolmaster's classical dictionary had found a worshiper. It was adored in secret, where it had waited so many years. For some child's reason or other, Barbara let the book stay over the attic window, perhaps to keep all she could of the first thrill. Thenceforward, when vanishing, she crept to the attic and lay hid, to wander through incomprehensible worlds, a traveler in an antique land, crossing the desert of fine print to halt at some lovely half-buried fragment, a labor done by Hercules, the farewell taken by Regulus, or catching gleams of radiance where another eye would have seen poor line drawings, cheaply engraved, pitiful versions of picture or statue.

For a time no other eye saw them. Her moments of delight were scattered through many weeks, all summer, when the attic became an oven, breathless with the faint smell of old pine lumber baking.

An afternoon late in autumn found her lying flat on her stomach, waving her heels, now trying to read of Jupiter and Io, now staring out through the little panes in the gable. A thunderstorm had gone overhead, crossed the river, and blotting the far shore, the ridges and the sky, reared there, stupendous, a wall of blue-black menace. Against this Bion's clump of sugar maples flamed in the sun, yellow fire tossed aloft with unearthly and almost terrific beauty. A battle, it seemed, drawn up between living light and the darkness of death, while she, high on Savory's Hill and in the peak of the house, watched as from a tower. Barbara forgot her book. Echoing rumbles of thunder made the attic seem very still.

She had heard no footfall, but sat up, turned and beheld Mrs. Savory's head regarding her from the hole in the floor.

"Well, there you be!" said Jen. "So this is where you run to!"

The woman swayed heavily up the last few stairs, came forward, stopped near the window, and folding her hands looked down.

"So there you be!" she repeated.

It is probable that she was in good enough humor, but unfortunately her face wore no smile. By ill chance, too, Barbara set her knees quickly on the book and drew down the hem of her skirt. Instinct, nothing more, told her not to have this other world profaned.

"What you got there?" Jen demanded sharply.

Her voice frightened Barbara into silence.

"Give me that thing!"

She snatched the book, eyed it with cold suspicion, and putting in a square, capable finger to mark the page, turned the leaves like a judge looking for some iron-bound sentence.

"Git up!" She yanked Barbara to her feet. "You come downstair out o' here!"

Without another word, she led or dragged her captive by the wrist down slowly to the kitchen, not letting go till they both stood on the hearth. It was not yet suppertime, but the beginnings of a fire burned there. Between the andirons lay a tin pan heaped spirally with apple peelings, against which leaned a black-handled case knife. Sunshine, clean-washed by the thunderstorm, bright with a quality almost hard and glittering, poured through the room from low in the west.

Jen continued to search the volume. At last she turned back to her marking finger and read.

"Jupiter and Ten?" she grumbled, repeating unawares a wornout joke. "It don't make sense. Ten what?"

Her lips moved, forming the hard words, then shut, twisting, like a purse with a snap.

"'He loved the beautiful maiden.' Did, did he, the old —— 'Juno accordin'ly sent a gadfly' —— She better. Humph!"

The deacon's wife slapped those pages together and bent downward a stony look.

"Shame! Ain't you ashamed of yourself, stuffin' your head with all this rubbage?" Her voice trembled. "Nasty nakit people! Heathen idols! I'll learn him," she cried suddenly, "to come bullin' round here!"

She whirled the book into the fire.

"Right place for that!"

A pause of astonishment followed, while the running water tinkled its music in the sink. Then came a choked cry, or squeak, a rage of tears, and Barbara, clutching among the apple skins, had caught the black handle and flung herself upward at that bulk which, for an awful moment before she shut her eyes, loomed so broad against the sunlight.

It was a feeble onslaught, the revolt of a mouse. The dull, round-pointed blade would not have cut cloth. But Jen, in spite of her goodly size and calm habit, was a timid woman. Though she took away the case knife easily, her hands shook and her voice went high.

"You wicked, wicked girl!"

The hill water tinkled on iron again. At last Mrs. Bion spoke in her own way, coldly.

"Pick up your book!"

The remnant of dictionary had tumbled off the backlog and fallen to one side among ashes. It lay there dishonored but unburnt.

"Pick it up!"

Barbara obeyed in a stupor.

"From this hour for'ard," said Jen, in her deepest tone, "you can do what you like with your own nasty truck. At your age! Knifin' fo'ks. Your father's blood come out in ye. Take your indecency and kerry it off!"

She turned, walked slowly over to the sink, and with an air of tragedy put both hands into the running water.

"I wash my hands of ye," she declared. "Go your own gait after this. I meddle no more with your bringing up, young lady. There!"

As autumn went by she kept her word; at first loftily, having been scared, then with indignation that died away and flamed up; at last in the settled gloom of one who had a vow to remember. Meanwhile not a word, either of the fact or of its cause, reached Bion's ear. He heard no complaint, though he saw well enough how his wife not only failed to get on with their little girl, but tried less than ever. Women folks were made so, three-cornered. Bion let it go at that, finding little time to study indoor whims, when outdoors he had as a farmer his daily single combat with Nature always on hand, always unfinished. Barbara followed him, between times, like a lost puppy. He felt glad to have her along, but neither showed nor thought of showing any pleasure.

In their silent way, though each kept a different silence, they were becoming friends. Bion had one passion, unfulfilled—horseflesh, noble breeding and great speed—of which he would sometimes talk as a poor man will of hopes beyond hope. The child said little or nothing. Perhaps he guessed part of the dumb love that followed him at heel, watching with solemn black eyes. The deacon was never to know it fully.

On a misty morning, the first light snow, skin deep, melted from the ground. Barbara had gone an errand and come home, in mud at every step, with nothing else to see but dark, smoky trees in grayness. Even the barn was lost, except for a tall

(Continued on Page 124)

Roll Call

of White Truck Fleets

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THIS year's Roll Call of White Truck Fleets covers thirteen years of transportation experience by the foremost truck owners in the country. Nothing like it in *extent and quality* of ownership has ever been published by any other maker. It is impressive evidence of White *leadership*.

The list shows a steady, yearly growth of individual fleets in every line of trucking service, among a class of owners who *know* motor trucks. It includes only fleets of ten White Trucks or more, totaling 21,773. There are now 57,678 Whites in fleets of all sizes, and a host of single trucks.

The Roll Call is Industry's endorsement of White Truck performance.

	1910	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	To-day
Abbotts Alderney Dairies, Inc.	0	0	1	4	6	7	8	8	14	17	30	44
Abraham & Straus	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	17	45	45	47
Acme Cash Stores	0	0	1	1	3	3	4	5	10	10	12	12
J. N. Adam & Company	0	6	8	8	8	8	8	10	17	19	28	32
City of Akron, Ohio	0	0	1	1	1	4	5	8	11	17	15	16
Akron Pure Milk Company	0	0	2	3	6	6	6	6	13	13	13	10
Akron Storage & Contracting Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	5	10	10	10	10
Alabama Coca Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	6	7	13
B. Altman & Company	0	8	8	33	67	92	92	93	93	94	94	94
American Agricultural Chemical Co.	0	1	1	1	1	5	8	9	17	38	38	40
American Ambulance Field Service	0	0	0	0	0	1	22	22	22	22	22	22
American Bakery Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10	12
American Can Company	0	4	7	8	8	33	56	66	70	80	88	90
American Fruit Growers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	11	11
American Ice Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	7	7	8	15	17
American Petroleum Company	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	2	6	10	15	18
American Power & Light Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	26	26	26	29	29
American Relief Admin (Russia)	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	9	13	15	26
American Railway Express	0	3	14	22	27	88	98	111	121	128	196	274
American Red Cross Society	0	0	0	0	0	0	86	122	123	123	123	123
American Steel & Wire Company	0	1	5	5	4	10	16	20	23	29	30	30
American Stores Company	0	2	9	14	14	15	29	37	51	97	80	80
American Tobacco Company	0	0	1	2	3	4	9	14	14	17	19	19
American War Relief Clearing House	0	0	0	0	2	18	32	32	32	32	32	32
Ammen Transportation Company	0	2	7	8	9	11	11	32	32	32	32	32
Anchor Cartage Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	8	12	13	15	15
Anderson Bros	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10
Anderson Transportation Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	6	6	6	12
Anheuser-Busch, Inc.	0	0	0	0	1	17	19	19	20	20	28	17
Arctic Ice & Coal Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	10	13	13
State of Arizona	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	21
Arlington Mills	0	1	1	1	2	2	11	12	13	18	19	19
*Armour & Company	0	30	51	63	84	165	226	259	309	370	395	364
Associated Bell Telephone Companies	0	6	38	46	84	311	447	477	517	702	806	993
*Associated Dry Goods Corporation	0	8	13	23	29	37	48	88	126	126	128	129
City of Atlanta	0	6	8	10	10	11	11	15	15	21	29	42
Atlanta Baggage & Cab Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	10	15	18	23
Atlanta Chero-Cola Bottling Co	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	13
Atlanta Coca Cola Bottling Co	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	0	0	0	13
Atlantic Ice & Coal Corporation	0	0	15	15	15	20	27	34	38	42	52	68
Atlantic Refining Company	1	9	31	67	86	184	275	324	345	435	440	462
Atlas Powder Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	6	12	16	16	23
Augusta Chero-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	4	7	7	7	11
Austin Nichols & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	23	31
The Bailey Company	0	3	6	6	12	16	17	20	26	33	34	37
Oliver H. Bair Company	0	0	0	5	6	6	9	9	11	11	11	11
City of Baltimore	0	4	7	14	14	29	30	31	34	36	38	39
L. Bamberger & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	13	23
Barker Brothers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	13	18	18	18
Barnsdall Refining Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	8	16
The Barrett Company	0	0	0	0	0	11	17	19	21	21	22	24
W. J. Barry	0	1	1	1	2	3	5	7	7	8	9	11
Bellevue and Allied Hospitals	0	0	1	5	9	15	19	19	24	24	24	24
Bernheimer's	0	2	3	3	3	3	3	3	10	10	10	10
Best & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	25	24	27	27
The Samuel Bingham's Sons Mfg. Co	0	0	1	1	2	3	3	3	3	8	8	10
William Bingham Company	0	0	0	0	0	16	17	20	23	22	22	22
Birmingham Chero-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	27	31	32
City of Birmingham	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	4	21
Block & Kuhl Company	0	0	0	0	1	3	5	9	14	14	16	17
Bloomingdale Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	27	27	12
Boggs & Buhl, Inc.	0	10	18	23	24	24	24	23	33	27	29	29
The H. C. Bohack Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	11
Bohlen-Huse Coal & Ice Company	0	5	7	7	7	7	7	10	10	10	10	10
Thomas P. Bonner	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	19
The Borden Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	6	10
Henry Bosch Company	2	8	9	10	10	11	12	12	12	13	13	13
City of Boston	0	0	12	17	18	18	19	22	22	30	32	34
Boston Coca-Cola Bottling Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10	10	10
Boston Elevated Railway Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	28	36	41
Boulevard Transportation Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	5	11
Bourne-Fuller Company	0	0	2	3	4	6	7	7	8	10	10	12
Bowman Dairy Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	8	11
Bradford Baking Company	0	0	0	20	25	26	26	26	29	31	31	32
The Brandt Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	25	25	34	41	41
Brewer & Company, Inc.	0	0	0	2	3	5	6	7	8	9	10	10
Samuel Briggs	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
Broadway Department Store	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	23
Brockton Transportation Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	16	20	21	21
Brooklyn Alcatraz Asphalt Company	0	0	2	9	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	10
Brooklyn Daily Eagle	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	9	11	14	14	18
Brooks Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	7	11
Bry-Block Mercantile Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	12	12
Buckeye Pipe Line Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	12	18
Budwine Bottling Company	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	9	10	10	15
Buffalo Taxi Service & Sightseeing Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
Bullock's	0	0	4	5	8	8	8	8	9	10	10	17
M. Burkhardt Brewing Company	0	0	2	2	2	5	5	5	11	11	11	10
P. H. Butler Company	0	0	1	1	4	6	11	12	12	17	17	25
Butler Brothers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	8	23	23	23
Cable Draper Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	10

Continued on Following Pages

Continued From Preceding Page

	1910	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	To-day
Caddo Parish, Louisiana	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	13	13	13	13	13
State of California	0	0	0	0	1	4	4	4	4	7	21	52
California Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	17	21	21	26	23
California Central Creameries, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	6	11	14	14	14
California Packing Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	7	11	11	13	15
California Petroleum Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	5	7	13
California Transit Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	17	25	42
California Truck Company	0	0	0	0	2	3	3	4	8	13	17	17
J. Calvert's Sons	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	10	10
Wm. Cameron Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	8	10
The Campbell System	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	12	17	26
Canfield Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	13	15	19
Canton Provision Company	0	0	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	10	11	11
Canton Storage & Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	7	9	11	15	11	15
Carbon Coal Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	6	8	11	12	10
R. E. Carey Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
Carolina Public Service Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	11	11	11	11	11
J. B. Carr Biscuit Company	0	0	1	1	1	3	3	4	7	12	12	12
Carstens Packing Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	13
Carter Oil Company	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	4	10	15	18	18
Central Maine Power Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	3	9	9	10
Central Torpedo Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	9	9	11
W. A. Chambers Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	7	10	10	10
Chandler & Rudd Company	0	4	5	6	6	6	6	6	7	10	10	11
Chapin-Sacks Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	21	28	58	68	62
*Chero-Cola Bottling Companies	0	0	0	4	6	30	57	66	74	99	105	155
The Chero-Cola Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	32	76	76	78
Cheek-Neal Coffee Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	12	12
Chicago American & Herald Examiner	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	19	26	29
Chicago Fire Insurance Board	0	5	11	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Chicago, North Shore & Mil. R. R. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	12
Chicago Towel Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	4	9	20
Cia Abastecedora de Leche	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	6	8	8	10	10
Cincinnati Motor Terminals Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	16	16	16	16
City Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	14	20
City of Chicago	0	0	1	4	10	27	38	47	47	52	73	128
City Ice & Fuel Company (Cincinnati)	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	7	13	13	15
City Ice & Fuel Company (Cleveland)	0	1	3	3	3	5	8	8	11	14	17	18
Clearing House Parcel Delivery Co.	0	0	0	0	3	10	10	14	15	16	16	17
City of Cleveland	0	7	14	15	19	23	32	36	43	68	77	112
*Cities Service Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	3	10	16	22	34
Cleveland-Akron Bag Company	6	9	14	15	19	21	39	45	54	53	53	53
Cleveland-Akron Bus Line Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	14	15	34
Cleveland Builders Supply & Brick Co.	0	1	3	4	7	10	14	19	51	57	64	71
Cleveland Coca Cola Bottling Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	21	22	28	30
Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co.	0	0	0	0	6	17	23	23	40	48	49	60
The Cleveland Press	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	14	14
Cleveland Provision Company	0	2	3	7	7	11	13	15	29	34	34	35
Cleveland Railway Company	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	3	4	10	15	21
Cleveland Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	19	19	20	25	22	19
Cleveland & Sandusky Brewing Co.	0	1	1	2	3	10	15	17	24	29	30	30
*Coca Cola Bottling Companies	0	6	11	24	34	67	78	91	103	198	220	301
The Coca Cola Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	5	15	23	56	93
The Coca Cola Company (Canada)	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	13	30	34	58
J. C. Collins	0	0	0	0	0	7	8	8	8	12	12	12
Colonial Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	38	26
Columbia Ice & Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	8	13
Columbia Stage Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	5	6	9	12	17
L. H. Colvin	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
R. H. Comey Company	0	0	0	0	1	4	9	9	12	14	14	14
Commercial Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	7	10	13	11	13
The Connecticut Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	12
Consolidated Companies	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	12	15	18
Consolidated Rendering Company	0	0	0	0	0	4	7	17	17	30	32	34
Consumers Bread Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	18
Consumers Dairy Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	7	13
Continental Oil Company	0	2	2	3	4	19	25	34	38	81	82	90
Cosden Oil & Gas Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	16	11
Cottage Creamery Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	11
Crescent Forwarding & Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	12	12	12
Crew Levick Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	5	25	37	40	54
Cuban Government	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	14	14	14
Cudahy Packing Company	0	2	6	8	10	21	24	27	42	58	61	67
John T. Cunningham	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	4	16	23
Dahl-Campbell Grocery Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	11	11
Dannemiller Grocery Company	0	0	0	0	3	6	12	12	12	12	12	12
Darling & Company	0	2	2	2	2	3	3	3	6	10	10	20
Thomas D'Attilio	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	4	7	12	12	16
Davisen Cartage Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	12
Day Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	9	15	19
The Dayton Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	7	9	10
Denver Gas & Electric Light Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	8	8	15
Dill & Collins	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	6	9	10	11	11
Dominion of Canada	0	0	0	43	43	43	43	43	43	43	43	43
Drake Brothers	0	1	2	2	2	2	4	4	9	13	15	15
East Ohio Gas Company	0	0	1	3	5	5	10	11	11	13	16	17
East Side Mill & Lumber Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	6	10	10
Eastern Torpedo Company	0	0	1	2	7	10	15	20	25	27	28	28
T. Eaton Company, Ltd.	0	13	14	15	15	20	20	20	25	31	31	26
*Electric Bond & Share Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	7	8	9	12	15	18
Electric Package Agency	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	6	9	10	10	11
Emerick Motor Bus Company	0	0	1	5	9	11	14	16	16	16	12	18
Empire Gas & Fuel Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	33	61	77	108	117	82
Empire State Dairy Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	6	12	13	13
Erie Service Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	15	15	15
A. J. Evans	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	21	21
S. Ewart & Company	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	5	5	6	9	13
The Fair	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	12	12
The Fairbanks Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	13	13	13
Fair Haven Coal Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	10	11
Fairmont Creamery Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	13	28	43	49
Fayette Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	13
Fenway Garage Company	0	19	19	29	29	39	39	30	37	30	30	30
Wm. Filenes Sons Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10	12
Firestone Tire & Rubber Company	0	0	1	1	2	6	12	16	18	16	16	17
Fischer Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	11
The Fleischmann Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	4	11	19	22
Florida Motor Transport Company	0	0	0	0	3	7	11	11	16	23	23	36
Flour State Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	18
County of Fulton, Georgia	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	3	3	5	11	14
Fly & Hobson Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	10	10	12
Foster & Kleiser, Inc.	0	4	4	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	17	17
Frank & Seder	0	0	1	1	1	3	2	2	19	21	21	23
Franklin Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	13	20	20
Harry V. Franks	0	0	0	0	0	6	16	16	16	19	19	20
Frederick & Nelson, Inc.	0	0	3	7	9	10	13	18	21	23	25	23
W. P. Fuller & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	6	12
Fullington Auto Bus Company	0	0	0	0	2	2	3	3	5	7	9	11
General Baking Company	0	0	1	1	1	1	10	25	43	68	81	114
General Fire Extinguisher Company	0	0	2	2	2	3	4	5	6	10	11	10
General Motor Truck Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	20	22	22	22	22	22	13
General Petroleum Company	0	0	1	0	2	4	8	15	34	39	42	51
Georgia Railway & Power Company	0	1	3	7	7	18	22	24	24	29	34	42
Gimbel Brothers, Inc. (Milwaukee)	0	0	2	3	4	6	7	7	13	15	15	13
Gimbel Brothers (New York)	0	26	46	59	59	62	62	71	71	65	83	88
Gimbel Brothers Philadelphia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	13	16	28	44
Glacier Park Transportation Company	0	0	0	10	20	22	23	23	24	24	30	30
Globe Grain & Milling Company	0	1	3	3	3	3	3	5	16	17	18	20
Gloucester Auto Bus Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	19	23
City of Gloucester	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5	13	13	14
Adolf Gobel, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	30	35	41	43	43
Goff-Kirby Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	8	8	11
Golden Sheaf-Remar Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	14	18	20
J. Goldsmith & Sons Company	0	3	4	5	5	7	12	12	12	13	13	14
B. F. Goodrich Company	4	9	11	12	17	19	22	25	28	30	28	28
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	15	22	54	24	25
Grasselli Chemical Company	1	1	1	2	3	2	4	4	6	12	12	13
Gray Construction Company	0	0	0	0	1	3	10	12	12	12	13	13
The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.	0	0	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	6	8	13
Great Northern Paper Company	0	0	1	1	11	13	18	18	19	21	22	25
Greenfield Electric Light & Power Co.	0	6	9	10	11	13	13	14	14	14	16	19
Greenville Coca Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	6	10	10	10	10
Greif Brothers Cooperage Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	14	17

Roll of White Truck Fleets

(10 or More Trucks)

	1910	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	To-day
Gulf Production Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	8	15	24	25
Gulf Refining Company	0	9	29	81	172	463	563	663	755	917	1177	1254
Gypsy Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	11	15	21
Hadley Furniture & Carpet Company	0	0	0	1	1	2	3	5	11	21	21	21
Hale Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	9	10	10
Halle Brothers Company	0	0	0	0	0	12	13	13	15	17	17	18
A. Hamburger & Sons, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	18	20	22
James A. Hamilton	0	0	2	3	4	5	6	8	10	12	12	12
The Hardware & Supply Company	0	0	0	1	2	3	4	5	10	10	10	10
A. D. Hartsell	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	5	8	11	16
Fred Harvey	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	16	17	17
Hauser Packing Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	5	9	9	9	17
Haverty Furniture Company	0	0	0	2	6	7	12	18	18	18	20	24
Hawaii County, T. H.	0	2	9	9	9	10	11	16	17	16	16	16
The Hecht Company	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	6	8	11	25
H. J. Heinz Company	0	0	0	0	0	16	19	26	35	52	52	68
Heissler & Junge Company	0	0	0	0	4	4	4	5	9	26	26	19
Hercules Powder Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	7	9	10	14
Hershey Creamery Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	11	16
Hess Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	7	7	7	11
Hickey & Hawkins	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	11	11
The Higbee Company	2	5	6	10	10	10	12	12	16	16	16	16
Hildebrandt Provision Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	12
H. G. Hill Grocery Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	4	6	10	17
Hitchner Biscuit Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	7	9	10	10
Hochschild, Kohn & Company	0	3	5	6	8	10	9	13	15	15	15	20
H. B. Hole	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	11	14
Holland Bread Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	15	26	30
Joseph Horne Company	5	15	24	33	39	42	42	42	41	41	41	41
Huasteca Petroleum Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
J. L. Hudson Company	0	0	0	0	10	17	20	20	31	48	48	49
Hudson's Bay Company	0	8	9	9	9	9	10	10	17	14	18	25
E. V. Hull	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	11	11	11	15	16
Humble Oil & Refining Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	52	84	86	89
State of Idaho	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	20
Imperial Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	17	24
Imperial Oil, Ltd.	0	1	1	1	1	12	43	43	58	78	82	88
Independent Brewing Co. of Pittsburgh	1	3	5	5	11	28	36	42	46	44	44	48
Independent Torpedo Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	16	24	24	23
Independent Towel Supply Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	24
Indian Automobile Company, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	12	12
State of Indiana	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	16
City of Indianapolis	0	0	1	1	2	2	2	6	8	10	10	10
Interstate Wholesale Grocers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	20	23	23
Iron City Sand Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	19	20	20
J. & A. Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
County of Jackson, Mo	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	5	8	13
Jahncke Service Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	9	12	15	13
Jefferson Highway Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	6	16
Jones Store Company	0	2	5	6	10	14	17	17	19	16	21	21
S. Kann Son's Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	14	14	14
Kansas City Power & Light Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	11
Kansas Gas & Electric Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	4	6
Kaufmann Department Store, Inc	0	10	16	24	44	80	80	66	59	53	53	53
kaufmann & Baer Company	0	0	1	40	45	51	59	60	60	50	50	47
Chas. T. Kavanaugh, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	11	10	10
Kennicott-Patterson Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	10	10	10	10
J. Kenny Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	9	16	19
C. D. Kenny Company	0	0	0	0	0	12	41	45	56	62	58	55
Kern County Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	13	13
Kingan & Company	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	6	13	34	31	42
The Kirk Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	7	10	11	11	11
B. B. & R. Knight, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	7	8	13	11	12
Theodor Kundtz Company	3	8	9	10	11	12	13	17	17	20	20	20
Lansburg & Brother, Inc.	0	0	0	0	1	3	3	5	5	5	10	15
LaSalle & Koch Company	0	0	0	0	3	3	4	4	4	10	10	10
The J. Laub Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	12
Lawrence Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	4	6	8	19	20
A. Leath & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	10	13
J. William Lee & Son	0	0	0	0	0	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Fred T. Ley & Company	0	0	0	1	1	4	10	13	13	17	17	17
Leyte Land Transportation Company	0	3	6	10	12	14	14	14	14	30	30	30
Liberty Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	15	15	19	23	24
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company	0	0	1	1	2	3	4	5	7	8	8	10
Lit Brothers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	17	26	27	28	36	46	50
Livingston Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10
Frederick Loeser & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	14	14	14
Loft, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	7	9	10	11
Long-Bell Lumber Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	13
J. P. Loomis Coal & Supply Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	5	15	17
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	11	21	37	51	69
Los Angeles Brewing Company	0	2	7	13	14	15	17	17	18	19	19	24
Los Angeles Creamery Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	10	12	19	22
Los Angeles Ice & Cold Storage Co.	0	0	0	0	0	5	10	10	11	12	14	22
Los Angeles Gas & Electric Corp.	0	2	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	10	24	49
City of Los Angeles	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	13	17	19
County of Los Angeles	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	6	11	11
Long's Transfer Company	0	0	1	1	1	2	2	2	3	3	13	13
Louisiana Coca Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	7	10	12	12
R. H. Macy & Company	0	0	0	0	0	15	18	15	15	26	26	23
Magnolia Petroleum Company	0	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	8	15	19	30
Marland Refining Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	11
Material Service Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	12
May Stern & Company	0	0	1	2	2	5	5	8	9	10	10	10
M. B. Ice Kream Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	12
McCreery & Company	6	8	8	8	11	15	15	15	19	20	20	17
Estate of Alexander McGarr	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	7	14	14
G. M. McKelvey Company	0	1	1	6	8	18	18	18	17	19	20	20
McMahon Transportation Company	0	1	1	1	3	6	7	7	9	9	10	17
Mandel Brothers	0	10	15	16	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	28
Massachusetts Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	12	41	46
State of Massachusetts	0	4	4	4	5	11	11	11	11	11	14	14
The May Company	0	0	4	11	15	26	26	27	40	41	41	48
Memphis Chero Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	2	3	10
Mercantile Stores Company	0	2	4	5	5	5	6	8	13	17	21	31
Merchants Lime-Cola Bottling Co	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	46	49	54	54
Merchants' Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	9	11	26
Mesaba Motor Co.—White Bus Lines	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	7	13	21
Mesaba Transportation Company	0	0	0	0	2	15	18	20	23	22	30	24
Metropolitan Coal Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	15	16	18
Metropolitan Distributors	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	8

Call
In Active Service

(10 or More Trucks)

	1910	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	To-day
Michelin Tire Company	0	2	3	3	9	11	11	11	14	16	17	17
Mid Co. Gasoline Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	10	14
Middle West Utilities Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10	10	10
Midwest Refining Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	12	23	28	32
J. E. Miller	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	4	7	9	11
Miller-Becker Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	9	9	10
Miller Rubber Company	0	1	2	2	2	5	5	5	11	11	11	12
Milwaukee Electric Railway & Light Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	8	51
Miner-Hillard Milling Company	0	0	0	1	1	2	3	3	8	9	10	10
State of Montana	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	16	16
Henry Morgan & Company, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	4	6	10	11	11
K. E. & A. K. Morgan	0	0	0	1	1	6	7	8	13	25	32	37
Morris & Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	6	14	14	14
Motor Transit Company	0	3	4	6	6	14	37	43	55	73	81	81
The Moxie Company	0	4	5	5	5	5	5	7	9	11	11	10
A. I. Namm & Son	0	0	1	1	2	4	6	7	30	32	45	53
City of Nashville	1	3	4	4	4	4	6	8	9	14	16	15
National Biscuit Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	15
National Casket Company	0	2	10	14	15	19	21	24	26	26	28	29
National Ice & Cold Storage Company	0	4	5	5	5	5	7	9	9	10	10	16
National Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	19	23
National Refining Company	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	25	66	68	80
City of Newark	1	2	3	3	3	3	4	7	11	11	13	13
Province of New Brunswick	0	0	0	0	0	20	20	20	19	20	20	20
State of New Jersey	0	0	1	1	1	1	6	16	15	15	16	16
The New Orleans Public Service, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	16	22	34
City of New Orleans	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	7	28	51	64
M. A. Newmark Company	0	0	0	0	0	6	8	8	10	11	12	12
City of New York	0	7	11	12	13	13	13	13	13	225	282	375
New York American	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	36
New York Board of Fire Underwriters	0	2	6	8	16	20	20	20	20	21	21	21
New York Central Railroad Company	0	0	1	1	2	5	7	8	8	10	11	17
Norfolk Motor Bus Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	4	15
North Pole Ice Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	13
Northern Ohio Traction & Light Co.	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	5	10	15	18	24
Northern States Power Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	8	13
Northern Texas Traction Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	9	10	10	10
Province of Nova Scotia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	11	26	26
Ohio Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	22	23	23	32
Oliver Iron Mining Company	0	0	0	1	3	5	10	16	16	16	9	10
Onondaga County, New York	0	0	0	20	21	27	27	30	38	38	40	40
Oppenheim, Collins & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	6	7	8	10
Orangeburg Coca Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	20
State of Oregon	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	10
Ovington Bros. Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	8	12
Ozark Pipe Line Company	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	3	5	14	14	14
M. O'Neil Company	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	5	5	15	15	20
Pacific Baking Company	0	2	2	3	6	7	7	7	7	8	8	11
Pacific Fruit & Produce Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	18	26
Pacific Gas & Electric Company	0	3	4	4	7	12	14	17	19	21	22	28
Pacific Mills	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10
Pacific Northwest Traction Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	8	14	16
Pacific Oil Company	0	1	4	8	8	8	10	10	11	10	10	10
Page & Shaw, Inc.	0	0	1	3	3	3	3	3	8	13	13	14
Palais Royal	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	9	11
Pan American Petroleum & Trans. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18
Park Auto Transportation Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	9	9
Parker Brothers	0	0	9	9	18	28	28	28	28	18	18	18
Frank Parmelee Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	2	2	4	10
Paterson Brewing & Malting Company	0	0	0	0	7	8	15	19	28	28	28	28
Peninsula Rapid Transit Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	10	10
Penn Public Service Company	0	0	0	1	2	5	15	15	16	19	19	19
State of Pennsylvania	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Pennsylvania Edison Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
Pennsylvania-Ohio Electric Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
J. J. Percival	0	0	0	1	2	3	3	5	9	12	12	12
Perrett & Glenney	0	0	1	1	1	1	2	2	4	4	6	11
D. Pe[illegible]	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	11	11	12
Petroleum Heat & Power Company	0	2	3	4	4	4	4	5	5	10	10	10
Philadelphia Electric Company	0	7	13	13	23	29	35	35	44	48	53	53
City of Philadelphia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	5	16
Philippine Government	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	11	11	14
Phoenix Utility Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	23	69	155	178	191
Piedmont Chero-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	5	11
Pierce Oil Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	25	25	42
Pioneer Truck Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Piggly Wiggly Stores	0	0	0	0	12	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
Pike's Peak Auto Highway Company	0	0	1	2	3	5	7	7	11	11	13	15
Pilsener Brewing Company	0	0	0	0	2	4	6	9	12	14	14	14
Pittsburgh Gage & Supply Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	1	2	9	10
Pittsburgh Mercantile Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	8	12
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	12	12	12	13
H. & S. Pogue Company	0	0	0	0	2	4	5	5	11	11	11	12
Portland Sebago Ice Company	0	0	0	2	4	7	8	8	13	11	11	11
Powers Mercantile Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	26	54	57	57	75
Prairie Oil & Gas Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	44	68	65
Prairie Pipe Line Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	6	6	6	10	10
City of Providence	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	8	8	15	19	33
Public Service Electric Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	7
Public Service Gas Company	0	0	1	0	2	2	4	5	9	9	13	13
Puget Sound Power & Light Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	5	10	21	25
Pure Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	6	11	11
City of Quincy	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	13
Rainier National Park Company	0	1	3	3	3	4	5	5	5	7	11	11
Red Rock Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Reed Oil Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4
Reinhold Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	6	10	13
Republic Structural Iron Works Co.	0	2	3	3	4	6	7	7	7	15	15	15
Wm. Richman	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	16	23	24	36	53	58
Rieck-McJunkin Dairy Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	12	35
Rochester Gas & Electric Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	13	13	13	13
Rochester Railway & Light Company	0	0	2	2	3	3	21	23	33	56	63	95	103
Rocky Mountain Parks Transp. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	14	15	17
L. W. Rogers Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	10	15	13	13
Rome Coca Cola Bottling Company	0	2	11	12	33	39	43	40	37	42	37	37
The Rosenbaum Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	23	37	49
Romana Petroleum Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	15
Fred Rusch	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
The George Rushton Baking Company	0	0	1	1	3	3	4	4	4	4	5	5	10
City of St. Paul	0	0	0	4	6	9	10	14	16	16	16	17
City of St. Louis	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	10	10	16	18	22
Saks & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	15	15	22	23	23
Salt Lake Transportation Company												
J. Samuels & Brother, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	10	13
Sandersville Coca Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	1	2	4	5	5	6	10	10	10	11
San Diego Consolidated Gas & Elec. Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	6	13
Sanger Brothers	0	6	7	7	7	7	8	8	13	13	13	13
City and County of San Francisco	0	1	1	3	3	3	4	4	4	14	25	29
San Francisco Municipal Railway	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	9	10	10
San Joaquin Light & Power Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	14	18	23
San Joaquin Baking Company	0	0	2	3	4	5	6	7	7	11	13	15
Santa Ana Commercial Company	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	2	4	6	9	11
Savage-Schofield Company	0	1	4	5	5	5	6	7	10	10	11	14
Schulze Baking Company	1	9	15	17	22	23	26	31	35	55	61	59
Nathan Schweitzer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	9	11
City of Seattle	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	3	10	13
Seven Baker Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	17	26	38
Shaeffer-Black Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	11	11
Shaffer Oil & Refining Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	43	52	56	46
Dennis Sheen Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	7	9	9	11
Shell Company of California	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	18	19	47	76
Shepard Stores	0	0	0	1	1	2	4	4	7	7	10	11
Sherman, Clay & Company	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	2	5	8	9	10
The John Shillito Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	9	10	16
Sieloff Packing Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	10	10
Franklin Simon & Company	0	0	3	6	10	14	14	17	18	19	19	23
Skelley Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	21	23	25
John A. Sloan	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	26
W. & J. Sloane	13	15	15	15	17	21	23	23	28	31	31	31
Sonoma County, California	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	10	13
Southeastern Express Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	109	116
Southern Oil Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	15	16	13
Southern Pacific Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	10	10	10
The W. P. Southworth Company	1	5	7	8	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	14
Spear & Company	0	1	9	13	14	15	22	23	27	22	34	35
Sperry Flour Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	7	9	9	14
City of Springfield, Mass.	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	2	2	6	9	10
J. H. & L. Stadler Fertilizer Company	0	1	1	3	3	4	4	4	11	13	13	13
Otto Stahl, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	13	16	17	20
Standard Brewing Company	0	0	1	1	1	3	5	5	7	11	13	13
*Standard Gas & Electric Company	0	2	2	2	3	5	5	5	8	7	10	21
Standard Oil Company of California	1	4	6	7	26	67	97	111	188	214	243	258
Standard Oil Company of Indiana	1	5	9	59	122	168	201	214	213	181	181	182
Standard Oil Company of Kentucky	0	2	4	5	9	38	75	121	349	360	398	420
Standard Oil Company of Louisiana	0	1	1	1	1	2	5	53	91	108	138	157
Standard Oil Company of Nebraska	0	0	0	5	11	17	17	17	18	22	24	24
*Standard Oil Company of New Jersey	0	1	1	1	1	3	30	65	65	57	68	82
Standard Oil Company of New York	2	18	25	68	113	240	363	450	520	622	649	727
Standard Oil Company of Ohio	0	1	1	10	17	28	36	42	78	139	147	150
Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Co.	0	2	3	3	4	4	4	10	15	23	29	33
Sterling & Welch Company	2	7	7	8	8	11	14	14	16	18	18	19
Stern Brothers	0	8	18	18	19	21	22	22	25	39	40	42
John Sternecker	0	0	0	2	3	6	6	6	6	6	6	30
Stewart & Company	1	2	4	6	7	8	8	8	12	12	13	17
Stewart Taxi Service Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	29	43	42	50	52	50
Stoll Oil Refining Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	9	10	10
*Stone & Webster Interests	0	1	1	2	2	8	15	22	31	29	33	40
Strawbridge & Clothier	0	0	2	4	4	9	15	15	15	20	23	33
Stroehmann Baking Company	0	0	2	2	2	10	10	11	14	27	25	25
Summerfield Company	0	0	0	0	3	5	5	5	5	5	10	10
Sun Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	15	29	34
*Swift & Company	0	0	2	3	10	101	109	127	164	213	227	239
Swift Canadian Company, Ltd.	0	0	1	2	2	2	6	7	11	17	17	18
Tacoma Bottling Works	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	15	17	17	19
Taft-Kern Co. Cal. School District	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	6	12	14
The Taxi Company	0	0	0	3	4	13	13	14	14	14	14	14
Taylor Bros. Auto Trucking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	11
Wm. Taylor Son & Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	4	24	34	35	36
Teche Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	15
Terre Haute Brewing Company	0	0	0	2	5	6	6	6	7	9	10	10
Telling-Belle Vernon Company	0	4	4	9	11	11	13	20	42	61	69	75
The Texas Company	0	0	0	0	9	11	11	11	64	110	142	173
Texas Pacific Coal & Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	25	26	26	28
Theurer Norton Provision Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	6	8	12	14
Tide Water Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	27	28	35	36
City of Tokyo, Japan	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	11	12
City of Toronto	0	0	3	5	5	6	6	6	7	7	9	11
Transcontinental Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	25	33
Tribune Publishing Company (Oakland)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Twin City Motor Bus Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	19	19	21	30	37
Union Electric Light & Power Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	8	8	12	16	15
Union Carbide & Carbon Co. Interests	1	1	2	3	6	16	18	21	20	22	22	22
Union Oil Company of California	0	0	1	10	22	43	156	216	251	389	534	631
Union Gas & Electric Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	19	21	27	32
Union Transfer Company (Fremont)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	5	6	10
Union Transfer Company (Philadelphia)	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	11	12	12	12	12	12
Union Wholesale Lumber Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	6	11	12	12	12
United Drug Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	20	20	20
United Electric Railways Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
*United Gas Improvement Co. Interests	0	0	2	8	15	22	44	46	47	53	56	69
United Natural Gas Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	11	13
United Railways & Electric Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	19
United Shoe Machinery Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	10	10	12
United States Bakery	0	0	0	1	2	2	11	14	20	22	22	22
United States Rubber Company	0	0	1	2	5	5	9	14	16	19	24	25
United States Post Office Department	0	0	21	28	104	132	298	448	463	485	665	665
*United States Steel Corp. Interests	0	1	1	2	3	5	13	17	17	20	20	20
United States Trucking Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	20	51	46	46	46
Updike Lumber & Coal Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	12	12	12	12
Valley Transit Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	5	8	14	14	16
Van Dorn Iron Works Company	0	1	1	2	2	2	5	6	7	13	13	13
F. G. Vogt & Sons, Inc.	0	0	1	2	3	5	12	14	14	14	15	15
John Wanamaker	0	0	0	0	6	27	37	37	63	84	89	86
Ward Baking Company	0	0	0	0	12	53	76	76	78	84	86	84
Washington Bakeries Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	40
Washington Railway & Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	3	3	3	3	18
Raphael Weill & Company	0	0	0	0	10	10	13	12	20	20	20	20
Western Electric Company	0	2	4	5	5	9	15	19	24	28	32	39
Western Meat Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	11	12	27	24	24	26
Western Motor Transfer Company	0	0	0	1	1	3	6	6	8	10	15	16
West India Oil Company	0	4	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	10	16
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	6	8	9	11
J. G. White & Company Interests	0	1	1	2	4	6	7	7	7	8	10	21
Whitaker-Glessner Company	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	6	9	15	18	18
R. H. White Company	0	0	0	0	1	4	13	13	13	11	11	11
White Taxi Company	0	0	0	0	0	24	24	25	43	37	37	37
White Transit Company, Inc.	0	1	2	6	9	19	29	31	36	44	49	45
Lloyd A. Whitener	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Whiting-Mead Commercial Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	10
W. L. A. T. Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	4	4	8	8	10
W. A. Wieboldt Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	12
E. H. Wiener & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	11	11
Willard's Chocolates, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	12	14	14
Wilson & Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	22	32	31	33
Winchester Laundry	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	4	10	12	16
Wm. Winkler (Steele-Wedeles)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	12	13	13
State of Wisconsin	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	14	14	14	14
Wise Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	10	14
Wofford Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	4	13	11	16
Woodward & Lothrop	0	1	3	3	4	7	13	14	13	15	17	17
Woolner Brewing Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	11
Geo. Worthington Company	0	1	3	2	2	4	8	10	15	15	16	17
Wouters Laundry Company	0	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	11
Yellowstone Park Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	106	112	112	135	158	161	166
Yosemite National Park Company	0	0	1	2	2	25	27	24	25	27	32	37
Zettelmeyer Coal Company	0	1	2	3	3	4	5	10	10	19	19	19
Zellerbach Paper Company	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	3	4	8	10
	59	532	1044	1748	2626	4967	7296	9066	12684	15896	18721	21773

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Jot down these two
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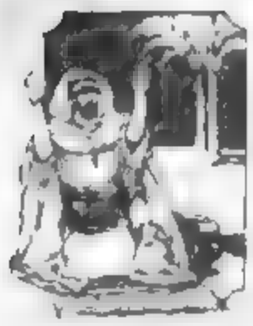
12:30 and 4 p. m.

A HURRIED LUNCHEON, thoughtlessly chosen—no wonder complexions suffer, and mid-afternoon brings fatigue.

The women of Arabia are far wiser. What is the secret of their perfect teeth and lustrous skins? What is their principal food? Dates.

Try Dromedary Dates for your lunch today. Slip the new personal package into your hand-bag—it is always handy.



"WOULDST THOU have thy typewriter tremble at the speed of thy fingers? Take unto thyself dates and thy rapidity shall pass thy boss' understanding."
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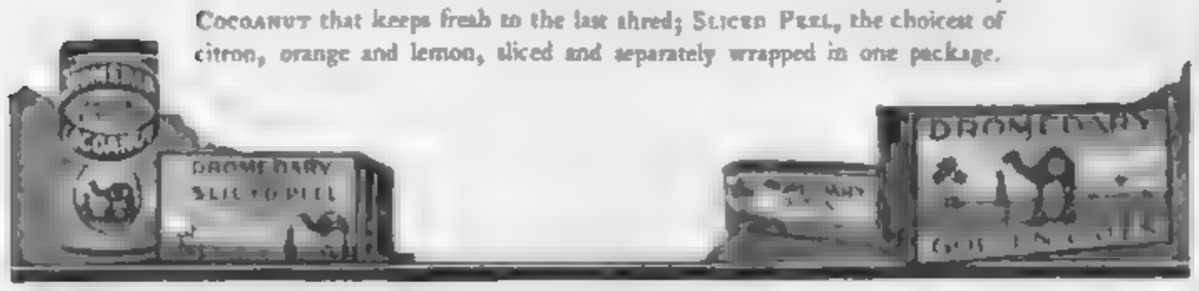
DROMEDARY PRODUCTS: GOLDEN DATES from the Garden of Eden; COCOANUT that keeps fresh to the last shred; SLICED PEEL, the choicest of citron, orange and lemon, sliced and separately wrapped in one package.



(Continued from Page 120)

shadow. At the kitchen door she paused to scrape her boots, when all the obscurity rang with a scream. Agony, surprise and the fear of death rose in a voice which did not stop, but grew. It was not a scream. It was too shrill, a brute cry, not human, yet heart-searching.

Barbara found herself running toward it, past the shadow of the barn. A fence crossed the vapor and checked her, till she found the gate where two top bars were slanting down. About to straddle the lowest bar, she was checked again.

Inside the trampled yard most of the snow had already vanished, eaten by salt fog. There, midway in the mud, her old friend Grumps himself, chieftain of the pigs, faced her. He seemed to be wearing a bright-red bib. It was he who made the air ring, but his cry choked and ceased even while she saw that the bib was a pouring fountain of lifeblood. His look reflected her own, questioning this unfair horror. Then his eyes turned silly, patient and glazed; they died before her as the pig rolled, went down and slipped about, trying to rise.

Through the fog another movement made her numbly aware of something else. Farther away on a patch of snow, against which its fleece appeared dirty yellow, a lamb lay kicking feebly; and from over it Bion straightened himself, with a long, thin knife running red in his red hand. He turned.

"My gorry, Nubbins!" he said. "Thought you was down to Ramage's. I -I wouldn't hed ye seen this, no, not for a York sh llin'."

He made a step toward her confusedly.

"Now don't ye!" he pleaded. "I didn't mean ye to witness it. You mustn't look so ——"

Barbara let go whatever was in her clutch and fled from him, wailing. No one saw her again for hours. Fog had clung close all day, and the early darkness begun to fall, when Mrs. Savory, halting to consider her work, alone as she thought, felt a touch upon her skirt. She stared down. A small figure of woe looked up at her in the dusk.

"What ye all hunched over and quakin' for like that?"

A small voice of woe replied.

"I'm awful sorry, ma'am," it begged, "that ever I come at you with a knife. I didn't know how wicked the parson meant about snow and wool and crimson."

Jen answered nothing whatever.

"I'm awful sorry. Upon my soul I am."

Not being in the vein for interruption, Jen gave a toss and a snort.

"You and your soul!" she grumbled. "You clear out int' the shed 'fore it's pitch dark, and see how my sof' soap is comin' along."

Barbara moved slowly through the door, backward, and disappeared. Her eyes were the last to go; or so they seemed to their beholder.

"Land, that give me a turn!" said Bion's wife. "Them eyes hung there alon' like something lef' behind and lost."

VIII

ALONE, indeed, the child was, more silent than ever, driven in upon her own thoughts. Bion, considering her for a week or more, slowly formed a judgment.

"Maybe it ain't the right thing," he reflected, "for her not to git some schoolin'. Maybe soon's the work outdoor is through we could spare her. Seein' other children, maybe, won't do no harm."

He weighed these possibilities one evening in a brown-furrowed field among the hills, a wide, melancholy space bounded by fir woods, the last dying yellow of maples and the long-lived winter russet of oak leaves. Bion looked up and down the furrows. On a balk near by, harnessed to a drag loaded with barrels, the bay horse likewise meditated. Farther off, a small black form stooped and rose patiently, always bent, to an irregular drumming accompaniment of potatoes that tumbled and thumped hollow in a barrel. The deacon as he watched her felt a queer kind of pity, which had for object neither this young one nor himself, but things in general.

"H'm! Too long a-stoopin'," he concluded. "My head's qualmish." Next moment, however, he called aloud, "Barbry!"

A farewell convocation of crows, thickly filling a balm-of-Gilead tree as with black fruit, chose in that moment to argue some new plan for departure, so that the woods echoed. Bion shouted against them.

"Barbry! Come here!"

She poured in another bosomful of potatoes, drew upright, stretching, and came rather wearily toward him along the furrow.

"How'd ye like to go to Miss Yarrer's school this winter, s'pose?"

Her cheeks had so much color, clear red underlying clear brown, that her eyes, he thought, appeared brighter and darker than anything he had ever seen set in a human head.

"I don't know," said Barbara.

He could not fathom her look. The crows cawed in full meeting. He could not guess that they might be the ravens of Dunsinane, hoarse with fatal knowledge, and his hands covered, not with dry loam, but with unforgotten blood which, like Duncan's, would not out.

"Soon's we seen the last o' these batatas," he said, "I guess maybe I'll send ye. Schoolin' can't do ye no harm, few weeks." He straightened a crick out of his back and sighed. "I wisht we could git on better'n what we 'pear to. I do so."

Bion heard no answer, but for one moment, in a flash, he saw what his wife with all her method never yet had seen—the water standing in those black eyes before they looked down.

"There, there! It's all right," he urged. "Was we workin' ye too hard?"

Barbara trembled.

"Better run play a spell. You can go fire rocks at them crows, if ye like."

She ran, but straight down the field to her barrel again, and to work.

"They're by me, all she critters are," thought the deacon, stooping. "I can't make out to foller 'em."

In his baffled way he had done well. School during that winter opened for Barbara the door of a narrow house and let her escape into regions obscure and brilliant, a temple of learning solemn as heaven, a playground noisier than crows and rougher than firing rocks, a beloved family, a pit of young wild beasts. The beginning stunned her. Bion's pung slid off between a snow man and a snow fort, deserting her; then she sat in gloom at a brown desk upheld by iron scrolls, admiring a round hole in the wood, drilled as by a woodpecker, and in the hole a toy bottle of black ice, which someone afterward told her was ink; then she stood chanting before chalk marks on a wall, knowing that she, a little boy named Tom Grele, his boots blacked with stove polish, a fat girl who on rising scratched herself without shame, and various other infants, were members of a thing called the word class; and then, in an ugly dream, she was hiding under a row of coats and capes, being punched by the fists of Ransom Hill. At what moment he, his pale-green eyes, pale freckles and sly grin swam into this medley, whether it all happened on one day or throughout weeks, Barbara did not understand; but there he was, lord of a big seat and desk in the back row. About the middle of winter he "stunk out the whole school," as he told her, by stealing one of Tom Grele's rubbers and burning it in the great stove where the air always boiled toward the ceiling. And after he had ripped her hood in two, yanking it down over its peg, Ransom kicked her and laughed. At home she took punishment for this damage without a word. And then suddenly it was winter no more, but spring.

This change came well for the Grele babe, who, instead of hopping the puddles and arriving like a poverty-stricken Jason with one wet foot and one dry, could now leave off both shoes and stockings to scamper across the fields. It was a welcome change to Barbara, for when once the bushes burst into leaf she could hide or travel under cover, and escape Ransom's company along the road. Often, crouching behind a willow or chokecherry clump, holding her breath and casting her eyes down, she waited while her enemy's slow footsteps drew past. Ransom was both enemy and bugbear. Fear of him blackened the long way home. Her desk—in one week she had left the word class, risen like a rocket and shot into the back seats of the mighty—her desk, much too large for her, was neighbor in front to his, where he could torture her with ease and safety.

Then one morning she entered the school yard to find the game of three old cat abandoned, everybody watching, many laughing, while their tyrant dealt with little barefoot Grele. Twisting the child's arms inside out and backward, Ransom used both knees to bump him in the spine. Tom wailed hopelessly for his mother, miles away.

"Your birthday, is it?" Ransom panted.

"Six year old, hey? I'll give ye ten bumps for every year, and ten to grow on, sissy."

"Muth-ar!" bleated the lost victim. "Muth-ar!"

Now Barbara, though they were no longer classmates, loved and admired Tom, in part for his chubby good nature, in part because as a mathematician he always chanted, "One plus one eagles two; one plus two eagles three." Only a noble mind, Barbara felt, would have birds of freedom soaring in it. She did not think of that now. She thought of nothing whatever, but in sudden fury acted. Among the trampled chickweed underfoot lay a cedar hockey stick which some boy had dropped in the snow last winter. Barbara caught it up.

"Let him go!" she cried.

Ransom only turned his face, grinned at her and went on bumping.

"I'll take you next!" he declared. "I kin lick anybody in this old school!"

The cloud of witnesses daunted her. She saw their faces through a mist, none seeming friendly, all savage and intent, a horrible public throng drawn up against her. A sick, dreamlike feeling enveloped and overpowered her. Next moment she had cut through it, done the deed.

Whack went the good cedar crook on Ransom's head, right on the tuft of his double crown. He fell. Tom ran squealing among the bystanders.

"There!" said Barbara.

She dropped her cudgel in dismay and was about to flee, for the sick, dreamlike mist returned. Then she saw Ransom's face, down on the chickweed, wearing the same pallor and sidelong doubt that it had worn when Apollyon roared and cast mullein darts, long ago. Barbara's heart rose. A wave of enlightenment swept through her. He was frightened. She had beaten him.

"You get up," she said, "and I'll lick you myself!"

Ransom wet his lips, but did not accept the invitation.

"The way Andrew Pagan spanked you," said Barbara, "for setting your father's barn afire like a fool!"

Just then the last bell came clanking to the door and rang. As their group scattered, gathering books and slates from the ground, trooping together again, falling into double line, Barbara could hear whispers.

"Ain't she a spitfire, though?"

"Good on her head."

"That Ranse Hill ain't no great. I never thought he ——"

The buzzing died as they marched indoors. For a while Barbara's hands trembled over her work. At recess that morning no one said much, yet it was plain that Ransom's star had set. A youngster who never before had looked at her cried that never before had looked at her cried that Barbara could outrun them all; and upon this, by acclamation, their hands pulled her into fame, into her enemy's old place of pride, forth to stand alone as It, first turn, in the rush of Pom-Pom-Pinney-Oh.

Apple blossoms, turning old trees young with loveliness, whitened the farmyards along the river, sweetened the warm air, held bees at noon and singing birds at dawn, then snowed away and vanished. The end of school drew near, casting brightness before it, the radiance and thrill of rehearsal for public-examination day. Dazzling rewards came in a shower. On the front blackboard, below the clock, appeared overnight in colored letters:

THE ROLL OF HONOR
FIRST
NEITHER ABSENT NOR TARDY

BARBARA VANNES
THOMAS GREELE, JR.

In bed afterward, Barbara thought of these amazing words, and wondered if Abou ben Adhem's angel might not have written them. So much bliss could not be on earth. And more came, for next day she was called on to stand up, set free from all other tasks, led to the rear blackboard, and left there a chosen one to draw the map of Europe, not with plain mortal chalk, but with all the colors of the rainbow.

Sixteen hours of loving toil went into this map. Dread haunted her that she might die before it was finished. Each river as a wriggling blue worm, the coasts wavy with parallel lines, red stars for capital cities, mountain chains like orange-brown caterpillars, all grew under her hand in a three-foot-by-four heaven of pleasure. The teacher herself, Miss Yarrow, approved the work and wrote the artist's name on the Mediterranean Sea.

It was done; she had lived to carry it through; and that night Barbara, lying at rest under her patchwork quilt, with closed eyes, could see the great work glow in the darkness, complete, and with open eyes the long northern twilight fade on her slant ceiling. That light would never go. Tomorrow would never come. She could not sleep for the beating of her heart and for shivers of expectation.

"We cast four anchors out of the stern," she repeated, "and wished for the day."

She thought the words were yet on her tongue when, behold, here were dawn, bird song in the elms and the western ridges bright above a world of clear shadow melting from brown to green. There was not to be a cloud on this festival. Barbara was dressed and out, had started the kitchen fire, given Bose his breakfast, fed the other creatures, laid the table and done the cooking, before the sun came up or her elders came down. She could hardly waste time in eating, and was rebuked.

"Take your victuals!" commanded Jen Savory. "Don't be journey-proud!"

When housework was done, Barbara set off, changed into Sunday dress, carrying her best boots in her hand. High tide filled the river with celestial blue on which danced innumerable flakes of sunshine, and filled the morning with breaths of salt sea air tempered by balsam. Downhill, behind trees, a hidden tugboat puffed, calling an echo as of padded blows from evergreen crags across the water. A string of schooners, their towrope invisible, their masts bare of canvas, went gliding downstream like birds that swam with folded wings. They and Barbara and the echoes were the only moving things, except a small, dark figure mounting the road toward Boxberry Hill. As this last drew out of sight, where the church upheld its peaked white cap in the firs, Barbara knew it, by its gait, for Ransom. Nowadays it did not blacken the road. She could walk free in the open.

This morning the little bare yellow box of a schoolhouse, in its second-growth clearing by the roadside, appeared a temple of delight. Four or five early comers, all shy in their best clothes, greeted her. The door was not yet open. They waited together.

"Boys-o, wa'n't I scairt to death 'twould rain!" sighed one.

"So's I," confessed another.

They found no words for their emotion; but presently another voice cried high and shrill, "I hear w'eels! The crowd's beginnin' to come!"

A moment later the door opened, and Miss Yarrow, or a glorified likeness of her in colored muslin, stood looking out.

"Barbara," she called, and beckoned, "come here!"

Miss Yarrow was a thin, quiet gentlewoman with gray hair and rather sad eyes. Today her cheeks were flushed, almost pink and pretty, Barbara thought; or maybe it was the colored muslin and the flowers that she wore. The schoolroom, too, was ineffable with flowers and ferns. Miss Yarrow closed the door and bolted it.

"I'm very sorry, my dear," she began. "But you mustn't take it too hard. You won't, will you?"

There was pity in her look. Barbara stared.

"My father?" she whispered. "Is my father dead?"

"No, no, dear!" The lady smiled. "Nothing so bad as that. Only ——"

Her eyes glanced across the room. Barbara's followed the glance, and saw.

"Oh!" she moaned. "Oh! It is! It is as bad!"

There, under the ferns and flowers, was her map of Europe, ruined. Some hand, beginning at Cape Finisterre, had smeared a wide semicircle, erasing the heart of France and all down through Italy to the Adriatic.

"I'm dreadfully sorry, too," said Miss Yarrow. "I can't think who would do such a thing. Can you?"

There was no reply to her question. A sound of horses' hoofs and wagon wheels, cheerful voices hailing one another, told that the crowd was gathering without. Miss Yarrow saw two great tears roll down the child's white face.

"Now never mind it, dear. I will tell them all ——"

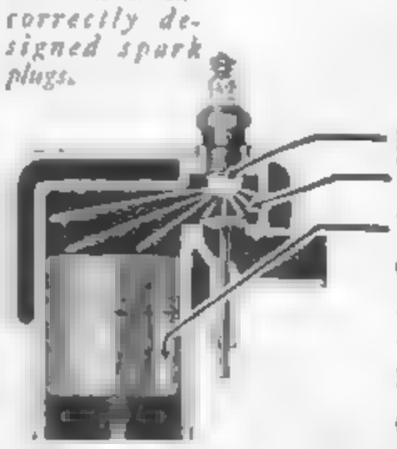
Suddenly the white face burned red.

"Give me the crayons!" cried Barbara. "Quick!"

(Continued on Page 127)

Why You Need a Good Spark in Each Cylinder

The unsuspected source of most motor ills is worn-out or incorrectly designed spark plugs.



The ignition system in your car generates and distributes a high tension current of electricity. The function of the spark plug is to deliver this current in the form of a *full* spark at the gap between the two firing points. This properly fires the gas in each cylinder and sends the piston downward on its power stroke.

It follows that if part of the current never reaches the spark plug points due to its leaking away through the porcelain, or because carbon accumulates, either there will be no spark or it will be so weakened that it will not properly ignite the mixture.

Incorrectly designed plugs will cause poor engine performance. Old or worn-out plugs will cause gradual loss of power until finally your engine does not pick-up and get away as it once did.

Very often, after costly repair bills are incurred and various adjustments made, it is found that a thorough check of the ignition and a new set of AC's is the remedy. Do these things first and you will probably find that nothing more is necessary.

With a new set of AC Plugs you will observe an immediate all-around improvement in performance.

AC's are standard equipment on most of the better cars, cars such as Buick, Cadillac, Chandler, Chevrolet, Cleveland, Dodge Brothers, Dort, Durant, Essex, Hudson, Hupmobile, Jewett, Jordan, LaFayette, Maxwell, Nash, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Overland, Paige, R&V Knight, Willys-Knight and more than three hundred others.

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

Likewise, race drivers, speed-boat pilots and aviators use AC's. The 1922 500-mile Indianapolis Race, the Gold Cup speed-boat event, the Pulitzer Trophy aviation meet and many other contests were AC-equipped victories.

These experts use AC's because they have found them the best. For the same reason, *you* will find AC's the safest plugs to use.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

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Starting, Lighting & Ignition

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Public confidence in the ability and reliability of the Auto-Lite System results from the years of satisfactory experience of millions of car owners all over the world.

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Offices and Works
TOLEDO, OHIO

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1309 KRESGE BLDG.

(Continued from Page 125)

"Oh, my child," reasoned Miss Yarrow, "there's no time. They're here now."

Her child stamped at her. A demon of energy flashed, like black fire, through those eyes which had just been weeping.

"The crayons! Give me the crayons! Keep those people out! Does he think he's got even?"

Miss Yarrow, to her honor, did not smile this time, and did capitulate.

"Five minutes, then," she said. "We must begin on time."

So, letting the child reign in her room, she slipped outdoors to delay the visitors with talk and welcome. For five minutes a sobbing demon wrestled at the blackboard, to repair the work of hours, while round her the sunlight smoked with many-colored chalk dust.

When the door opened again for fathers, mothers and children to make their triumphal entry, Barbara sat behind her desk, half hidden and demure.

"Don't look yet, please," murmured Miss Yarrow to Bion, who led with her the grand procession. "That spunky thing, she has made it better than it was before. The quickest headpiece ever in my school, deacon."

Barbara could not overhear. Besides, at the moment her soul drove at one object. When Ransom Hill came to take seat behind her he must not spy in her face one sign of anything.

IX

WHATEVER praise his bound girl won, Bion was the man to take pride in, perhaps, but not to acknowledge. At home it would have touched a sore subject; abroad he rarely mentioned his own affairs, and never boasted. Seeing how Miss Yarrow and others liked her, he grew fond of Barbara as time went on, yet found all the old estrangement between them still wide and vague, and to his thinking sadly mysterious.

One day at table, having the parson to supper, instead of their daily fare, oatmeal or hulled corn, tea, hot biscuits or cornbread, salt codfish or finnan haddie, and berries, they spread a banquet of roast pork with apple sauce. The Reverend Mr. Belden, like any shy young man off duty, sat discoursing his best, when the deacon rudely broke in.

"What's trouble? Why don't ye eat none?"

With plate untouched before her, Barbara sat looking down past the edge of the table. Her face grew red.

"Ain't sick, be you? Ain't feverish? Come, wake up, Nubbins! Fall to!"

After a moment of visible agony, she lifted her eyes, and in a timid, shaking voice replied before that awful company, "I will eat no flesh while the world standeth."

Even then Savory did not recall that he had been the first murderer, with long knife and bloody hands. There was no interval now in which he might have come to an understanding, for Jen made short work of the rebel.

"Leave this table," she ordered, "and go upstair to your bed!"

Thus the deacon, already holding a mistaken belief that girls were more complex than boys, accepted Barbara as "rale odd," and let it go at that.

"Biddable, and answers her hellum," he thought, "and good company, too—easier'n old boots. But there 'tis. Whole days, maybe, without openin' her lips, like's if I had her cowed, scairt to death of me; then all to once—bang! whang! she lets go both berrls to overturn ye; ain't scairt o' nobody. And yet here we go, furder apart."

One morning in the summer when she was eight or nine years old Bion regained some of his lost ground. Barbara stood at work alone, when he entered the kitchen with a cross face and called for his bootjack.

"Jen, she don't want to go." Between the iron horns of the jack he clamped his heels, first the left, then the right, and tugged off his barn boots with a clang. "You and me'll start alone. Sandridges. Put us up four-five sandridges and run climb into all the flounces you got to wear. Hyper, now, on the clean jump. Gol-ram, if I stay home every time she —— Oh, fust, look here! The day promises hot, so fill us one them stone bottles full of tamarind water."

He flung these commands over one shoulder and went stumping away angrily. What he meant Barbara did not know until dressed in their best, they perched together on the wagon seat and were driving the bay horse, in his least-worn harness, along the road.

"I said it; I say it again," Bion grumbled. "Gol-ram 'f I do! Hanker round a barnyard, shovelin' cow pats all my life, just because she don't see fit ——"

He broke off. To sulk was not his nature, nor to bear malice long. The fit of energy subsided, leaving him in his wonted reverie, stoop-shouldered over the reins, which from time to time he jerked, fussing and fishing like a woman, or smacked on the horse's rump.

"Hud-up! Well, if Jen don't want to come, all the more sandridges for you and me."

They kept silence then a mile or two. The clear, still morning promised heat indeed; but on the hilltops the river air breathed fresh, down among hollow fields a sweet warmth of clover drowsed across the road; and whenever the woods came shutting in, there lay cool shadow and the Christmas-tree smell of evergreens. Barbara wondered where he was going, took joy in wondering; not to know, gave their escape an end as far away and bright as its beginning had been sudden. They left the river, turned inland up some unknown hill, and went traveling in a long vision of trees and pastures.

"What are those?"

She had not meant to spoil it, but the words popped out. There on the nigh side of the climbing horse, among trees, ran a fence; in the fence a tall white gate stood open, and behind both waited rank on rank of square white stones, deep in order like an army resting under the boughs.

"What's what?" asked Bion. "Oh, them! Gravestones. That, my dear, is where the dead fo'ks lay and sleep."

"Till the sound of the last trumpet?"

"Yeah. Jest so."

Barbara shuddered and bounced on foot, clinging to the dashboard rail.

"What if it blows right now? This minute and wakes them up?"

"Might," said the deacon; "but 'tain't likely."

The horse gained the summit and passed the gate, through which Barbara saw a rounded hillock of green turf. She shuddered again. What dread sight rose here?

"Is that the door of hell?"

Savory looked where her finger pointed, at a granite bulkhead in the turf mound, and a rusty iron door, padlocked.

"No, no, young one," he said. "The vault, that is. For when the ground's froze too hard. We wait in there until—until spring comes and our bed's made ready."

While they rattled downhill, she kept her head turned to watch the mound sink from view. Antechamber of the king of darkness, it shed a cold influence abroad, which in full day and sunlight made that hill enchanted ground. Having got by it safely, no doubt they were journeying through the next world now.

"Are these the hills of Beulah?"

Bion chuckled.

"Great Lord Harry, what things," he sighed, "you do take and ask! No. Some is Cap'n Pagan's pasture land, and some's woodlots belong to Lyb Chubbuck."

Plod-plod went the hoofs, grunt-grunt went the bay's inwards peacefully, while the clover perfume like a honeyed mist would have been cloying but for good smells of warm horse.

"Fire away!" Bion's owlish beak turned toward her and the wrinkles of his brown face appeared kind. "Gwan! Let drive! Young one, I love to hear you talk, open. Ask me some more."

Barbara's heart melted. He had taken her beyond the gates of death to explore new country. She forgot his crimes. But what more was left to ask?

"Don't ye want to know where we're goin'?"

At that she hung on his arm.

"No, no! Don't tell!"

The deacon humped his back away from her.

"Skunked again!" said he. "Thought you'd like it."

Their old silence divided them, but with a difference; it seemed more tranquil, content, as if they had agreed to leave all things unexplained and drift on together half awake, becoming part of a stillness that hummed with so many stirs of life, tiny, incommunicable, yet woven into sleepy unison. The road, aimless, wound along through turns and changes, now between rail fences overgrown by raspberry tangle, now across a brook where the wheels came up dripping and green hazels brushed the deacon's hat, now over bald ledges of granite scarred by glaciers. It mounted always. The horse tugged slowly uphill.

Round a bend they overtook a man who went limping with a fiddle and a bow under his arm.

"Hop in, fiddler!" called Bion. "We're goin' same place you be."

"Good mornin'." The fiddler grinned. He was a little, dark, shabby man. "Thank ye. Don't care 'f I do."

He limped round behind them, laid fiddle and bow carefully on the floor of the wagon, swung himself up and sat with his legs dangling over the tailboard.

"On to the dance!" he said. "Let joy be onconfined!"

They continued up the hill.

"Goin' to have a hard winter," complained Bion. "The cedars lo'ded down with fruit, or gittin' ready to be. Never seen 'em so chorkablock."

The fiddler mopped his neck with a soiled red bandanna.

"Wouldn't borry trouble about that yit," he returned. "I c'd eat me a peck maisure of snow this minute."

With her chin on the back of the seat, Barbara adored his glossy red-brown fiddle, its two graceful holes curved each like a long S, the yellowish dust of rosin under the strings.

"Hotter'n Tophet, when you're hoofin' it like me," he sighed. "But grand weather too. I c'd fairly hear the hay ripen and the wil' strawb'ries turn red."

Barbara stared at his back. It was bent, and looked feeble, with round shoulders. His greenish-black coat shone as if waxed. Who was he, a man who could hear such things?

"We'll run acrost somebody you know, and I shouldn't wonder," he told the road behind them. "Somebody not so distant related by blood to your little pitcher with long ears."

"That so?" replied Savory. "Round again, the pesky old customer? How's he makin' out, Oddy?"

The fiddler wound his red bandanna into a bunch and padded it under his chin.

"Well," said he, "I wouldn't go so fur's to claim he can down the output of Niagry. But he can easy drink Tunk Pond dry any day. You may pick him up along this ro'd."

The deacon grunted.

"I don't relish the idea of meetin' him none. But it's a free country, and I can't stop him, a'pose."

They said no more for a while; but their talk had answered Barbara's question. Here sat the man who could hear grass growing; somewhere ahead was another who could drink up lakes and rivers; afterward, perhaps, they might overtake the seven-mile strider, the shiverer who turned fire to ice, and all the rest of the six useful companions who helped folks on their way through enchanted ground. Easily, beyond expectation, it was all coming true this time.

Below her the wonderful Sharp-Ears took his fiddle and tucked it into the bandanna pad.

"Team rides so amooth," he declared, "I'll bate I could play ye a toon right now, a-travelin'."

He made one scrape of his bow in the air, as though summoning music to come from it and alight on the strings, then settled his cheek down and played. The horse woke, took a few steps in quicker time, and went to sleep again, listening. It was jolly, jumpy music that turned and returned on itself, hopping over little unforeseen obstacles and running on forever. It made Barbara's feet tingle. To sit still was torment.

"What's that jig?" asked Bion.

"The Devil's Dream."

"Pooty well named. Sounds ongodly enough."

The musician laughed. Presently his flying bow halted.

"Godless, hey?" he chuckled. "Then here goes one. This won't dessycrate your wagon."

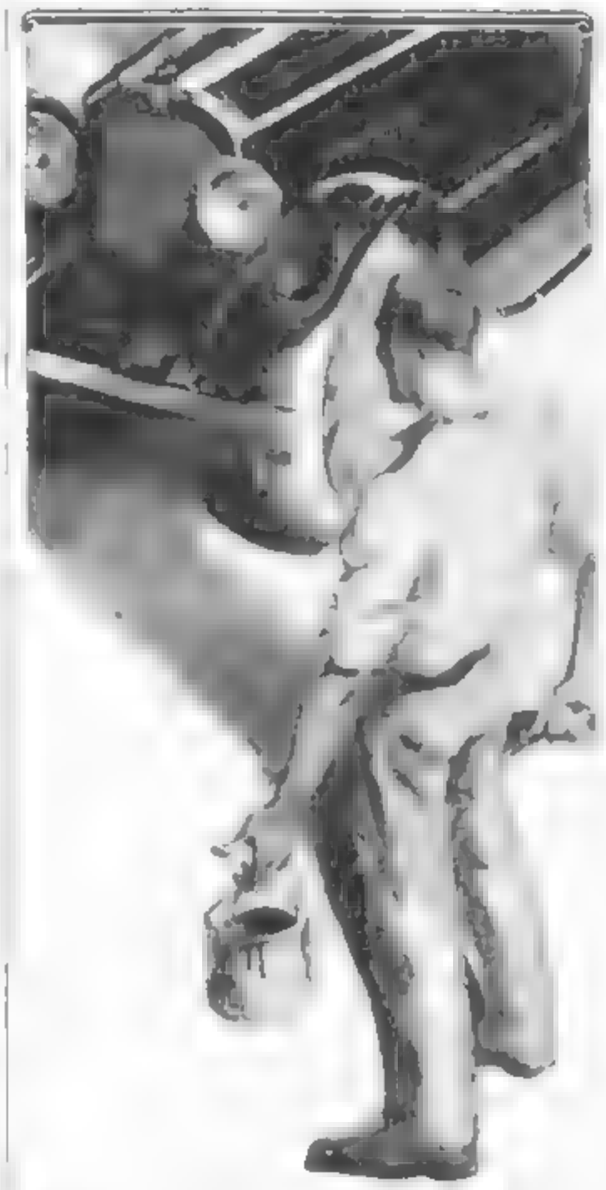
Cuddling his instrument again, he played a slow and lonely sounding air, in the midst of which he turned halfway, stiff-necked, to give Barbara a friendly wink.

"Oh, Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land," wailed the fiddle, "upon thy highest mount I stand, and look away beyond the sea ——"

She knew the words. The wink went straight to her heart. He understood, this little man. Her guess had been right. The

(Continued on Page 130)

Paint Your Car *with* Murphy Da-cote



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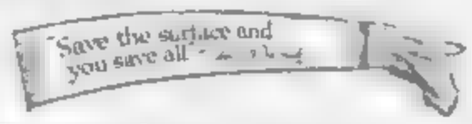

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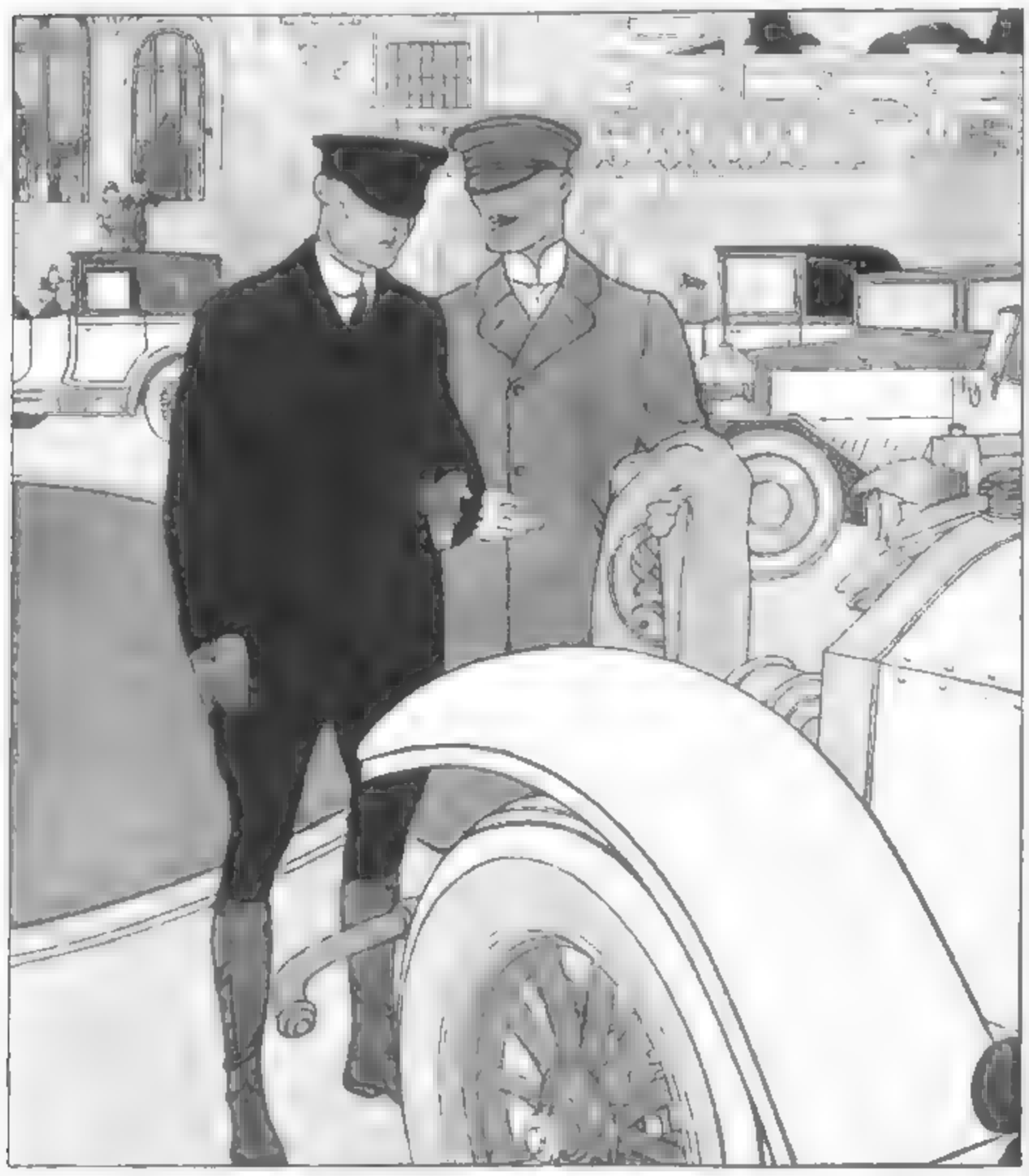

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"The roads were so bad when we went East that the boss kept jumping me for careless driving. I didn't know what to do. You know I've tried 'most everything made for easy riding.

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(Continued from Page 127)

music he summoned from the air told her so. This was nobody's pasture or woods, no common hill they went climbing in a rapture of sad sounds.

"Thank ye for your lift."

In hours or minutes they had reached the top. Music ceased, the fiddler dropped off behind and vanished. Upon the highest mount, sure enough, they looked over hills, away over capes and islands dark with fir, to blue water that widened and drew a great line under three white pointed specks of sail.

"Beyond the sea, where mansions are," thought Barbara, "and view the shining glory shore. Where is it?"

Bion lifted her down and hitched the horse to a rail.

"Here we are," said he, "at the town picnic. Us two, anyhow, spite o' thunder."

Other horses and wagons made a patient rank along the fence. Cool breezes blew up here. A mowed field roundabout smelled of green grass. There were many people.

"Le's go watch the fun."

Holding his hand, Barbara moved through bright confusion till they stood in a grove. Yellow birches made a ring, a dome of shade, where more people came pressing together and talking. Bion hoisted her in his arms over their heads and let her see a floor of new pine boards all pale and smooth.

"Young Pagan, he built us the dance platform," rose a voice.

"Don't say!" exclaimed another. "What, alone? That boy, single-handit? Good job! He done noble!"

The crowd was quiet and full of good nature. Barbara saw a striped chipmunk dart across the floor of the platform, stop, arch his tail, look round without much fear and go jumping down among the yellow-birch trunks.

"Yes, sir. He prepared her well," continued voices. "Alone, hey? Why, he's a carpenter! Who? Cap'n Pagan's boy? Eighteen year old, but he can do a man's work. Do anything. Gone to sea. Yeah. Earnt a master's stiffkit a'ready, they tell me."

Barbara felt herself sliding down among them again.

"Now," said Bion, "you stop here, wait for me, and 'muse yourself a spell. I got to go see a man."

* * *

BION vanished like the fiddler. Alone, sunk and drowned in a long-legged, slow-moving tide of grown people, Barbara did not know how to obey him, wait there, be amused, for they swung along, carrying her, smothering her with skirts and coat tails. Fun; he said they would see fun. Time passed in a blind eddy, which was hot. She remained hopeful.

The crowd began to thin at last, but grew noisier. Coat tails became few among the skirts. Women were talking. The birch grove buzzed now.

"Hallo! Who's this?"

A brown-faced woman, laughing, rescued her from under the platform edge.

"Are you lost, dear?"

"I don't know," said Barbara.

The woman balanced a platter of salad on one hand.

"You don't?" she asked. "Well, you're at the town picnic, aren't you?"

Barbara liked her eyes and teeth. They were good. They warmed the heart, made it bold.

"What is a town picnic, ma'am?"

"Land alive!" crowed the woman, and rested her dish of green lettuce on the platform. "Look! Here's a little stray that never heard! And nothing else talked about the last four weeks!"

Other women stood arranging food on trestles among the yellow birches.

"That child," said one, "belongs to Jen Savory."

"Oh!" replied the salad bearer. "Then I understand."

A pair of arms came and lifted Barbara high in air.

"Bein' so, I'll show her what it looks like." A man's voice rumbled in her ear, and a white beard tickled her. "Come ride on my shoulder. Men must work and women must weep. Which d'ye like best?"

"What?" said Barbara.

"Men or women?"

"Men."

"Good girl! Here we go! Farewell to ye, ladies of Spain!"

Her head sailed among leaves. The man who carried her must be very tall. She looked down and saw his face.

"Don't remember me, do ye?"

It was her old friend, the sweeper of God's house and uprooter of stumps, Capt. Barzillai Pagan. His blue eyes were quizzing her.

"Yes, I do!" she cried, and hugged him tight round the neck. "I'm awful glad to see you again."

The white-bearded giant laughed.

"Me, too. So you like us men better. We'll go watch the men's games. Hi! Gorry, there's a foot race now!"

They ducked below an outermost branch of the grove, into sunlight, among the motionless backs and heads of a crowd. The captain, and Barbara on his shoulder, could look clear down over all to the mown grass, where stakes with ropes between marked a broad oval, round which four men went running. The first, a lean brown creature, barefoot, swept past as light as a rabbit or deer. The second, who wore boots, came swiftly, but was not gaining; the third, in gray stockings, and the fourth, in red, chased after them doggedly and won applause in passing.

"Damn that boy of mine!" said old Pagan.

A bystander turned his head.

"Don't you cuss him, cap'n," he objected. "Your boy's runnin' a plucky secont."

"Second!" growled Barbara's friend, and her legs felt the word rumble in his chest. "Lettin' a Pleasant Point Injun beat him! Sarve him right!"

"They's been few human feet," rejoined their neighbor critically, "could fly so close in the track lef' by Lola of Pleasant Point."

The four men ran and ran, at one moment far across the roped ring, at the next galloping by with a light thud on the turf, so close that Barbara could hear the last two runners pant, could see their faces, red and wet, hideously frowning.

"Why do they?" she asked.

"A race," replied the voice under her legs. "One o' the games."

"Oh!" She reflected. "They all run, but one obtains the prize?"

"You've nailed it, young one. And his name won't be Pagan. There, they quit."

The crowd swayed forward and she rose high among them. Two men lay on the grass, flat, with foreheads pillowed on their crossed arms and backs heaving as if to break. The other pair stood hemmed in, facing each other.

"Injun won."

"O' course."

The Indian, a little, thin, middle-aged fellow, dry as leather, drew breath deeply but calmly, with no more than a quiver of nostrils widened.

"You beat us good, Lola."

The speaker blew out his words with a laugh. Barbara, close above, saw and knew him with a strange pang. This day of splendor was complete. There, beaten, but outshining all victors with his tousled yellow head, stood the boy who twice had called her a fool. That gasping laughter came from the broad brown throat she had always remembered. Boy, no; he was now a man, if not something more.

"The wors' pair of laigs," remarked Lola thoughtfully, "ever I had to run away f'm."

One of the fallen, raising a countenance all puffed ghastly purple and white, grinned.

"Or me to foller," said he, then choked and let his head drop again.

Where were the shouts of triumph, the chants and the crowns? It was too still. And yet the quietness of everybody, at such a great moment, thrilled her; there was something hot and joyful and savage in the ending of this game.

"Are they dead?" she whispered.

"Who?"

She pointed at the two bodies on the grass.

"Not a mite," replied the captain. "Dead blown, that's all."

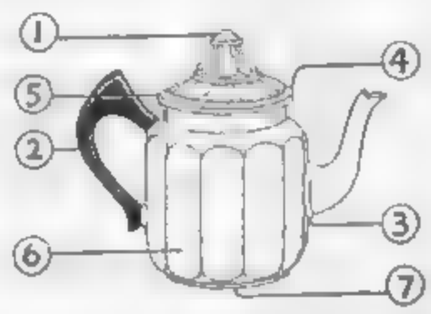
The crowd, breaking, began to move elsewhere. She rode among them as before, darting glances on every side, for her demigod was lost among the drift of heads. Why did she miss him and feel so cutting a grief?

"The quickest three mile," declared someone, "ever I timed on grass. And young Pagan wa'n't five seconds behind."

Hearing his name fly on the lips of men, she loved the unknown who praised him. If only he would appear once more all was well. On a hilltop in the sun dwelt the golden age, and living heroes played, world without end, those games about which the

(Continued on Page 133)

Orange Blossoms Bring Mirro Showers



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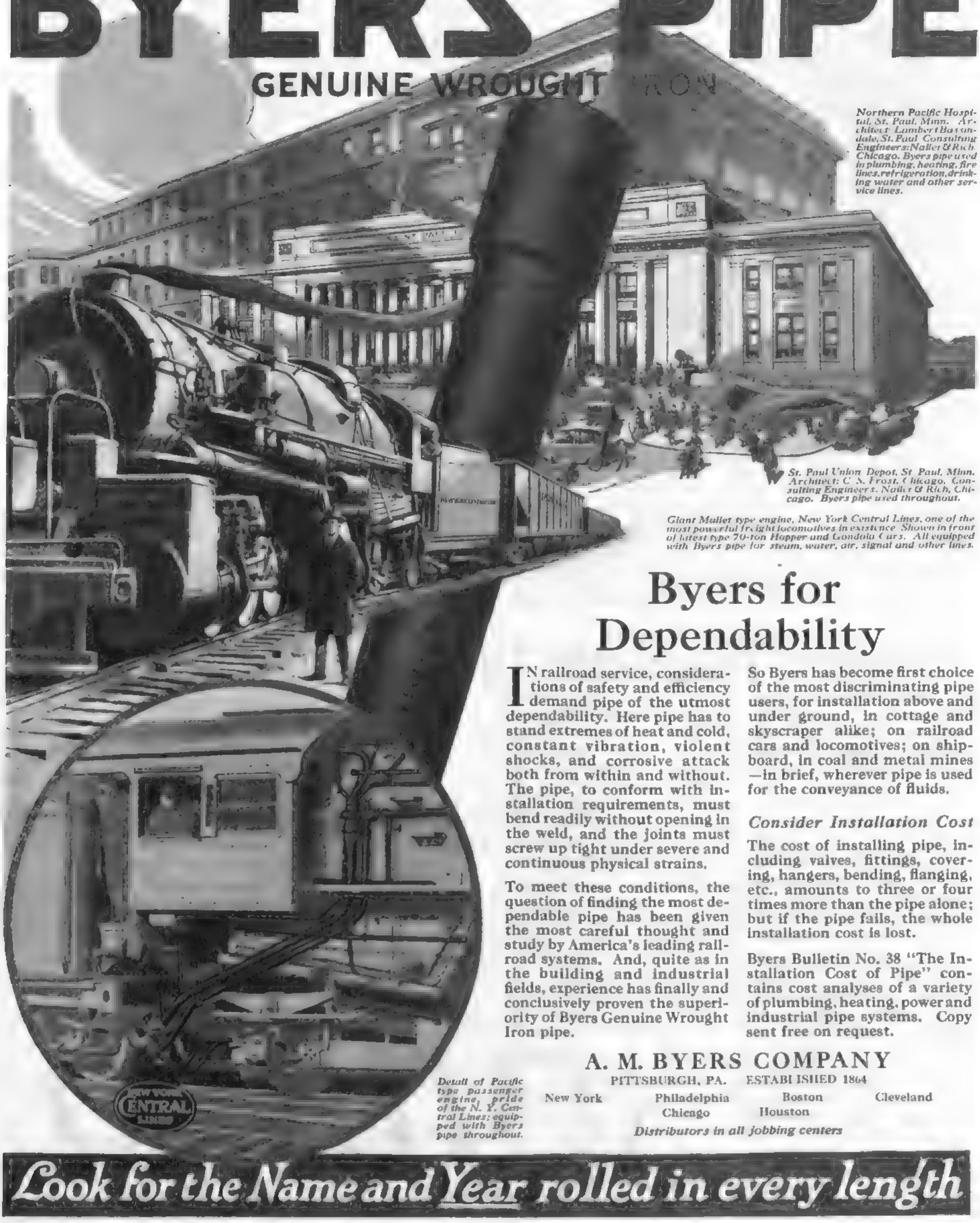

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(Continued from Page 130)

dead soldier's wicked book of magic told her—heroes alive, for she had smelled the sweat of their glowing bodies and seen them in motion lovely as Helen's brothers, the twin stars, the boxer and the horse tamer. Here they all came together again in ecstasy. Mrs. Jen was wrong.

"Not one," thought Barbara, "not one is nasty."

The throng now pressed against the ropes, bulging them inward from stake to stake, and watched three men who spread a gray sailcloth carefully on the grass. When it lay without more than a wrinkle or so, the three stood upright and talked privately. One of them turned.

"Cap'n Pagan!" he called. "We as judges have app'inted Cap'n Pagan the challenger."

An ambiguous murmur swayed the crowd. Some persons laughed, others spoke doubtfully.

"Him? That kills her at the start."

"Won't be no wrastlin' today, then, judge. The sport is off."

"Come, cap'n. Step out."

"I'd ruther not, thank you," sounded from under Barbara's legs. "Have somebody else begin."

Genial dispute followed, which made her supporter laugh, and which, after some horseplay, conquered him.

"Well, mind this child for me. Here, you take her." He slid Barbara down to the ground. "Give her a good front seat, Mowle, if you must watch an old codger make a fool of hisself. Little girl, you stay with Mr. Mowle."

The captain strode forth upon the canvas, removed his coat, jerked his boots off and stood waiting. His white hair in the sun glowed like snow on a mountain. Barbara found herself nesting in a lap, or comfortable hollow of crossed legs, under the rope. She could not take her eyes, at first, off the old champion; but as time passed and he did nothing she became aware of lean arms protecting her, of two thin hands that balanced very gently on her knees a fiddle and a bow. She twisted about and looked. It was the fiddler, no less, who held her.

"How now?" said he. "All hunky-dory?"

She got her first good view of his face, a gray-brown, withered face, both comical and sad.

"Why," said Barbara, "you're that man too!"

"What man too?" asked the fiddler.

"That kept the house where Old Gunjerboo lives."

He gave her a queer, drawn-down smile.

"I s'pose," he replied, "you remember me by the dirt. Don't ye?"

She was plunged into shame.

"No," she whispered.

Now the day would be spoiled. But no; suddenly this magnanimous fiddler squeezed her like an old friend, chuckled, craned past her shoulder and delivered another charming wink. Her spirit rose at once.

"You did know where we were going all the time."

"Did I? Where?"

"Beulah Land."

"How? Oh! Yes," he said, "I know that well."

She settled, perfectly content, down into the hollow of his crossed legs. Meanwhile her other friend, the challenger, giving and taking mild pleasantries, had waited too long. He tossed his white mane and grew impatient.

"Don't hang back, neighbors!" Captain Pagan cracked his hands together like hardwood mallets meeting. "We're all friends here, all in fun, a band o' brothers j'ined, no harm. Keep the pot boilin'! Who's the man?" He suddenly walked toward the rope, leaned into the crowd with a long arm and hauled. "Can't git a man, git the next thing. Here, help out! Begin! Take a-holt, son, and let's try if you've outgrown a spankin'."

He caught someone who laughed, struggled, but came headfirst, dragging over the rope, out of the crowd like a great fish out of water.

"Boots off, accordin' to rule!"

Bystanders applauded the captain's choice. It was young Pagan who cast his boots down near by and stepped forward on the sailcloth; father and son faced each other, adversaries in public; and Barbara thought she had never seen a goodlier pair of men.

"'Fore we fall to it," said the elder in a low voice, "I want ye—Oddy Mowle's lap look down quick—once in your life, see bliss on a mortal face."

Then a wondrous thing happened, for Barbara saw both men turn in the very act of grappling, stare down at her and smile. The younger even gave her a nod. His eyes, bright, dark-blue, were like his father's—not scornful now, as they had been in Ransom's barn loft. Next moment came a thud, a quick dry scuffle, the interlocking and reeling of two mighty bodies.

"Good boy!" crooned the fiddler's voice at her ear. "Good boy! Clever holt!"

Her joy was swallowed up in alarm.

"Who'll be overthrown?"

"Do' know," grunted Mr. Mowle. "Wait! By Job! Good wrastlin'!"

"Oh, which'll I pray for?"

"Quiet, quiet!" squeaked her friend, himself wriggling. "Don't pinch my arm so! Don't bust the fiddle! Nobody'll git hurt! By Job, don't they wrastle good?"

"Like bulls!" cried Barbara. "Like Titans!"

They were past praying for, she knew. A straining four-legged monster with two backs whirled this way and that, tottered in the middle of the gray sail, rushed across it from corner to corner, checked, swayed, fought for advantage with writhing arms, and heaved bulk against bulk as if one maddened frame were trying to tear itself and disjoint. The madness caught. Barbara hugged some invisible foe and rocked in its embrace.

"Worth comin' miles to see," chanted the fiddler. "Miles! That boy's pow'ful. Oh, good on the old feller's head! Miles, miles!"

They wrestled, while the day stood still. How long she did not know. The combat broke off as a white beard tossed victorious, legs flipped in air, and the son's body bending over the father's knee, Old Pagan laid on a thunderclap of a hand, then lowered away. Young Pagan's back touched the canvas. He rolled and jumped up like a cat.

"There!" said Barzillai. "Now some other family can kerry on."

Lost in the general unfeeling mirth, Barbara sought her beloved, and saw him right on the grass beside her, lacing those boots. Over his twice-beaten head jokes flew, but he sat busy and did not reply.

She would touch him.

He turned. His cheeks were dark as if with anger, but his eyes ready for good or bad tidings.

"I know what you did," whispered something in her bolder than herself. "You went and let your father throw you—on purpose."

He gave her a long, funny look.

"What? Don't you go telling that," said he, "to another soul."

Barbara nodded.

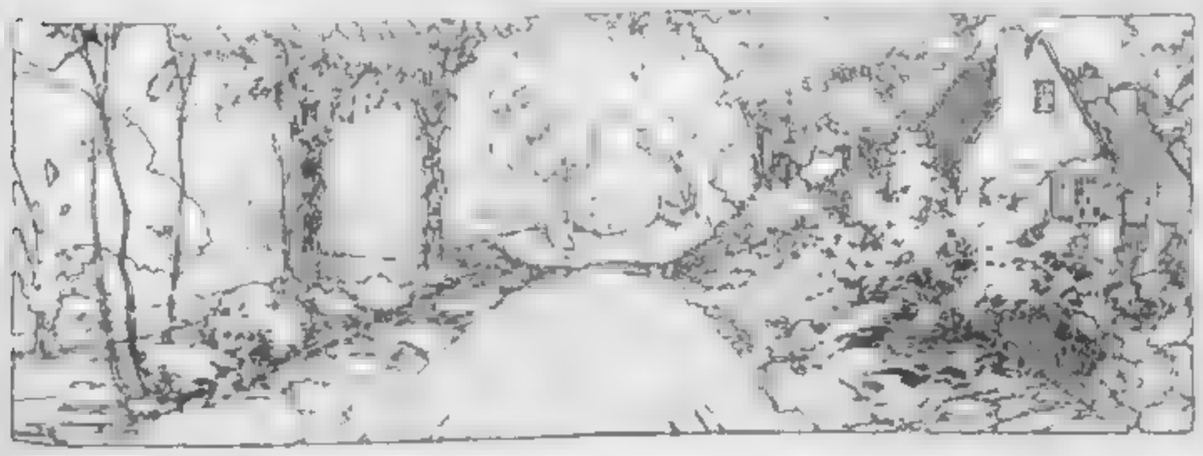
"Never!"

The young man was gone. They shared a secret. Mowle, with his fiddle, rose, lifting her, and saying "How's that? Havin' a good time?"

She shook his free hand.

"My cup," she answered, "runneth over."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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And now that nervous strain from foot ills can be relieved

Each step you take tells an invisible story of your foot troubles—a story quickly revealed by an actual imprint of your foot. For such a print would clearly show the *cause* of those nerve-racking pains.

And what nerves would not suffer from aching, weary feet, intense bodily fatigue, burning pains in the soles, tender corns, callouses, and bunions, pains like rheumatism in the feet and legs? The chances are that a print of your foot would show the cause of this suffering to be "weak foot", a condition in which the muscles and ligaments which support the bones have begun to give way, displacing the normal weight-bearing points of the foot.

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Since no two foot conditions are the same, each case requires individual treatment, that is, an arch support easily removable and capable of adjustment to each changing foot condition. Exactly these requirements are met by Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances.

Go to the nearest Dr. Scholl dealer; let the trained expert there fit you with the appliance or remedy which your particular trouble needs. Enjoy once more the solid comfort of healthy, active feet.

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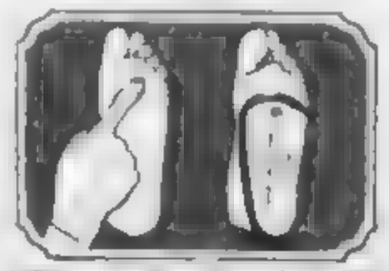
Arch gently supported and body's weight equally distributed by Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer. Light and springy to wear. Eases feet, body and nerves



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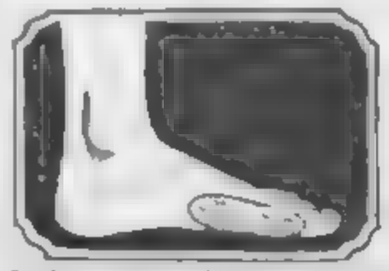

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THE TANGLE OF TAXATION

(Continued from Page 29)

refuge in tax-exempt securities. There has been a flight from taxation precisely like the flight from the mark in Germany. So long as tax-exempt securities are tolerated, so long will the present system be inequitable. The system causes economic dislocation, diminishes the country's purchasing and consuming power, tends to curtail production and makes for higher costs. The attorney-general's department has calculated the general increase in prices due to Federal taxation as 23 per cent. To this burden, which is borne by both rich and poor, must be added the less ascertainable ill effect resulting from restraint of business, impediment to enterprise, a lower standard of living and diminished opportunity for employment. The working capitalist is penalized, while the idle capitalist is endowed through the employment of his funds in tax-exempt securities.

"Examine the returns and you will readily see the inequality of tax distribution. In 1920, 27.8 per cent of those filing income-tax returns paid 92.3 per cent of the amount collected, and 10 per cent of those filing returns paid 84.6 per cent of the total tax. Of the total number of gainfully employed in 1920 namely, 41,609,192 persons—only 7,259,944 filed returns, or 17.4 per cent. The remainder did not file returns, largely owing to liberal exemption and abatement features of our income-tax laws, although evasion probably also explains the absence of a large number of returns that should have been filed. Since the income tax forms the bulwark of our Federal finances—the only other Federal taxes being those on customs, tobacco, liquors for medicinal purposes and miscellaneous excise sources that constitute about one-third of the total tax receipts—this shortcoming assumes serious proportions and raises vital questions as to the equitable diffusion of our Federal tax burden."

Another fundamental was expressed to me by a man who has given much thought and study to taxation. He said:

"Much of the agitation for revision of the income tax springs from people who have no conception of the great problems of law and fiscal expediency involved. Many proposals for modification come from accountants who have reaped a harvest out of tax returns and who really do not understand the larger issues involved in a revision of the system. The income tax is a comparatively new feature of American life, and being new, it is clumsy and cumbersome. Sufficient scientific thought was not given to the statute, and the result is wide dissatisfaction. The tax problem is really one of the great questions of the hour and needs a thorough study by a body of real experts before we can have a sound basis for amendment."

Political Motives to Blame

"Though this country has suffered a great deal from tax-finding commissions, apparently no one has yet proposed a commission to study a system of Federal taxation in the interest of everybody. The trouble with most fact-finding bodies is that they have been inspired by political rather than economic motives. Much could be done toward a clear understanding of the income tax, and the special problems it has created, if we had an investigating body similar to the Royal Commission on the Income Tax appointed by the British Parliament. Whatever objections the British may have toward their present system, it at least embodies the virtues of being equitable, for it reaches to every class. Moreover, the British taxpayer in the provinces is not required to take his troubles to London for adjudication. He can go to the nearest regional office and get results without delay.

"Such a commission in the United States could devise a system of income-tax administration that would make it possible for the average taxpayer, and big corporations as well, to know definitely within a reasonable period just what income tax he or they were obligated to pay. It is the uncertainty of tax liability that worries business men.

"Uncertainty is not wholly a question of legal interpretation of doubtful points. It partly arises from the delay of the Government in checking returns. Washington has just finished auditing the returns for 1917. We should not damn the Treasury Department for this. The blame is squarely up to Congress, which has failed to make the necessary appropriations for audits.

"Increased appropriations for expeditious work on tax returns will help, but the machinery of administration should be revised so that it would not be necessary for business men to hire expensive attorneys and take trips to Washington to defend their position. This could be done by the establishment of district boards of appeal, where cases could be quickly and promptly settled. If, for example, you owe the municipality where you live real-estate taxes, and you believe your assessment unjust, you can appear before the board of assessment and present your case. It is usually settled with speed, and there is seldom a great mass of litigation over the decision. Something of this nature is needed in the United States. The best possible precedent is the regional boards such as are to be found in England."

Everywhere I found that business men advocate a revision of the present income-tax system through a commission of well-informed and practical persons of different callings, who, as one Middle-West manufacturer stated, "could approach their task free from political, social and sectional bias, and evolve a measure that would produce the necessary revenue and at the same time stimulate rather than derange the economic system."

Complications Inevitable

Since the indictment of the system has been presented, it is only fair to give the other side, which was pointed out to me by one of the best known of American tax experts as follows:

"Few individuals realize that in order to administer any tax law applying to 110,000,000 people it is inevitable that there should be serious complications. This is due to the fact that income arises from a multitude of sources, and the statute, in order to preserve a substantial equity, permits the deduction of certain items. If these deductions were not properly curbed by specific provisions of the statute and interpretations by the Treasury Department, the Federal Government would lose tremendous sums annually and great injustice might also be done taxpayers. We shall always have complications as long as we permit deductions from gross income, and as long as we have a tax law applying not to one particular source of income but to income from whatsoever source derived. All close students of the income-tax problem admit that it will be years before many of these probems are settled.

"In criticizing the income-tax law and its administration many individuals forget the great service the tax laws have rendered to American business. Before we had income taxes many American business men never made provision in their accounts for depreciation and depletion, neither did they have any idea of proper determination of cost of production. The income and excess profits tax laws, with their high rates, have made necessary accurate cost-finding practice. This has, of course, made work for the accountants; but it must be remembered that business has also been served. Perhaps from the social standpoint, this service has been worth all that it has cost American business."

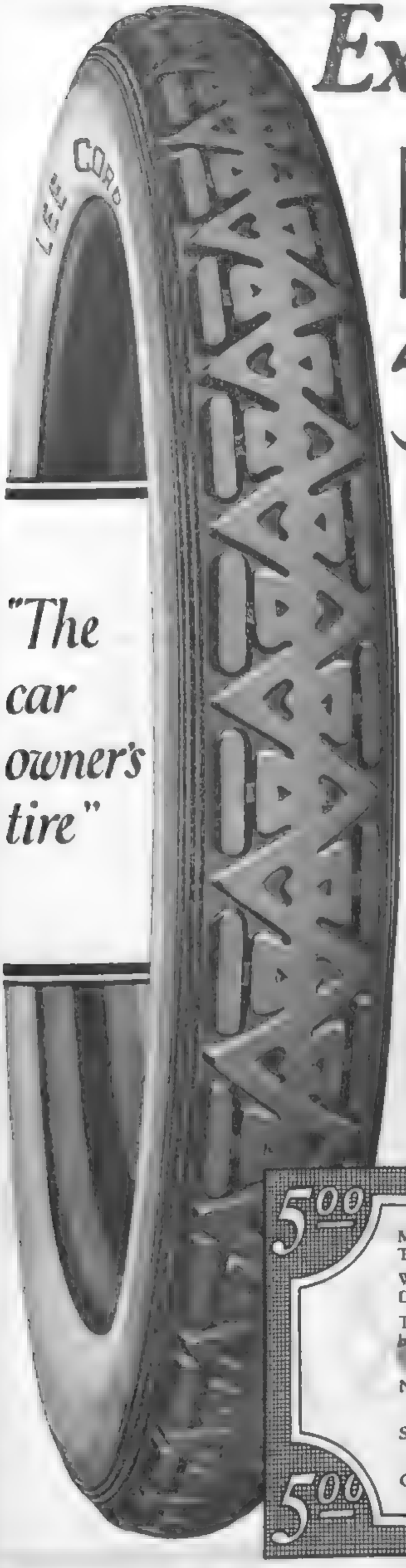
As you bare the point of view of the average American with regard to taxation you find that though there is the usual quarrel with the amount of the tax, the principal protest is against the elaborate system. Man as a rule is not by instinct a national-tax dodger. He is willing to pay, but he objects to making the process expensive and troublesome. As one in Chicago stated the case to me:

"Any system that makes it impossible for the man of ordinary income to make out his own tax return is absurd. A tax return should be a direct contract between a citizen and his Government, and should be made so easy that anyone could make it out without outside help."

In line with this sentiment, which is nation-wide, is another attitude, best summed up in this fashion by a Boston business man:

"One defect in the present system of taxation is that it has developed a bureaucratic tendency on the part of the Government to interfere with business."

(Continued on Page 138)



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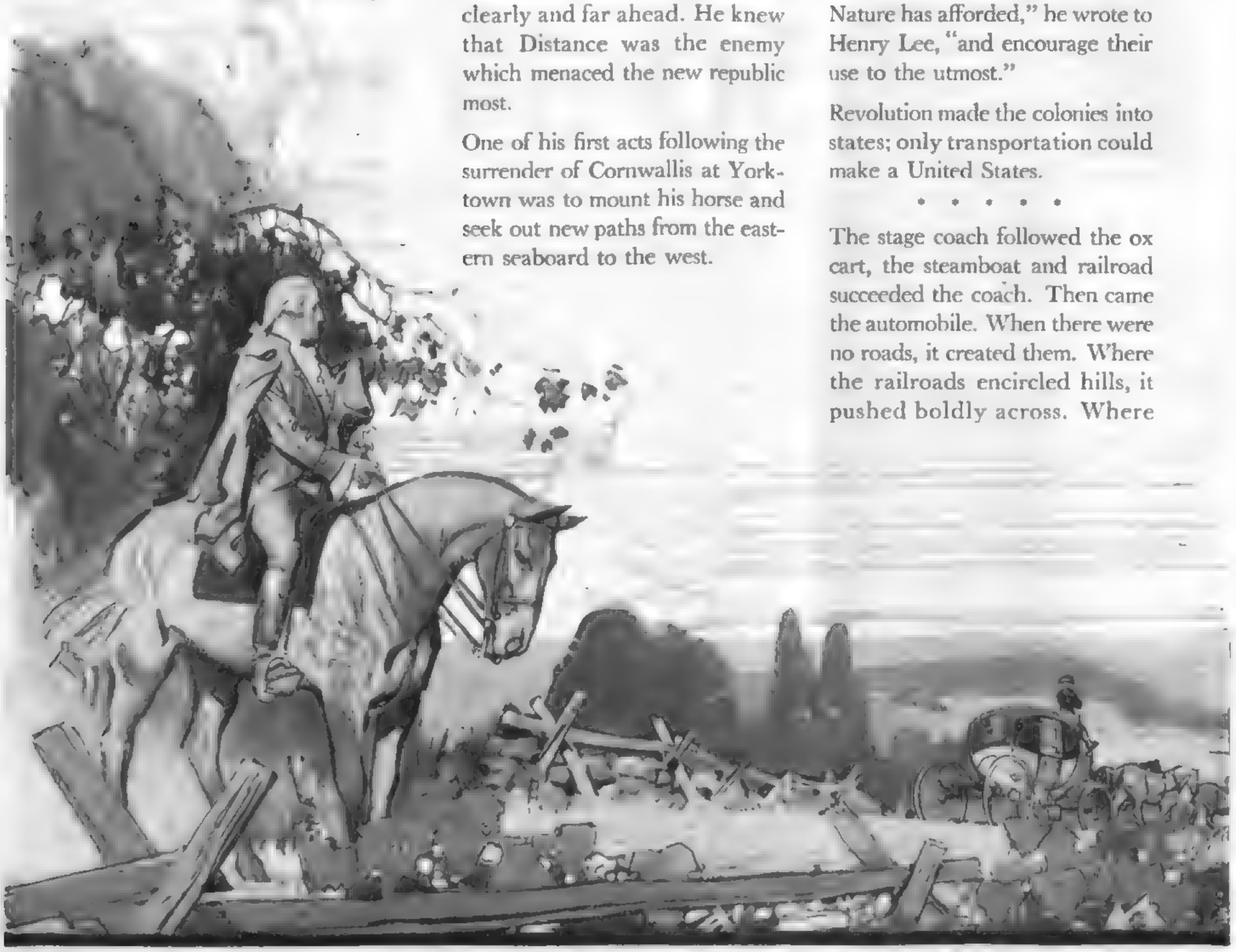
* * * * *

The stage coach followed the ox cart, the steamboat and railroad succeeded the coach. Then came the automobile. When there were no roads, it created them. Where the railroads encircled hills, it pushed boldly across. Where



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"And, no matter how much more I paid, I couldn't equal the comfortable Topkis fit.

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TOPKIS

Athletic Underwear

(Continued from Page 134)

In these two expressions lie the germ of a large portion of the protest, as I found it, against the existing order of things. To them may be added a third provocation that does not always come within the ken of the average man. I refer to the two new and costly industries, so to speak, that have sprung up as a direct result of the jungle of well-nigh inexplicable detail into which the Government plunges the taxpayer. They are the expert tax accountant and the tax lawyer. Because of the universal interest in these phases it may be well for me to reproduce the statement that was prepared for me by a distinguished New York lawyer. It is:

"Since the enactment of the first income-tax law in 1913, down to the present time, each succeeding year has been marked by a new form for an income-tax return, a result partly due to changes and modification in the law itself, and partly due to changes in the regulations promulgated by the Internal Revenue office. The difficulties that confront the taxpayer in the preparation of his return involve serious questions of law as well as facts. The honest taxpayer is compelled to resort to legal advice and to certified accountants who have become experts and specialists in preparing income-tax returns, in order to avoid serious mistakes and possible penalties. His burden of taxation is therefore increased by the expense of preparation of his return."

The Burden on Manufacture

"The dishonest taxpayer hurdles these difficulties by suppressing the facts. The Government itself recognizes the embarrassment imposed upon the citizens by authorizing the free services of its inspectors to those who are unable to prepare their income-tax reports. Few if any of the substantial taxpayers take advantage of this service, as there is a distinct disinclination on the part of many people to disclose their private affairs to complete strangers.

"These circumstances have created what is practically a new profession, composed to a large extent of men who were formerly in various positions in the income-tax service and who offer their services to the public not only on the basis of their supposedly expert knowledge of the income-tax law but also of the numberless rules, regulations and decisions of the income-tax bureau.

"The preparation of the return is, however, the smallest of the burdens to which the taxpayer is subjected by reason of the intricacies and difficulties of the administration of the income-tax law. Within a period of from two to five years after his return has been filed a field agent of the Collector of Internal Revenue in the district in which the taxpayer has filed his return examines the taxpayer's return. Where books are kept this involves a careful examination of the books of account, and a comparison of findings of income actually received as shown by the books, with the return filed. The field agent has conferences with the taxpayer wherever there is any question of doubt and makes his report to the income-tax unit of the Treasury Department. As a general rule, the field agent exercises his functions with skill and with an honest effort to make a proper report."

Now let me show how the increasing burden of taxation affects economic life and increases the cost of production. I shall employ the analysis made by the National Industrial Conference Board of the mass of statistics gathered by the Census of Manufacturers in 1914, and again in 1919, relating to the principal items of expenditure in various industries, which shows that taxes are bearing more heavily upon manufacture everywhere.

The big fact to be emphasized is that between 1914 and 1919—and the relativity since 1919 has not changed perceptibly—tax expenditures have outstripped all others proportionately. Where wage costs have increased 158 per cent, the tax outlay has advanced 371 per cent—Federal taxes form 86 per cent of the total amount—while the ratio of taxes to total expenditures more than doubled. Putting it in another way, the tax burden has increased from 6 per cent of the national income to 17 per cent. At the same time, the proportion spent for miscellaneous items declined about one-sixth. What is the result? Simply this:

"Taxation is sterilizing business initiative. On the presumption that it is not a desirable policy to have the tax program interfere with the present standard of living, and applying roughly 25 per cent to the national income, we have $12,500,000,000 available for taxes and fresh capital investment, of which $8,400,000,000 is absorbed by taxes, leaving approximately $4,000,000,000 for capital employment. It has been estimated that fresh capital investment needs about $6,000,000,000 annually in this country. It means that under present conditions our tax bill is fast making inroads on the surplus considered essential to our economic progress. It threatens to continue to hamper our growth, especially in view of the hitherto uninterrupted rise in local taxes."

When you present these facts to any big business man, as I did, instead of a definite reply you usually get a series of questions something like these: If we pay labor the highest wages existing anywhere, but restrict capital and enterprise to the lowest return anywhere, how can we possibly compete in the markets of the world in the long run, or even maintain our home market against the more favorably situated foreigner? How can we possibly get anywhere by that system but to stagnation and retrogression? How can the individual business man expand his business and increase production and output? How can labor be abundantly employed and well paid, and the small business man and the farmer be prosperous, unless business at large is enabled to expand and prosper?

Perhaps the best answer is a composite gathered in many sources that reads:

"That the limits of taxable capacity have about been reached, or that taxation is on the verge of becoming more or less unbearable, is beginning to be generally recognized. A continuation of the present policy is bound to have an unfavorable reaction on our entire national economy. Our present and prospective national income cannot much longer support any tax program that tends to encroach on the surplus available for the development of industry to the extent that recent years have witnessed. If not reduced, so burdensome a system not only impairs individual initiative and effort but means a lower standard of living for the American people."

Initiative Handicapped

In some quarters—largely among non-taxpayers, I might add—the contention is made that the tax burden has been lightened, especially by the reduction in the surtax. On this point a statement recently issued by a well-known American investigating body is very much to the point. It says:

"The fact has been impressed on the popular mind within the last year or two that the yield of Federal taxes has been declining, and this, coupled with the exaggerated importance often assigned to the position of Federal taxes in the entire system of American public finance, has served to lull taxpayers into the belief that the peak of the burden is a matter of the past. It cannot be gainsaid that the Federal tax burden, measured in terms of dollars, irrespective of price changes, has grown smaller in bulk, although it does not necessarily follow that it is more easily borne.

"Federal taxes totaled $4,926,000,000 in 1919; in 1921 actual collection by the Federal Government amounted to $4,430,000,000—a decline of 11.2 per cent. But it should not be overlooked that the 1921 dollar had a purchasing power of 26.9 per cent more than the 1919 dollar. Hence the Federal tax burden in 1921 was actually 15 per cent higher in the aggregate than in 1919. Furthermore, with slower movement of stocks and relatively large inventories, payment of Federal taxes in 1921 very likely presented a much more difficult problem to the average business man than in 1919."

The handicap that the Federal tax system imposes on business initiative generally reveals only one phase of the problem. The unanimous opinion is that it also removes incentive to that basis of all fortune, which is thrift. We have become a great nation through the exercise of individual initiative and the capitalization of an opportunity that is distinctively American. The backbone of any nation—France is the most conspicuous example—is the impregnable reservoir of the people's savings.

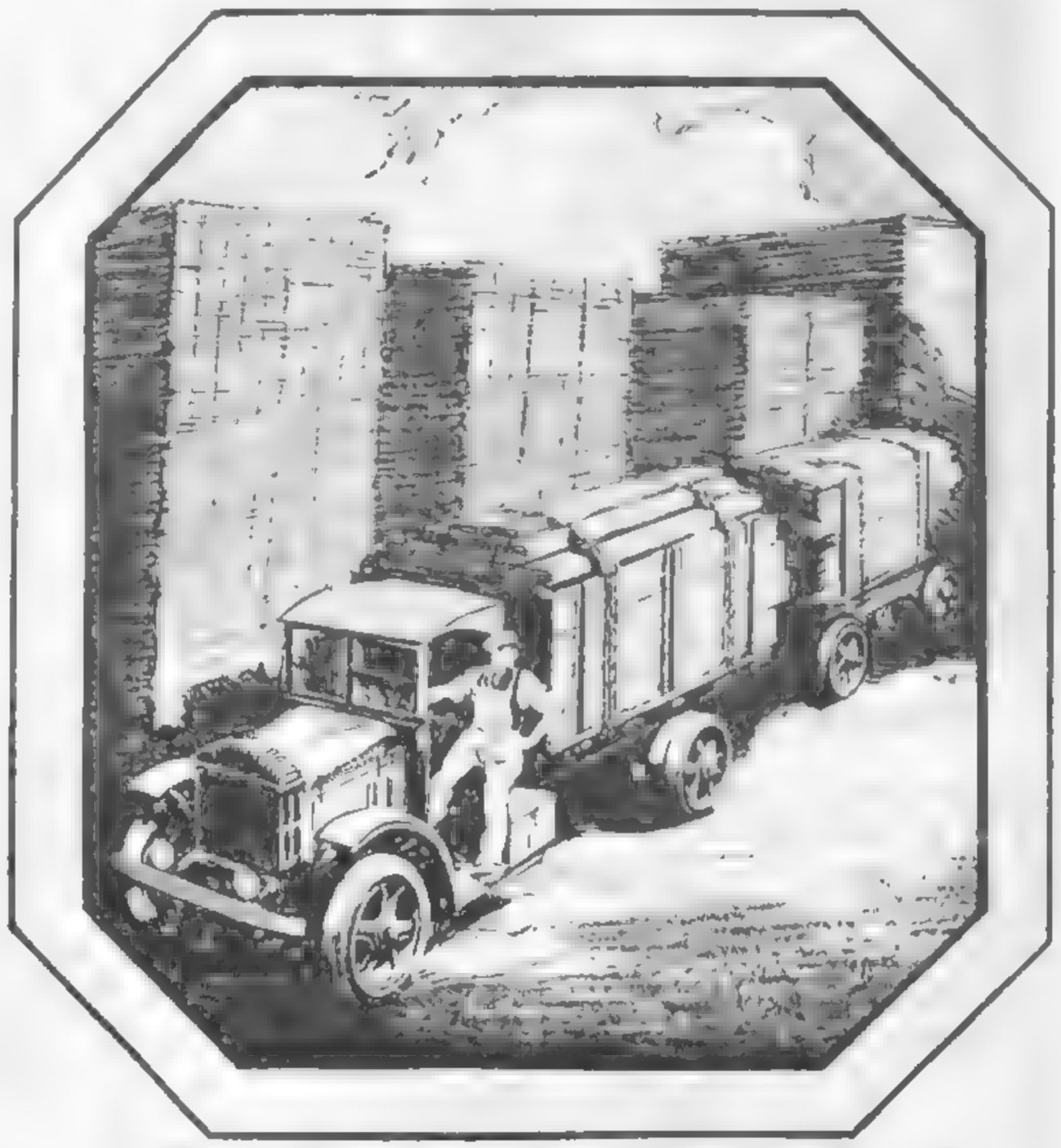
Just how the present tax process discourages rather than encourages ambition was explained to me by the head of one of

(Continued on Page 140)

"It certainly pays to haul lumber with Pierce-Arrow Trucks"

EDWARD HINES LUMBER CO.

"Of our fourteen Pierce-Arrow Trucks, nine have been in operation since July, 1919," writes the Edward Hines Lumber Company, the largest retail lumber dealer in the world. "Day after day, throughout this period, they have been put to extremely hard usage. Yet, not one of them has ever shown the need for a complete overhauling. This certainly is a remarkable record, when you consider the kind of service the trucks must undergo in our business . . . . We are using a 5-ton, four-wheel trailer behind each truck. This greatly increases the pay load and cuts delivery costs. We frequently have long hauls to make. The speed of the Pierce-Arrow enables us to handle this business very satisfactorily. We make quick deliveries over a wide territory. The gasoline, tire and oil mileage on all the trucks has been consistently high, and running expenses consequently low . . . . *It certainly pays to haul lumber with Pierce-Arrow Trucks.*"



No matter what you want to haul, or where you want to haul it, we can give you definite figures on Pierce-Arrow performance under your particular conditions. Let us show you how much more economical, and how much more profitable Pierce-Arrow Trucks are in *your* business.

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2	—2½ ton,	$3300
2½	—3 ton,	3500
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The Virtuolo actually liberates an atmosphere of music formerly unexpressed. No longer need a piano be silent and merely represent what might be music if there were someone to play it.

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The Virtuolo is a product of the great Hallet & Davis factories, builders of pianos noted for quality for 84 years, endorsed by the immortal Franz Liszt and a host of other illustrious artists and awarded highest medals of honor at leading expositions.

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The same prices everywhere

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.
BOSTON

(Continued from Page 138)

the greatest of New York trust companies, who himself rose from messenger to magnate. He said:

"Under the existing procedure no young man who begins life without resources save those contained within himself can ever expect to get rich, as we know wealth in the United States. He can acquire a competence, to be sure; but should he, by the exercise of his wits or otherwise, make a quick stake, he cannot expand it, because the Government immediately takes the best portion of it. The natural result is that he says to himself: 'What is the good of making money if I am not allowed to keep it?' Taxation should equitably take its toll of the rich, but its exaction must not deaden ambition in the minds of the youth of the land. The inequitable system now in operation makes for social and economic wrong."

Practically every grievance against the prevailing system grows out of the widespread opinion that the burden of taxes is unequally distributed. One of the chief causes for this inequality is the tax-exempt security, which has aided and abetted the public-debt mania and led to an orgy of extravagance. For every one person who favored the tax-exempt bond I found fifty opposed to it. I believe that this is a conservative estimate of the opinion in the United States.

The tax-exempt bond is not only deplored but condemned. I heard it referred to as an assassin of business and as a menace to prosperity. Evasion is always a costly business in the end, because, as a Western senator put it, "Whenever a taxpayer, legally or otherwise, dodges paying his full share, someone else has to pay it for him."

The violent agitation for the elimination of the tax-exempt security, and the fact that the Lower House of Congress voted for the ban on it at the last session, has made most people familiar with the issues involved. Since the matter so vitally affects the larger economic integrity of the country, it might be wise to summarize, in passing, just what the man in the street thinks of this particular kind of exemption. Whether in Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco or New Orleans, you get this point of view:

"The tax-exempt security is a piece of special privilege framed in the interest of the rich tax dodger and the politician. It drives money out of profitable and productive enterprise into relatively unproductive and unprofitable channels. Furthermore, it increases the burden upon fixed income and general business, because the Government is deprived of its legitimate returns from large incomes."

After Us the Deluge

"The effect is to promote the indiscriminate issuance of tax-exempt securities by the various tax-levying bodies throughout the United States. These not only include the regularly constituted state, county and municipal bodies but also embrace many special districts, which appropriate the public funds at will far beyond the real or immediate need of the communities. Political and not economic ends are served. The objective is often a needless improvement in the shape of a stadium, a swimming pool, and not infrequently a costly experiment in public ownership. As a consequence, the burden of local taxation is constantly increasing. No cognizance is taken of the fact that there must be a costly reckoning at some future time. Like the theory of the French king who said, 'After us the deluge,' the idea that animates present-day waste is that posterity will pay."

So much for the general attitude. A specific but characteristic comment was made for me by the head of one of the greatest American financial institutions, who said:

"Tax-exempt securities place the burden of taxation squarely upon the doer and subsidize the nonproducer. They put a premium on inertia. They are likewise creating a plutocracy of inherited wealth that foments class feeling. The whole system is grossly unfair and unjust.

"I am not exaggerating when I say that the United States Treasury is losing more than $300,000,000 a year of income-tax revenue because so many bonds are tax-exempt. The whole effect is to dry up the sources of Federal taxation and to encourage extravagant expenditures by states and municipalities.

"The gross injustice of the system is apparent when you realize that the bond of a village in Kansas or Alabama is more attractive to large investors on the basis of income than a bond of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It grows out of the fact that the provincial security is tax-free while the revenue from the obligation of one of the greatest railroads in the world is taxable. Looking at it in another way, in order to get an equivalent income, a 5 per cent tax-free municipal bond must be offset by what would have to be a 10 or 12 per cent railroad or industrial. No corporation, of course, can afford to pay such rates

"Incredible as it may seem, the time is rapidly approaching when many of the richest men in this country will be entirely relieved of the burden of taxation. Because of tax-exempt securities it has ceased to be profitable for many men possessing large funds to continue in business. These securities offer them attractive opportunities and there is no incentive to turn their surplus funds into business."

Ask the salaried man anywhere how he feels about tax-exempt securities, and his answer, in substance, is something like this:

"The steady increase of untaxed billions means a heavier tax on land, public utilities, industry and merchandising generally. All this extra burden is passed on to the general public, who must assume the obligation that the millionaire escapes."

The Case for Tax-Exempt Bonds

There is a widespread belief that "exemption" and "evasion" are synonymous terms under the system that now prevails. In many sections I found a state of mind like the following:

"All exemptions should be eliminated. The moment you begin to exempt you invite some kind of trickery. Wherever you turn in taxation you find the side-stepper at work. In order to evade the prohibitive inheritance taxes, both state and national, the multimillionaire distributes his fortune long before his death. The operator in stocks indulges in wash sales and takes a temporary loss in order to reduce his income."

To return to tax-exempt securities, what might be called the middle ground of opinion is expressed in the following fashion:

"There is no particular objection to tax-exempt securities, as such, if they could be brought and kept within the range of the average man. The trouble is in the abuse of power that makes for the endowment of the rich on the one hand and the waste of public money on the other. Graduated income taxes can never be effective when they must compete with practically unlimited issues of tax-exempt securities. The inevitable consequence is that they throw the investment market out of joint and cripple the mortgage market as well."

Although they are outnumbered fifty to one, the advocates of tax exemption make a case for themselves. The most familiar argument was one given to me by a prominent Lowell publisher, who declared:

"Who buys these tax-exempt bonds against which such an outcry is made? Usually men of vast wealth who are concerned to keep their income taxes down as far as they can honestly, and who will consent to accept a low-yield bond that would otherwise not find a ready sale just because it is exempted from taxes. Does it occur to anyone that in all this there is an advantage the state does well to retain? Cannot anyone see that the buyer of a tax-exempt bond, by accepting a much lower rate of interest on his money than he would otherwise demand, virtually does pay a substantial tax to the state or city issuing such a bond?

"Remember that the buyer of a bond is merely lending his money. He takes the bond in return as evidence of the debt. If the city of Lowell issues a bond, which is exempted from all state or Federal income taxes, it can sell that bond—or, in other words, borrow the money—at a much lower rate of interest than it would have to pay if every bond it issued were to be taxed by both state and nation.

"It is simply absurd to assume that the tax-exempt bond is a one-sided favor. It is quite as much a favor to the cities and states issuing them as it is to the wealthy taxpayers who now afford the chief market for such securities."

The widespread dissatisfaction over the tax system is not confined to the social and economic injustice embodied in tax-exempt

securities. It extends to the hardships imposed upon earned income. Wherever I went a large burden of complaint expressed itself in such a statement as this:

"A drastic revision of the present income-tax law must be made so as to shift the burden of the taxation from earned to unearned income.

"A man with a large salary who has large personal expenses, and whose investments yield him only a small return, faces a serious problem.

"The trouble with the law is that it does not justly define or consider earned income. All income resulting from personal or mental effort should be defined as earned, and should not be taxed as heavily as the income from inherited securities or property. Take the case of a lawyer who earns $50,000 a year from his practice. He spends half and invests the other half. Why should the income from the latter, which he has saved and invested, be considered and treated as unearned?"

Just how the tax on earned incomes works its injustice is evidenced by what a famous New York surgeon told me. He said:

"I have a very large income, but it is entirely from my profession. My hands are such an important aid to my earning power that I must have them insured, and the premium is high. Despite these two facts I am required to pay more than half my income in taxes, which is the same that is paid on large unearned incomes. If I should suffer a serious accident tomorrow my earning power would cease. In a case like mine some provision should be made for the undisputed earned character of my income."

A concrete illustration of the havoc that taxes, together with the high cost of living, play with big salaries was given to me by a New Yorker who is at the head of one of the greatest corporations in the world. Here is his story:

"My salary—as was that of my predecessor—is $125,000 a year. A few days ago a statement was made out showing the effect of taxes and living expenses on his income and mine.

"In 1914 he paid exactly $2550 income tax, which left him $122,450. His normal living expenses aggregated $60,225, which left him a similar amount for his capital account.

"Last year I paid $45,500 in Federal and state taxes, which left me $79,500. Living expenses today are 74.2 per cent in excess of 1914, so mine aggregated $104,912. The result was that in order to pay my expenses and taxes I had to take $25,412 from my capital account."

Inequalities of the Income Tax

For one American industry there is a general disposition to leniency. I mean agriculture. Even those who most bitterly oppose the tax-exempt security sympathize with the farmer and advocate some degree of exemption for him. What the farmer himself thinks about the income-tax situation was expressed by the head of one of the leading American farm organizations in this manner:

"I believe that the greatest burden of taxation should be paid by those most able to pay; but the scale of income taxes should be very carefully considered, especially from the standpoint of farmers. It is very well known that the farming industry is a hazardous business. Prosperity among farmers travels in cycles. Conditions may be favorable both as to production and price in one year, and the farmer may make a reasonable amount of money for which his income would be taxed, while in other years he may have exhibited an equal diligence and ability; but on account of conditions, such as climate and insect blights, over which he has no control, he may have lost money on his operations.

"Farmers complain about paying income on their good years while forced to suffer losses on their bad years. It may be very difficult to overcome the tax affecting such a hazardous business as farming, but it would be more equitable if their income were based upon a five or ten year average than upon one season's operation. This being the case, it is difficult to bring about a tax on the farmer's income on the same basis as other industries. However, we do not advocate one set of rules for farmers and another set of rules for other lines of business. We believe in the principle of a graduated income tax, with a very small tax on incomes under $5000 and not an exorbitant or confiscatory tax upon large ones."

What is the way out of this tangle of taxation? The moment you enter the domain of remedies you run afoul of the crank. Every pressing problem has its quota of cures, but taxation leads all the rest. By common consent no complicated formula will provide the panacea. It must be simple, cheap and equitable.

After a canvass covering practically the whole of the United States, it is evident that the overwhelming sentiment of the people is for a sales, or turnover, tax. I found that nearly everybody seems to favor this form of revenue as a substitute for the costly and irritating system now in vogue. It is the one painless tax. Such a form of taxation is no untried experiment. It is in operation in Canada, the Philippines and in various European countries, including even France, where the very mention of tax is like a doom note to the average citizen.

There is neither space nor occasion to enter into any elaborate discussion of the sales, or turnover, tax. One fundamental virtue of it must be pointed out because of its far-reaching importance. Let me quote an eminent American business leader who formulated it in this simple manner:

"One of the many objections to the present complicated system of taxation is that it penalizes thrift. The young man today has no incentive to accumulate money because he is taxed on what he saves. The larger and more practical plan would be to put a premium on saving and tax what he spends.

"By this process he would have the incentive to save money. At the same time a brake would be put on useless expenditure. This is why I favor a sales tax."

Sentiment for a Turnover Tax

Another basic contention was made by an outstanding citizen of Kansas City who has immense business interests in the Middle West. He said:

"Unfortunately the taxation problem has two aspects, the real and the political. The political aspect is the possibility of making the appeal to take the taxes off the poor man and put them on the rich man by levying high surtaxes on the large incomes. This sounds plausible, and the politicians from this part of the country have sought to ride into popularity by exploiting the issue.

"In reality we believe this system is simply putting up the cost of living unnecessarily and holding back the progress of business. You cannot center taxation on the country's investment fund without reducing the supply of goods and so putting up prices. Every business man is under the constant incentive to load his selling prices to the limit to take care of an indefinitely heavy tax.

"We believe a moderate turnover tax would yield the revenue without disorganizing business. It would be definite in amount and would not increase the cost of living to anything like the extent of the present system. The present income surtaxes put the penalty only on the producing income or income derived from an active business. Those whose capital is invested in securities can exchange their securities for tax-free securities and escape the tax, while the man giving employment to many people has to pay or sell his business."

Whether the tax is on sales and paid by the consumer at the rate of 1 per cent for the gross amount, or whether it is a 2 per cent tax, or higher, paid by the manufacturer, carrier or dealer on his turnover of sales, is a technicality. What the rank and file of the American people seem to want is this form of tax, which will distribute the burden on that basis of equality which should be the first and foremost principle of all taxation.

A sales, or turnover, tax would more clearly meet popular demand than any other, because of the following reasons, which are a composite of the almost endless number that I gathered:

"A sales, or turnover, tax is fair; it distributes the load equally, and the collection is easy and simple. At the present time it is estimated that the cost of collecting the income tax, including administration of the internal-revenue department and the expense to the individual taxpayer, is more than $125,000,000. All this would be eliminated by a simple and inexpensive process of bookkeeping.

(Continued on Page 144)

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(Continued from Page 141)

"Moreover, a system of sales tax, for example, would stop capital from hiding in tax-exempt securities, and at the same time relieve the taxpayer from inquisitorial investigation. Tax experts would no longer be required and the highly necessary flow of liquid capital for new enterprise would be accelerated rather than impeded. As a result, business thrift would be encouraged and the wastage on excessive salaries and extravagances, now charged off against taxes, eliminated.

"Finally, a sales, or turnover, tax is based on sound democratic principles and would spread the tax payment so equitably that taxpaying, instead of being a nuisance to be evaded in every possible way, would become a natural part of economic life. It would remove the present so-called class distinction, because everybody would be a taxpayer."

Of course, there is a case against the sales tax on the ground that it would not altogether effect an equitable distribution of the tax burden. As one opponent stated:

"Many salaried workers are compelled to spend practically all their income for the ordinary necessities of life. An individual with a large income might spend only a relative portion of it for the necessities of life, and have a substantial surplus. Under the sales tax the latter would not be paying taxes in proportion to his ability to pay."

Another argument against it concerns the application to industry, and was made for me by a tax expert as follows:

"A serious administrative problem arises in applying the sales tax to integrated and nonintegrated concerns. A completely integrated company would presumably pay sales tax only upon its ultimate product and not upon each of the various stages in manufacture. The nonintegrated concern might buy raw materials or partly fabricated products and pay sales tax on these materials and also upon the finished product. In some enterprises there are fifty or sixty different stages in the ultimate production of a given article. If all these various stages in manufacture were conducted by only one company it would pay only one sales tax upon the ultimate product. The nonintegrated concern might pay ten or even more sales taxes upon the raw materials and partly finished products used."

A Cynic on Taxation

Whatever revision of the taxation system is made, be it with sales tax, further reduction of the surtax, elimination of tax-exempt securities, or otherwise, no definite progress can be registered until our whole scheme of Federal revenue and expenditure is put on a really economic basis. In a scientific budget, which is not a campaign document, lies the real hope of the taxpayer. This point of view was aptly interpreted by a shrewd Washington observer, who said:

"In this country we appropriate money recklessly and then think about raising the funds afterwards. No private business could exist on such a basis, and no public business should be allowed to continue on such a basis. The trouble is that there is too much petty politics, and unhappily politics and fiscal statesmanship are not bedfellows."

I know of no better commentary on the evil just indicated than to reproduce the words of one of the wisest and, I might add, sophisticated of living Americans. In discussing the tax burden and the budget he made this comment:

"The citizen is a cynic on taxation. Why shouldn't he be? He accepts as an axiom that democracies administered under a party system are bound to be overloaded with incompetent government employes. He does not dispute the truism that the party system sends demagogues and selfish politicians to Congress. He knows that now and then big, brave and constructive minds will be found in the three branches of the Government, and he hopes they will preserve him from any greater wasting of the nation's estate than he has witnessed."

A Worldwide Hardship

"A real budget system, he is convinced, would save a good deal of money and reduce taxes. Then he remembers that a friend of the budget signed a wasteful public-buildings bill, awarding Byzantine palaces to Podunk and Chicken Bristle. So he awaits the development of a public conscience in America that will pervade voters and officeholders alike, and induce them to apply to their common business the same intelligence and effort they apply to the administration of their personal affairs."

Finally, there is that other and even larger aspect of the problem, more permanently important than mere complaint against existing inequalities. Its significance is worldwide, and should sink deeply into the consciousness of every taxpayer no matter where he lives. The explanation may well serve as the final section of this panorama of protest. Summed up, it is:

"To the American taxpayer in general, restless under the enormous demands on his labor and sacrifice, and to the American farmer in particular, who feels himself the special victim of the fiscal machine in a period of low agricultural income, it cannot be too often pointed out that taxes today are in overwhelming degree the price of war. In view of this fact, the citizen should consider the advisability of an effort to avert future wars through intelligence or some kind of coöperation not built on sentiment, but born of business needs. Today 1,500,000,000 taxpayers throughout the world are paying in taxes the cost of a stupendous struggle that so far has netted nothing but expense and discontent. Solvency and sanity both dictate that humanity should never again submit itself to this hardship."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of American articles by Mr Marcosson. The next will be devoted mainly to the farmer, labor and the tariff

From the Tatoosh Range, Looking Across Paradise Valley, Rainier National Park

TO SPEAK OF ENGLAND

(Continued from Page 4)

Thus a formal proposal to socialize the wealth of Great Britain is met in a spirit of fair and unlimited argument. Why? Because it may happen, not by violence, not by revolution, but by a process of experiment; and everybody will have to make the best of it.

The subject is by no means academic. A Labor government in England is something nearly everyone now expects to see. Nobody is greatly excited. When it comes, if it does, it will have the authority of a natural event.

In the private house of a Liberal subject the King and Queen of England recently broke bread with the leaders of this socialistic labor movement and talked politics with them. This had never happened before. It may have scandalized people like the Duke of Westminster, whose tax is said to amount to seventeen shillings in the pound, so that from an income of £330,000 he has only £60,000 left for himself; and the Duke of Bedford, who must give to the government twelve and six out of each pound of his income, and all the great and noble rich who have been selling their Blue Boys, their art objects, even their castles, to keep themselves afloat. For those labor leaders with whom the king talked politics are tremendously interested in progressive division; they would take more and more; and one of them in the near future may be Prime Minister of England. But on the surface of general British opinion the king's act produced hardly a ripple. Americans in London made much more talk of it than the British did.

A Remarkable Gathering

Those who prefer the ironic interpretation of politics will say: "The law of self-preservation applies also to kings. This king is wise. He sees the wind. Labor is coming to power in England. Therefore the king must make peace with it. To save himself he will feed the rich, the nobles, the traditions of caste to labor. Kings may do without nobles. They cannot do without people."

But the ironic interpretation is generally too facile to be true. It is not the king alone who is behaving in this manner. While he is dining in private with men who in the time of Adam Smith would have been in jail for their principles, a little group of industrial people are having dinner informally at a London hotel. It is a thing they do often, for two reasons: They like doing it because they like each other, and they have matters in common to talk about.

The subject is coal. They know it vertically, horizontally, upside down and slantwise; and dispute interminably about wages, production, prices, profits, the nationalization of mines and the effect of the Ruhr occupation upon British industry. There is nothing remarkable in this scene until the participants are identified. One is a private capitalist, very attentive. One represents that hereditary proprietorship in the natural resource of coal that labor abhors and is resolved to destroy. One represents a middle-class line that has worked coal mines for three generations. He is most of the time bored, but rises vehemently to the discussion at unexpected points. One whom the others call Bob is the highest-priced managing director in the coal industry; he rose to that eminence from the status of laborer at the coal face.

Talking it Out

And the one whom they all call Frank is secretary of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, son of a miner, who in the last great struggle between mine workers and mine operators carried public opinion against the operators, the capitalists, the hereditary proprietors, all three, in an open hearing on the facts, and brought about a settlement, now under trial, which is thought to be the most important large-scale experiment taking place in the world between capital and labor. He believes doggedly in government ownership and operation of the mines; every other man at table thinks that would be a calamity. They argue and get excited, but the heat is all intellectual. The one representing the middle-class line becomes exceedingly bored and changes the subject to ask the secretary of the Miners' Federation what he would do with a boy of sixteen who wished to break school and go into the pit, having the love of the mine in his blood. The secretary of the Miners' Federation would keep that boy at school; and being challenged for his reasons, he holds as doggedly for the value of higher education as he had been holding for the nationalization of mines—against the whole field.

"It's an academic question," says the father who asked it, making a gesture as if to throw a bottle at the labor leader. "Between you fellows on one side and the government, with its excess-profits tax, on the other, a mine owner won't be able much longer to keep his boy at school."

The Secretary of the Miners' Federation grins.

"Your people, Frank, ought to be jolly well pleased with the wages they will get this year," says the high-priced managing director.

"Now listen, Bob," says the labor leader. "I'll lay you a sovereign miners' wages won't rise this year. I'll tell you why.

(Continued on Page 148)

PHOTO. BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO. SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

A Remarkable Photograph Taken From an Aëroplane, Showing a Large Number of Empty Coal Trucks in Siding at Willesden, England

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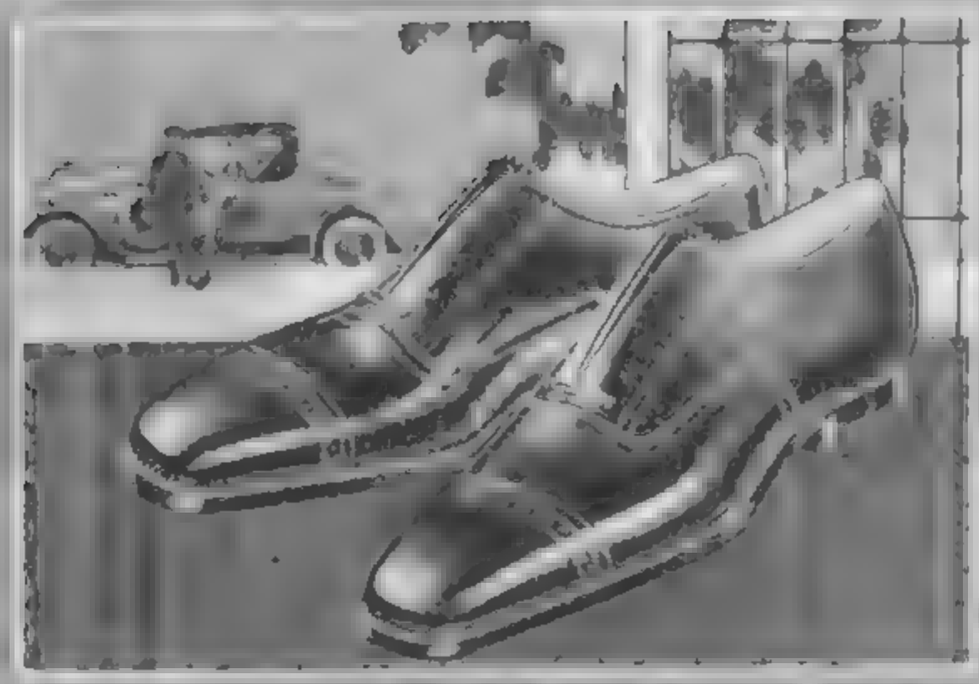

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Swissvale, Pa.

(Continued from Page 145)

Or I'll leave the sovereign off until I've told you why, and then lay it if you like."

Thereupon he proceeds to discuss, not wages directly, but profits, since under the settlement wages are mathematically determined by profits. And there at one table sit a capitalist, a hereditary owner of coal lands, a mine operator and a managing director, attending closely while a labor leader, who is their political enemy, reasons at length upon the facts to show what the profits of the mining industry will be for the passing year.

His knowledge is as great as theirs, his imagination is greater, and labor is the Cæsar to whom due things shall be rendered. The point is that everyone accepts the situation.

"You look surprised," says the managing director afterward to an American who had been present in the rôle of guest.

"You are all of one piece," says the American. "That's what I've been thinking. The miner at the coal face, the mine operator, the managing director, the lord with his royalties, the labor leader, radical, liberal, tory—they are all one kind of people. You can sit down together and talk the same language."

"We've got to," he answers. "We disagree, but we're honest in what we think; and everybody may be wrong. We can trust each other. Frank, there you can't budge him. All the more you can trust him. If you should see us in action when there's trouble, each side fighting with all it's got, you couldn't imagine we had ever passed a literary evening like this. You've had a look back of the scenes. It's a fight still. That's always understood. But what's the good of being ugly about it? In the end you've got to take the coal as it lies."

The Power of Accommodation

The ultimate truth about people exists in their contradictions. This taking of the coal as it lies and not being ugly about it is in pure essence British; and the contradiction is that a people so notoriously rigid in habit and custom have yet—have always had—a power of accommodation that is unique. They accept circumstances and follow the natural seam. There is the story from India of the Englishman who, having tossed his bag into the first-class compartment of a railway carriage, found a native asleep within and ordered him out.

The native, not stirring, answered, "I'll knock your damn head off."

The Englishman said, "I beg your pardon. I didn't know you were that kind of person."

With that he took up his bag and wended on. What he had suddenly faced was the embodiment of a momentous fact—the fact that there begins to be a native in India who knows how to assert his rights in good fighting fashion.

"Yes, quite," says the Englishman calmly, without prejudice or rancor, and the fact itself is much less momentous than it was a moment before.

Imagine what a Prussian would have done in the same case!

This British power of accommodation is both little and large. It postpones indefinitely the overt solution. It explains what now is taking place in England between capital and labor.

In the Middle Ages English artisans were combined in guilds. They decreed the length of the working day, which was eight hours; they fixed wages, avoided pauperism and exercised great power. They probably abused this power. At any rate, in the fourteenth century, after the Black Death had made labor very scarce and dear, their demands excited the wrath of Parliament, and a bitter struggle began between labor on one side and the barons, prelates, landowners, employers and capitalists on the other. Labor lost and was for more than three centuries prostrate. Wages were fixed by law, and fixed very low. It was a felony for workmen to combine. At the beginning of the industrial era in the nineteenth century trades unions were still legally proscribed. The founders of that school of political economy whose precepts still hold in British industry discovered labor in that status and left it there.

Under Gladstone, in 1870, trades unions were legalized, the ballot act was passed and the estate of labor began to rise. Now half the population of Great Britain is represented in trades unions. After more than five centuries, labor has recovered the economic power it enjoyed in the Middle Ages. To this is added a political power that must be enormously respected. Suddenly the capitalist, going about in his usual way, collides with a concrete reality.

Labor says to him, "I'll knock your damn head off."

What does the capitalist say?

He says, "Oh, I beg your pardon. Since you are that kind of person, let's talk about it."

That is what they are doing, and still nobody is greatly excited. Having read the program of the Labor Party, an American is amazed at the complacency with which Englishmen of all kinds, even capitalists, speak of the imminence of a Labor government.

"You don't think of that as a calamity?" one asks.

"It might not be such a bad thing," the Englishman answers

"But what of the Labor Party's program? It calls for the head of capitalism."

"Yes, quite," says the Englishman. "But you must not take it in a literal sense. The Labor Party in power would be more conservative than the Labor Party in opposition."

Production and Distribution

Fifty years ago a Labor government in England would have been a calamity; but fifty years ago it was neither imminent nor imaginable; labor was not yet that kind of person. It had then no coherent thought beyond division. It was saying, "What have we to do with production? That is the employer's business. He should worry. If two men produce as much as three, one will be out of a job." Therefore the minimum of production for the maximum of wages.

The employer's sight was almost as oblique. His idea was that wages were paid only in order that people might produce. Therefore the minimum wage for the maximum output. It almost could not occur to him that production was a means and not an end in itself.

Both sides were right and wrong; each was wrong where the other was right. What happened presently was that both production and division suffered. The British industrialist saw Germany and America overtaking Great Britain and blamed labor for its aversion to work. The British worker envied the American his fabulous wage and the German his freedom from the fear of unemployment, and blamed the capitalist system. British industry, though its volume continued actually to increase, relatively declined and slowly lost its rank. But neither side was ever quite deaf. Each side listened against itself. Gradually labor began to see that the amount to be divided was in the first case determined by the amount produced. The employer at the same time began to be aware of a fallacy in the classic wage-fund theory of his canonized authority, Adam Smith, who preached that the amount of production possible to be divided with labor as wages was an actual, inelastic quantity, not subject to increase.

The British industrialist, to his own dismay, discovered this further fact: That in taking production for granted as a natural function according to an immutable law he had neglected it utterly. He had not even counted it. Even now there are no statistical data in Great Britain from which to plot a curve of national production to show whether it is rising or falling. In 1907 there was a census of production. There was never one before; there has not been any since. What that one census did show was startling. It showed that in such industries as could be compared the net output per worker in the United States was nearly three times what it was in Great Britain.

"There," said the employer to labor: "that is what it comes to. The reason why wages are low is that you produce so little. If you thought more about production and less about division there would be more to divide."

This was true; but again not the whole truth. Labor pointed to another page of the same document and said: "Look! How has the employer performed his part? He has not provided the tools, and that was his business. In such industries as may be compared, the mechanical horse power per worker in England is only 1.5. In America it is 3.25. Your equipment is obsolete and inefficient. That is not our fault, is it? Yet you tell us to produce more, and

(Continued on Page 151)

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E. M. Statler

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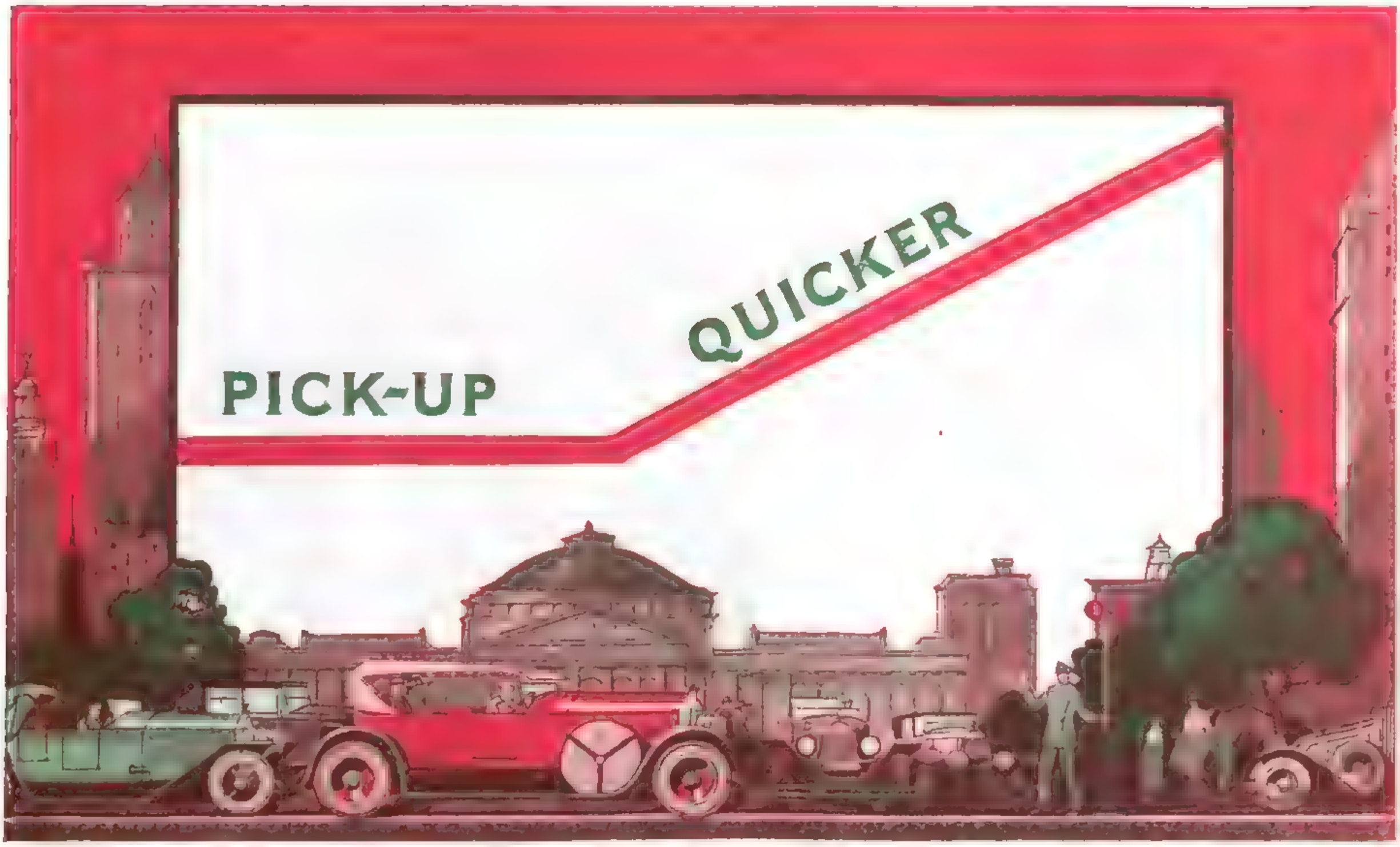

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TEXACO

GASOLINE MOTOR OILS

(Continued from Page 148)

think of no way in which that can be done except that we should work harder. We work as hard as the Americans. Their tool power is greater. That is why their output per man is nearly three times as great as ours."

And that also was true. New respect was created on both sides by such exchanges as these. Capital began to confess its errors and to think how the neglected equipment of British industry might be improved. Hence a great many new works, especially steelworks, designed for mass production on the American and German plan. It had been too easy to blame labor for the decline of British industry: too easy to keep costs down by keeping the wage low. Labor at the same time began to reconsider its attitude toward production, seeing more and more clearly that production was the first term. Hence a study of production from the labor point of view. The attack upon capital changed. There was a new charge, not only that it was selfish and profit-seeking but that it was inefficient; and this was a charge much harder for capital to defend.

In 1920 there was a national conference of Working-Class Associations on the subject of Trades Unions and Output. The failure of the employer himself to mind production intelligently, his superstition that low wages and low costs were parallel, his senseless waste of labor to everybody's loss, were denounced with a minimum of rhetoric and a wealth of illustration.

There was the instance of "One little grindstone for several hundred men; some coming half an hour's walk to use it—cost, about two hours' pay"; the instance of "One small circular saw: supplies about a thousand men. Result: Days wasted waiting for stuff to be cut"; the instance of "Goods for northern markets deliberately influenced to southern ports in order to get the haul over the railways; and goods for southern markets deliberately influenced to northern ports—things identical in kind. That kind of thing going on all over the country. Who pays? The community, the consumer, the transport worker who does not get paid enough"; and at last the satirical comment: "Of course, all our resulting low output at high cost is accounted for by the fact that the lazy British workman won't work as hard as the Yankee."

A World-Wide Problem

The discussion went beyond the mechanism of production and the politics of distribution. At one point it touched ideality. Pure pride of craftsmanship came echoing down from the Middle Ages.

"You have all insisted upon the quantitative theory of production," said Frank Hodges, the miner. "No single speaker has alluded to qualitative production. Quantitative production means the production of large quantities of goods susceptible of quick consumption, whereas we should be producing goods that are durable. We increase the world's work by producing shoddy. We can only limit the world's work by producing articles that will last; and the psychology that has been created in the last fifty years by the system over which workers have no control is the psychology of bad production. Take machinery or furniture: The workman now wittingly enters into a conspiracy with the employer to put into the solid parts such bad stuff as both he and the employer know is bad; he accepts that point of view in common with the employer. To produce quickly, to consume quickly in order that the wheels of production may be turned quickly—was there ever a greater fallacy? And this has characterized the point of view of the working class. We never hear of protest meetings because workingmen are compelled to turn out shoddy. And why don't we hear of them? In the mining industry we produce 55,000,000 tons of coal more than we actually require from a scientific point of view.

"We, too"—meaning the miners—"have been brought in with the rest of the working class to the point of view that what is wanted is production, whether consumption is wasteful or not."

Sir Leo Chiozza Money, an intellectual in the labor movement, said:

"I know of no greater accusation against capitalism than what you find when you go into some woolen factory or cotton mill and see a magnificent invention used not for the manufacture of articles intended to wear or to last, but deliberately and knowingly employed to produce rubbish made to wear out. What is the present incentive? Profiteering is the present incentive. My view is that that incentive is damned. We have got to put in its place the incentive of social service. Can that incentive win through? It is winning through. Even in our society today, evil as it is, there are men and women who disdain profiteering. I believe that as time goes on these men and women and the ideals for which they stand will triumph. That is the great spirit that is going to reorganize your industries, that is going to inspire your workers in the future and make you a new nation."

Call it vision, or put against it any definition you like, but this takes the discussion to a very high plane. Here the idea is not to limit production, not to pillage it between capital and labor at the consumer's expense, but to reform and idealize it for the benefit of all at large.

This is only the leaven. It is not all like that. People in the national aggregate are unique only by reason of the degree of some quality or virtue among them. Rage and willfulness exist on both sides and make the current news of the labor situation in England. Yet at the heart of the conflict there is more clarity of thought and language on the subject of production, a deeper political understanding of industrial phenomena and apparently more ground of safe bearing between capital and labor than in any other country. If this were not so, then the story of the decline and fall of the British Empire might begin. Since it is so—if it is—a new fortuity is easily imagined. As England was first in machine craft, first in industrialism, first in benefit of a system of economic thought that put wealth above happiness—and that was necessary in its time—so she may be first to solve the great problem of production, having been obliged sooner than her rivals to face it in its ultimate aspect.

It is a problem of the whole modern world. In England it is only more acute than anywhere else since it is farther advanced. Better and faster machines, higher and higher wages, are elsewhere postponing the issue. But not until a way has been found to make production the pressing concern of labor, an anxiety to be accepted and not a cross to be shirked, so that to limit the output, to impair it or to waste it shall be deemed an act of social betrayal, will the true solution be found.

Is that condition romantic? During the war, with millions of men at the front, every nation enormously increased its output and jealously minded the quality. Why? Because of a change in the emotional attitude toward work and its product. If production could be carried on at anywhere near that pitch of intensity, and with the same spirit, during ten years of peace, the world would be deluged with wealth.

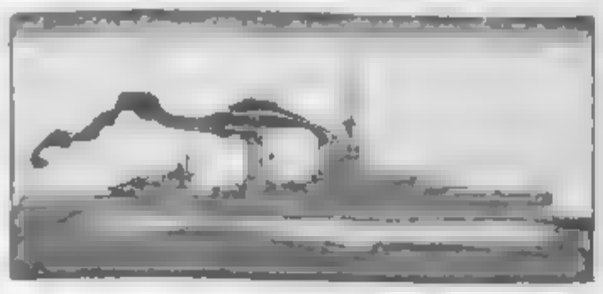
In England the necessity to increase production is importunate and vital. The power to increase it is potential in her labor. All the physical difficulties are technical. The obstacles are political, imponderable and fatuous. If they were swept away, or even greatly mitigated, the output of wealth might be doubled or trebled, and the debt would sink out of sight.

Regulation of Output

There are those who say: "That is all very well. But what would you do with the product if you had it? Where is the demand? The world is already producing as much as it can sell."

Wherein it appears for the first time that capital—British capital more than any other—is afflicted with a delusion parallel to that of labor. Labor's delusion is that if production is increased employment will decrease. Why? Because the demand is limited. When you overtake the demand, work must cease.

Over and over the capitalist says to labor, "Not so! If you increase production you increase wealth; that increases the buying power of the whole community and creates new demand."



This is very hard for labor to believe. All the harder because the capitalist has the singular delusion that output must be regulated to suit the demand. Why? Because the demand at a given time is a definite quantity. Thus both labor and capital, from opposite angles, hinder the creation of wealth.

This fallacy as to demand is now the economic woe of the world. What if Great Britain were the first to explode it?

If she looks she will find the way in her own history. After the Napoleonic Wars she was under the same necessity as now—to increase her production and sell it. Where was the demand then? It did not exist. There was only the idea of it. She made the goods, more goods, yet more and more, and sent them forth in the world. She imagined markets where markets were not, but wherever she imagined one it presently appeared. She piled goods at hazard on the sands of South America—goods that were unsalable, skates where there had never been ice. Those English were crazy. Yet by trial and error they learned, and so walked off with the trade of that continent. If she had waited then for demand to appear the story of the decline and fall of the British Empire might have been written according to Franklin.

In the Grip of Fallacy

Demand, so far as anybody knows, is unlimited. Take a map of the world and look for the developed areas. They are tiny and far apart. Most of the earth is a wilderness still. A large part of Europe is in a state of primitive development. Within the British Empire are vast rich spaces so thinly populated that they may be said to stand merely preëmpted for the expansion of the British race—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, South Africa. In these spaces there is an outlet for Great Britain's utmost industrial production in exchange for food and raw material to a time that appeareth not. The need to develop them is urgent for political reasons. Australia, a virgin continent of exceeding desirability, is a white possession in that part of the world where the yellow races press desperately for room. The sooner it is developed the safer it will be. This is but one of England's tasks. Its call upon her power of production is immeasurable. And yet it is supposed that demand is limited. It is only production that is limited.

"That is all very well," say those again who cannot disembrace the fallacy. "The demand you speak of is potential. The mere wanting of things is unlimited. Quite. But that is not the same thing as an effective demand."

But now when they speak of effective demand they have shifted the ground and mean something else. They mean to say the amount of goods that can be sold at a given time for a given profit is a limited quantity. That may be true. It probably is. Only now it is British labor's turn. It says that to regulate production, which is to limit the creation of wealth, for the sake of a given profit is the same thing in principle as for labor to limit output in order that there shall be three jobs instead of two. It says to capital what labor has been saying to it, that the production of wealth creates demand. Suppose, for example, the cost to England of supporting out of public funds 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 unemployed, who represent the adjustment of production to demand—suppose that loss were invested in the production of goods regardless of profit. Would everybody in England be richer or poorer? British labor is told that if it will work harder, without thinking of wages, everybody will be richer. It retorts that if capital will stop regulating production to suit the demand the same blessing will eventuate. It is not a riddle. When the employer exhorts labor to produce more he is thinking of a larger output per man, which means a lower wage cost and better profits. When labor dares capital to stop regulating production in total it is thinking of a surplus of goods to go on the market at lower prices, which will increase its own command of desirable things. This circular fatuity is costing Great Britain very much more than her debt.

So after all this time they meet in the clear, British labor and British capital, each with the hand of fallacy gripping the neck of the goose. There is only one fabulous goose. Its name is production. What will they do with it? One who can guess that may foretell the future of England.

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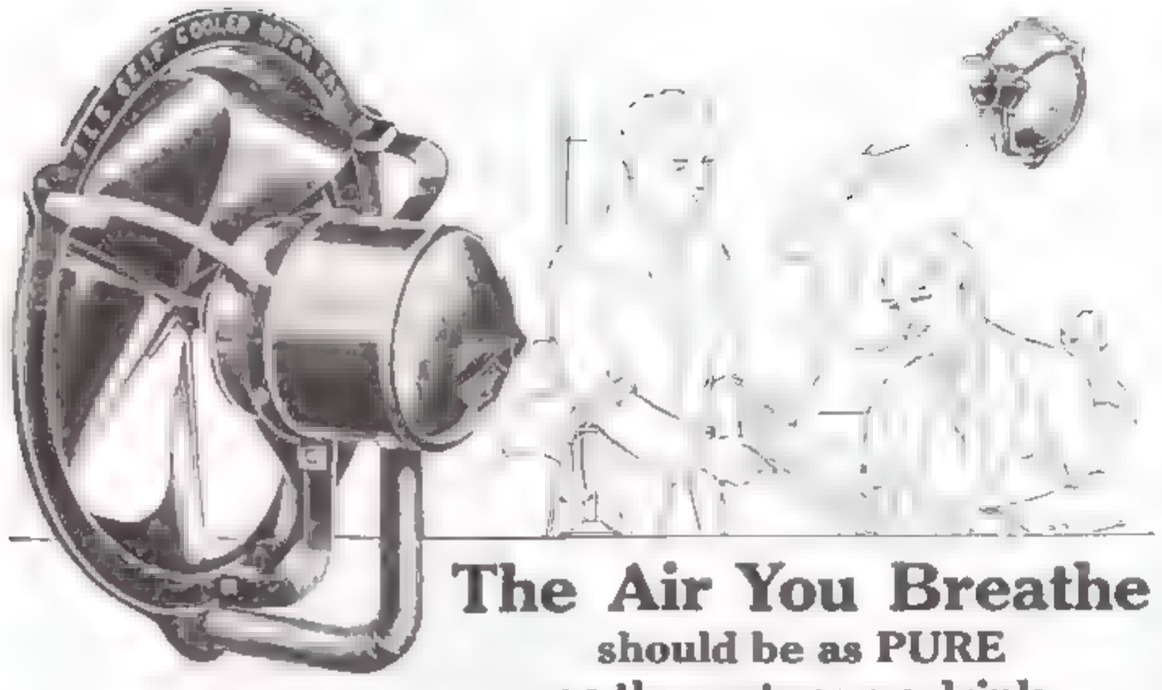

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SHAW STOCKING CO.
Lowell, Mass.

CHOOSE YOUR EXIT NOW

(Continued from Page 21)

that they certainly know how to do this sort of thing better than we do!

Ask yourself honestly if this is the way you feel.

CLASS II—A COMEDY FROM THE FRENCH

[Note: This sort of play can only be roughly suggested, because that is the sort of play it is. The Gallic spirit has been preserved by a splendid company of thoroughly British actors and 100 per cent American actresses. Adapted from the French, and pasteurized for our stage until it seems quite a long way from, we can only feel that perhaps it is all for the best. Whether it is the fault of the author, the translator or the censor it is difficult to say, but the fact remains that the story is not so clear as it might be, while the moral issues seem beclouded by the epigrams, which are all over the place. Indeed, the strength of these plays—and perhaps their weakness—lies in their epigrams, and in the notion prevailing with the audience that whatever sounds ambiguous must of necessity be pretty—well, er—French, if you know what we mean. That notion in itself constitutes an evening's entertainment for lots of people. We offer only the opening scene as being quite sufficient to give the character of the rest of the piece.]

LOVE'S LIES

A Comedy Translated From the French of Henry Quatre by Louis Seizemann

CAST OF CHARACTERS

COMTE JACQUES DE LA TERRE, *a cynical Parisian bachelor.*
CLAUDE, *his son, in debt, and in love with* HENRIETTE.
JULES BLANC, *a man-about-town, also in love with* HENRIETTE.
THE DUC DE QUAND, *also in love with* HENRIETTE
VICOMTESSE DE LA ROCHE, *in love with* CLAUDE.
HENRIETTE, *a young widow, also in love with* CLAUDE.
JULIE, *also in love with* CLAUDE.
SUZETTE, *also in love with* CLAUDE.
MARIE, *a maid.*

ACT I

[*The* VICOMTESSE'S *apartment in Paris. As the curtain rises* MARIE *is dusting. The* DUC *enters.*

MARIE *(with a French accent from Public School No. 17):* Bon jewer, m'sir.

DUC *(with a French accent from Piccadilly):* Good mawning, me good gel. Give your mistress this note and awsk her to come at once, me pretty creatuah!

[*Chucks her under chin, thus creating French atmosphere.*

MARIE *courtsying as we all know maids do):* Mercy, m'sir. [*Exits.*

JULES *entering:* Ah, me deah dyuke! You must be in love, to be up so early.

[*All the ladies in the audience giggle; not that he has said anything funny, but because they've been waiting for the word "love," and here it is!*

VICOMTESSE *one of the most talented girls who ever went on the stage from Bears Tail, S. D., entering:* Commes vous ates John T., m'sarrs! Marie, order my car from the garage! What were you talking about, Sherrys?

DUC: Love, always love! *Ladies in audience giggle.*

VICOMTESSE: Ah, toojoors Lamoore! *Ladies in audience giggle.*

JULES *although no one asked him to):* Yes, a woman in love is not like a flivver, for though one can always tell a flivver, who can tell a woman—if she is in love!

[*Ladies in audience giggle as if at some awfully private joke that they alone know; and, at that, they are probably right.*

This sort of thing keeps up from 2:30 to 4:40 on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and every evening except Sunday from 8:30 to 10:42, the only difference being that the longer it lasts the more complicated the plot grows. Giving the idea in a general way—though the evening starts by everyone being in love with either Claude or Henriette, according to sex, as the action develops everyone falls in love with almost everyone else. Indeed, so much so that they seem to get a little mixed up about it themselves. After three acts of terrific confusion, epigrams, beds, negligées, doors and explanations, somebody sends word to the different members of the cast that the final curtain is due to fall in five minutes.

Whereupon everybody marries the person standing nearest him or her at that particular moment, and all ends happily—or, happily, ends, if you prefer to look at it that way. The correct reactions are that it's pretty broad, all right; and that there's really nothing wrong in it—it's just sort of French!

CLASS III—THE MUSICAL COMEDY

[Note: We now turn our attention from the imported to the domestic product. It will not be an easy task adequately to convey to the reader just what he is likely to hear at a musical comedy. In the first place, if the cast is easy to look at, it isn't to listen to, and vice versa. In the second place, if the lyrics are bad—and when they are bad, like the immortal Little Girl With the Curl, they are apt to be pretty horrid—they always get over, while if they are reasonably good they become so entangled with the tonsils and adenoids of the chorus and principals that it's impossible to hear them farther back than Row C. And in the third place, the plot—the 1922–23 models concern a penniless young country girl, from whom the piece derives its name, who suddenly finds herself at a house party on Long Island, is subsequently invited to Monte Carlo along with the rest of the cast, and finds out that she is really the girl the tenor was ordered by his grandfather's will to marry, but he ran away to Alaska, where everybody turns up in the last act, to avoid her—the plot, as we were saying, beginning life so full of hope and promise, passes quietly away about the middle of Act I, so naturally and gently that it almost seems as if it has just fallen asleep! Consequently we must content ourselves with a few specimens of what the lyrics—as they are so courteously termed—will sound like when, and if, you hear them.]

ELLA

The Smashing Musical Hit!

Book by Leo Putz and Fred Gill. Lyrics by Gus Mink, Larry Gootnick and Ed Minicker. Music by Aaron Dumbkopf and Abe Klabinski

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ELLA.
BELLA, STELLA } *her friends.*
MRS. GOTROX, MR. GOTROX } *comedy newly rich couple*
HIRAM PENNYFEATHER, IZZY EINSTEIN, PAT DONOVAN } *low comedians.*
HAROLD, *the tenor hero.*
WILBUR, GERALD, PERCY, MONTY } *college friends of* HAROLD.
A WAITER.
A MAID.
A POLICEMAN.
A TAXI DRIVER.
DEBUTANTES, COLLEGE MEN, PAPER HANGERS, SAXOPHONISTS, *Etc.*

Example No. 1 is an Opening Chorus of Mixed Voices—and if you searched the dictionary through you could find no better adjective to describe those voices. It runs something like this:

Oh, flup wup te blah are we,
And flup wup te blah, you see,
So flup te blah blah, you'll agree,
Flup wup te blah to Ella!
Etc.

You get the idea?

Example No. 2 is Harold's solo in Act II. Harold has a very good voice if he could only keep track of it, but it's always getting away from him, which accounts for the blowholes in the following:

When I was a lad I was bluh (high note)
But I loved with the whole of my blah.
No matter what others might waw
I was steadfast and true for glug-glug.
Etc.

And thus it goes. Only two songs really get over. The first is the comedian's topical number whose every verse ends on Doctor Coué's catch-phrase. It is customary for this song to meet with such a favorable reception that the comedian is forced to add extra verses—one, of course,

dealing with the Volstead Act, in which he varies the refrain to "Every day in every way I am getting wetter and wetter"; and another concerning his mother-in-law and the fact that she is getting "setter and setter," and so on. The other, which is the hit of the piece—played eight times in every act and as the audience leaves the theater—has as its refrain:

Ella! Ella!
Your eyes are bright as the stars and your hair is
Yellow! Yellow!

This is enough, isn't it?

CLASS IV—THE STRONG, OR PROBLEM PLAY

[Note: The strong play is usually imported from Great Britain, and an all-English cast is usually imported with it. However, the cost of production is not so heavy as one might suppose, as the cast never exceeds four persons—counting the butler—and the only other requirements are one drawing-room set, one tea wagon, and at least one big moment in every act. The plot may be summed up, in a word, as a three-hour debate on whether a woman's place is in her husband's home or in the home of a much-better-looking man. We shall confine ourselves to giving two of the biggest moments.]

ONE LUMP OR TWO?

A Scathing Arraignment of England's Marriage and Divorce Laws, in Three Acts.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

SIR GEOFFREY CUSTARD.
LADY VERONICA CUSTARD, *his wife.*
THE RT. HON. BASIL GUDGE-HEMICK.
JUGGS, *a butler.*

SCENE: Drawing-room of The Towers, Whiffets-on-Toast, Kent.
TIME: The present.

[*The following big moment is from Act II, where* GEOFFREY *tells* VERONICA *he wants her to carry on—but not with* BASIL.

VERONICA *(bitterly):* Then you mean ——
GEOFFREY *(scornfully):* Did I say so?
VERONICA *(proudly):* Perhaps not altogether, but at least you ——
GEOFFREY *(defiantly):* Well?
VERONICA *(weeping):* Oh, it all seems so unfair! How could I ——
GEOFFREY *(kindly):* Perhaps not now, but later ——
VERONICA: Yes, yes, I know—but ——
GEOFFREY: Then it is yes?
VERONICA *(sobbing):* Yes—and no! Oh, can't you see!
GEOFFREY *(sadly, tenderly, with deep meaning):* Perhaps—a little.

CURTAIN

[*This is an even bigger moment, lasting thirty minutes at least, from Act III, in which* BASIL *tells* VERONICA *the carriage call is for five o'clock and they can't go on much longer.*

VERONICA: So—is this the end?
BASIL: Don't you think it is enough?
VERONICA *(bitterly):* Enough! Too much!
BASIL: You are cruel, Veronica!
VERONICA *(laughing wildly):* You—to call me cruel! Ha, ha!
BASIL *(tenderly):* Don't you know ——
VERONICA *(sobbing):* What do you mean?
BASIL: What do I mean?
VERONICA: Yes, yes—what do you mean?
BASIL *(breaking down completely):* Oh, God! If I only knew!

(And so on, until curtain falls)

The proper reactions should be that it is a very strong play, and that it is a very long play.

CLASS V—THE MYSTERY PLAY

[Note: The successful mystery play depending so largely upon what the reviewers term a well-knit plot, which must not be unraveled until the third quarter of the last minute before the final curtain, we have deemed it wisest to give the following example in its entirety. The reader should bear in mind that each member of the rather large and complicated cast must be suspected in the order of his or her appearance, but for the benefit of those who are given to biting the nails to the quick under intense nerve strain we will add that whatever your guess as to the guilty party, you are bound to be wrong. If, however, you should be right, demand your money back, for the playwright who cannot drag in a sufficiently dark horse to commit the crime has failed lamentably. The chief elements of the mystery play are, briefly: Plot; about ten unjustly accused persons; a fairly plausible dénouement that leaves the nervously depleted audience feeling that, after all, it doesn't matter much after all they've been through; pistols, flourished rather than fired; and the perfectly execrable service of the local electric light and power company. All will be found in the play given below.]

THE WRONG NUMBER

A Good, Clean, Humorous Murder Play by Mary Robbers Kindheart

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In order of their appearance)

AN UNKNOWN MAN.
GERALD WATTS, *a dramatic critic.*
PING, *a Japanese, butler to*
MRS. VAN LUMMOX, *who has rented* WATTS' *Westchester country home and servants for the summer.*
HOWARD VAN LUMMOX, *her son.*
ALYS VAN LUMMOX, *her daughter, who is secretly engaged to*
WILFRED WILKINSON, *third assistant cashier of the Warranty Trust Company.*
FRED DIBBLE, *friend of* HOWARD, *and reporter on the Bazoo.*
STRELSA MAINWARING, *a moving-picture actress.*
MRS. GIBBS, *housekeeper for* MRS. VAN LUMMOX.
INSPECTOR CUMMINGS, *of Headquarters.*

ACT I

[*The country-house living room. Dimly lighted. Large bay windows at back of stage. There are four doors, one of which is open showing a glimpse of the hall and the front door. It is seven o'clock on a rainy evening. The center window is slowly and cautiously opened and a man's face appears for an instant—disappears. Audience quivers expectantly for ten minutes, after which time another man's head appears at the window. Seeing that all is quiet, he climbs in slowly and cautiously. He is in evening dress. Quickly he searches among the contents of a large desk, from the lower right-hand drawer takes a roll of papers. As he turns to leave by the window,* PING *enters silently, touches switch, and the stage is flooded with light.* PING *starts as he recognizes the man.*

PING: Mr. Watts!

WATTS *(with guilty geniality):* Ah, Ping! I came a little early, and I do not wish the ladies to know I am here. I'll be back later.

[*Climbs out of window while audience whispers, "He's the one!"* PING *shrugs his shoulders, closes window, and turns to leave the room as* MRS. VAN LUMMOX *enters.*

MRS. VAN L.: Have any of my guests arrived, Ping?

PING: No, missus. No come. Excuse, please.

[*Large lady in E, center aisle, says she wouldn't have a Jap for a million dollars—no, sir-ree! Audience says, "He's the one!" Exit* PING. *Bell rings.* PING *is seen to pass through hall to front door and admit* WILFRED, *who enters living room and greets* MRS. VAN L., HOWARD *and* ALYS, *who enter by different doors. Bell rings again.* FRED DIBBLE *enters.*

FRED: What a charming place, Mrs. Van Lummox! But isn't it rather out of the way? And lonely?

MRS. VAN L.: On the contrary, that's its charm for me; and, I imagine, why Mr. Watts loves it so.

FRED: Ah, yes, it's Watts' place, isn't it? Queer chap!

MRS. VAN L.: How do you mean queer? He's a delightful landlord; in fact, he's coming to dinner tonight.

FRED: Oh, he's such a highbrow! Goes in too heavily for the decay of our drama, and so on.

HOWARD: Hush! Here he is now.

[*Bell rings.* PING *admits* WATTS.

WATTS: Dear Mrs. Van Lummox, it's charming of you to have me. Are you finding everything satisfactory about the place?

MRS. VAN L.: Oh, quite. Except that the lights have a most unpleasant way of going out, and I'm afraid *(it thunders)* they are beginning now. *(Lights flicker. Audience quivers.)* And the doors don't seem to shut properly. *(Door bangs. Audience shivers.)* And there aren't any locks to the windows.

[*Audience pants. Bell rings. While all are engaged in conversation* PING *is seen by audience to go to front door, start violently, then stealthily admit a heavily veiled woman who passes down hall out of sight.* PING *then announces dinner.*

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Mansfield, Ohio

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The notions, as you know, are unusually difficult to handle, but with the installation of your equipment we have been able not only to increase the number of our sales with about one-half the selling force in this department, but have also been able to attractively display this merchandise.

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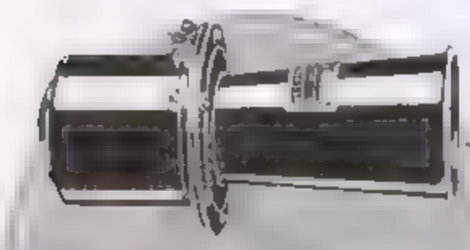
Take no chance—stop at the nearest Klaxon dealer and buy your Klaxon today!



$5.50

Model 5 shown above—Other Models $5 to $30

There is only one genuine Klaxon. You can identify it by the name plate. To be sure you get the effective, individual Klaxon tone and Klaxon endurance insist on the Klaxon name-plate.

MRS. VAN L.: Come, everybody. Oh, Ping—who rang the bell?

PING *(stolidly)*: Bell no ring.

[*Audience shudders.*

MRS. VAN L.: Strange—I thought I heard it.

[*All exit.* PING *goes to hall door, peers cautiously about, beckons, and the veiled woman enters.* WATTS *reënters just as she throws back her veil, revealing the well-known and beautiful features of* STRELSA MAINWARING.

WATTS *agitatedly*: Strelsa! I saw you come in! What are you doing here?

STRELSA: I came to get it from you. Ping recognized me. Where is it? I can't leave without it.

WATTS: I have it with me! But hush! Someone is coming! You must not be seen here with me. Quick! Behind this curtain!

[STRELSA *conceals herself behind heavy curtain at side of bay window. Audience hisses "She's the one!"* HOWARD *enters.*

HOWARD: Did you find your handkerchief, Watts? We're waiting for you.

[*Exit both,* HOWARD *economically turning out lights. Thunderstorm breaks. Flashes of lightning reveal* STRELSA *peering from curtain. Fat man in Q coughs violently. Audience infuriated.*

CURTAIN

ACT II

[*The same, an hour later. All return to living room. Telephone rings.* ALYS *answers.*

ALYS *(registering horror)*: Yes! Oh, yes! Yes, thank you. *(Hangs up receiver and turns to others.)* A man has escaped from the asylum near here. They are warning everyone in the county!

[*Lights go out. All shriek.* PING *runs in with candles. Telephone rings.* HOWARD *answers.*

HOWARD: Yes—no. There is no Mr. Perkins here. What number did you want? No, the wrong number.

[*Hangs up receiver. Lights go on. Audience breathes.*

MRS. VAN L.: I must say, Mr. Watts, I should feel more comfortable if there were locks on the doors and windows.

[*Door bangs.*

ALL: What's that?

[*More flashes of lightning. All shriek. Telephone rings. Audience pants.*

HOWARD *(answering)*: No, this is not the garage!

[*Meanwhile,* FRED, *full of reportorial curiosity, has turned on a dictating machine in the corner.*

MACHINE: Stop! Stop! You're choking me! Hah! Now I have you where I want you, you—— Good Heavens! I've killed ——

[*All are frozen to spot with horror,* WATTS *looks terror-stricken. Lights go out. Shrieks. Doors bang. Audience holds breath. Lights go on, disclosing all as before, registering horror.* MRS. GIBBS, *the housekeeper, in comic make-up, has entered.*

MRS. G. *(holding hand to ear, indicating deafness)*: Did somebody call?

FRED: Stop where you are—all of you! There has been a murder in this room—and we must find the guilty man!

[*Looks threateningly at each of the group.*

HOWARD: Or the guilty woman!

[MRS. VAN L. *and* ALYS *clasp each other in terror; curtain concealing* STRELSA *moves.*

WILFRED: That curtain moved!

[*All watch it.* WATTS *goes to look behind it.*

WATTS: Nothing there. It must be the wind.

[*Audience, which has been holding breath, gasps "He is the one!"*

FRED *(authoritatively, as becomes a stage reporter)*: There has been a murder here! And as there is no one in the house beside ourselves, one of us has committed it. *Aside*: Gad! What a story for the Bazoo! *(Aloud)*: Now I'll take charge here. Ping, telephone Headquarters there has been a murder here and they must send a man at once. (PING *does so.*) Meanwhile I'll ask a few questions. *(Grimly measuring his words)*: Wilfred—I believe you are with the Warranty Trust, are you not?

WILFRED *(cowering beneath his glance)*: Yes—but I didn't do it! I swear I didn't!

ALYS *(screaming, rushing forward and clasping him in her arms)*: No! No!

[*Pronounced "Nuh, nuh," as this is an emotional part.*

FRED *(significantly)*: But you are a—cashier -are you not?

WILFRED *(breaking down utterly)*: I are—am, I mean! But I didn't do it I didn't do it! I didn't *(grows hysterical,* do it!

FRED: Keep quiet. It is useless for a bank cashier to protest his innocence; he must prove it! A murder, a bank cashier—the case looks pretty clear, Wilkinson.

[*Audience divided for first time. Telephone rings. All are tense.* MRS. VAN L. *answers. Her face blanches and she almost drops the receiver in agitation. All look questioningly at her.*

MRS. VAN L. *(turning to others)*: It is the Woman's Prison on Blackwell's Island!

ALL: No!

[*Audience quivers.*

MRS. VAN L. *(speaking into transmitter)*: Oh, very well. . . . Yes, I suppose so. *(To others)*: Central says it's the wrong number!

[*Audience breathes.*

FRED: Now, Watts ——

[*The center window opens slowly and the face of the* UNKNOWN MAN *appears.* STRELSA *shrieks "Gerald!" and rushes from behind curtain. Lights go out—go on—revealing all as before except* WATTS, *who is trying to unclasp* STRELSA'S *arms from about his neck.*

ALL: Ah-h-h-h!

FRED: Watts, do you know this woman?

WATTS: No!

[*Audience says "He must be the one!"*

FRED: Then why does she call you Gerald?

WATTS: I don't know.

FRED *(sardonically)*: Ah-ha! He doesn't know! Now, who are you, madam?

STRELSA: I—I ——

ALYS *(coming forward)*: I know who she is. I couldn't think at first, but now I know. She is Strelsa Mainwaring! She did it—not my Wilfred!

ALL: Strelsa Mainwaring!

FRED *(sneeringly)*: So, Watts, you do mingle with moving-picture artists, after all! And you found nothing when you looked behind that curtain! A murder has been committed—an actress is in the house—I think I begin to see ——

[*A clock strikes. A crash is heard. The* UNKNOWN MAN *jumps through the window. All scream. Lights go out.*

CURTAIN

ACT III

[*The same, ten minutes later. All as before except for* UNKNOWN MAN, *who stares dazedly about him.*

MRS. GIBBS: Why, it's Peter—my Peter, that I put away in the asylum twenty years ago!

[*They embrace. Audience roars with laughter—not because she has said anything funny, but because they know that in a play of this type the raison d'être of such a character is solely to relieve tension.* WATTS *and* STRELSA *try to leave room unnoticed. Telephone rings. They are discovered.*

FRED: Stop where you are! Howard, answer that.

[*All pause breathless as* HOWARD *takes down receiver.*

HOWARD: Yes? No! This is 6-6-4-4!

[*All breathe again.*

FRED: Now, Watts, I give you five minutes to explain. Did you or did you not commit this atrocious crime? Or will you explain to the inspector when he comes?

WATTS *(sinking into chair and covering his face with his hands)*: Oh, what's the use! I might as well tell the truth.

[*Audience nods approvingly, "I knew he was the one!" Bell rings. All wait tensely as* PING *opens front door.* INSPECTOR CUMMINGS *enters.*

CUMMINGS: Well, who's been murdered?

ALL *(slightly embarrassed)*: Why, er er—nobody that we know of, but ——

FRED: But we do know the murderer; and there he is!

[*Points to* WATTS *cowering in chair.*

WATTS *(rising dramatically)*: No, no! I will tell all! You all know who I am; but what do you know of me—the real me? You think I am a dramatic critic? Well, so do I. But how could I live as I do on the meager pittance we critics command? By night I write dramatic criticism, yes—but by day I write—scenarios! *(Falls back, panting.)* Now you—know!

ALL *(horrified)*: Scenarios! Yes, yes—go on!

WATTS *(haltingly)*: I have kept the secret well. I used a dictating machine, and sent the records to a stenographer under another name. What you heard was part of a scenario left on the machine by mistake. Strelsa came here to get an old one I wrote for her last spring and left in the desk. She goes to Hollywood tomorrow. Well, it's over now. Strelsa, darling—will you take me with you? I can't stay here to face it!

[*They embrace, sobbing. Audience says "I didn't really think he was the one!"*

INSPECTOR CUMMINGS: A pretty thing to bring me out when there's no murder! Ah, here's the escaped nut we're looking for. *(Leads* UNKNOWN MAN *aside.)* You must come with me, my fine fellow. *(Audience starts to put on its hat. He suddenly realizes that* FRED *has pulled a revolver from the desk drawer.)* Here! What are you doing?

FRED *(tragically)*: There must be a story for the Bazoo in this! I am going to murder—myself!

[*Flourishes gun until he is overpowered by* INSPECTOR. *Audience puts fingers in ears. Lights go out. Telephone rings. Lights go on.*

CUMMINGS *(wresting gun from* FRED): Somebody answer that!

HOWARD *(picking up receiver, as all crouch tensely, listening breathlessly)*: Yes—Yes' ——

VOICE OF TELEPHONE CENTRAL: Will yuh excuse it, please?

CURTAIN

Audience leaves, saying, "Well, I certainly was fooled!" "My dear, I thought I'd die!" "Yes, it would ruin it to know the story beforehand!" "I don't exactly see *why*—when she came in that time—he didn't——" and so forth. But almost all of them, although their nervous systems are completely shattered, have enjoyed it in one way or another.

". . . the thrill lies in our proficiency . . ."

"What's your score?"

EXERCISE for health? Of course we do. But down in our hearts we know that the thrill lies in our proficiency—in making the best score and in landing the biggest string.

What *don't* we do to give ourselves that thrill?

We buy new brassies and mashies—when perhaps what we lack most is the accuracy of vision to judge our distances.

We buy new racquets—when faulty eyes prevent our placing the ball nicely with *any* racquet.

We stock up with new flies—when what we need is the ability to see the ripple before the strike.

We sigh for Roosevelt's guns—when we should be thinking of his glasses.

We pinch our pocket-books for clubs, tackle, gear, equipment—all in order to increase our proficiency. Yet, if we stop to think a minute, we know that in golf, tennis, fishing, hunting, motoring—any outdoor pastime—defective eyesight will spoil our form and take the edge off our enjoyment.

Look to your eyes! Don't fool yourself that you see as well as the other fellow. The only way you can be sure of that is by having your eyes examined.

Even if you already wear glasses, have your eyes examined. Many who need special lenses for outdoors aren't aware of it. Perhaps another prescription would improve your game immensely. Perhaps you need your present prescription in the genuine Sir William Crookes glass—the introduction of which in America was an achievement of the Wellsworth Scientific Staff. *You* may need glasses to protect your eyes from wind and dust even though the lenses have little if any power. And anybody who wears glasses outdoors ought to have special outdoors spectacle frames.

Only an eye examination will tell you. And it's probably easier and certainly less expensive to have your eyes examined than to buy even the simplest sporting equipment.

To judge your distances, put sting in your strokes, land the fish, bag the game—to get from outdoors the thrill that outdoors owes you—have your eyes examined without delay.

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

WELLSWORTH GLASSES

All that Science can give; all that Artistry can add

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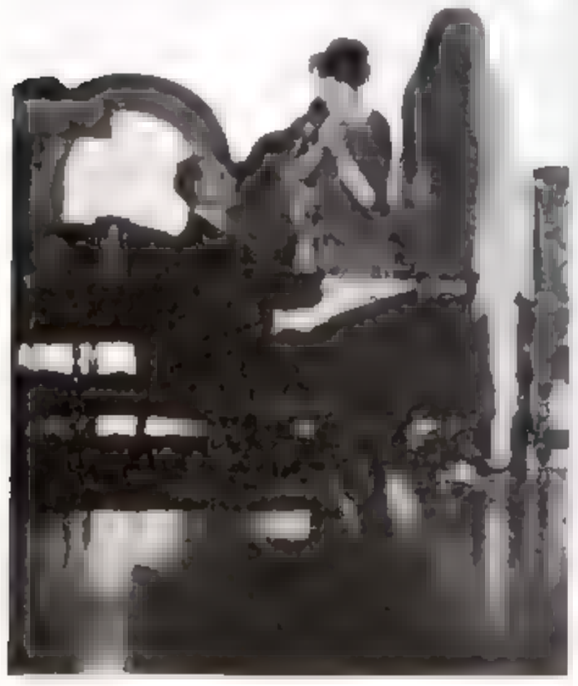
Mrs. Willis Gets Her Wish

THE Willises were ready to build. It was all decided; the bathroom was to be spacious, the extra closet space was provided for, and a room for Mr. Willis' special belongings.

They had waited until Fortune's smile meant they might have the kind of home which would satisfy them for all time. As Mrs. Willis reviewed the appointments decided on, she had been denied nothing. "I can ask nothing more," thought she. "*Nothing.*" Then had come the Warburton's housewarming.

The arrangement of the new Warburton house was not nearly so attractive. But one feature of it she had never ceased thinking about: the floors were conspicuously beautiful. "Oak in all the rooms—even the nursery" had been the reply to her question. They were



"Oak it is!"

beautiful. Finely figured oak floors of rich, waxed surface reflecting every bright color of surroundings—and each was stained in a different shade to match the furnishings of that particular room! It was a wonderful effect.

A new light dawned on Mrs. Willis when she had seen the possibilities in floors made to express beauty, solidity, strength, and harmonious accord with furnishings. She knew then that she was never going to be happy with floors of anything but real oak. She simply *must* ask this basic beauty for their home to be. And when, at last, she did bring up the subject, and had glowingly described the effect of rugs placed to leave gleaming expanses of handsomely grained oak stained to match furniture and drapes she was delighted to hear her husband's prompt answer, "Oak it is, in every room!" Some will call Willis a hypocrite for accepting his wife's effusive thanks with no attempt to disabuse her of the belief that he had made a noble sacrifice. For he, too, had been deeply impressed with the beauty and utility of those oak floors and had done a little investigating. To his amazement, he found that the very best grade of flooring for the three largest rooms would cost less than that new bedroom suite he had promised for her birthday. So the Willis home has oak floors throughout. So would *every* home, if all knew their small cost! Why cover floors with carpets—or cheaper looking substitutes—when your architect, contractor, or lumber dealer knows and will acquaint you with the wonderful possibilities of *inexpensive* oak floors?

If building, or adding to the appearance and value of a house already built, send for a book showing oak flooring in many actual colors; telling how oak floors are laid—or put over old worn floors; some interesting and surprising information! Free and postpaid; use coupon below.

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1071 Ashland Block, Chicago

Please send free, postpaid, and without any obligation, your newly published, illustrated book on Modern Oak Floors.

Name_____

Address_____

PIÑON AND THE WILD ONES

Continued from Page 25

Figuring on working both sides of it without having to turn a bunch, we gave our next trap two main gates. We caught some thirty-odd head in the first run. On the second day we lost all we brought in, the bunch turning within a few yards of the gate. The trouble was that a few dog-gone dudes from town had come up hunting sage chickens, which they cooked on a brush fire within a few steps of the trail. They must have been eating as they walked, for there were chicken bones chewed up and scattered all along. Their Number Ten shoeprints were easily visible, and you couldn't push a mustang through there with a snowplow. We closed that gate and started running in from the other side. The jinx was on us there, also; a few head of stock had died a half mile up the draw above the trail and a sniff was enough to turn off the suspicious mustangs, for when they're being chased that way they are always suspicious. Mustangs may even be superstitious; many a time I've seen crows, flying over the leaders, squawk them off the trail. I've had them turn on me for no reason that I could see. But that's where they've got it on us humans; their instinct, sense of smell and vision are developed to the hair-trigger point. It's plain wild-horse sense.

We built two more traps and changed our tactics each time. Even with our bad luck we caught more horses than anybody else in that country. The boys I was with were professional horse hunters—best hands at it I ever saw. And I was no slouch myself or they wouldn't have had me with them. Our main idea was to let the mustangs think they were getting away. For instance, if we wanted them up on the mountain or wherever our trap was, we'd make a bluff to run them in the opposite direction and nine times out of ten they'd double back into the trail to our trap.

We'd even build rag wings three or four miles long on each side of the mountain to our trap by stringing a single wire on far-apart posts with rags dangling from it. That would turn a few, but sometimes some wise old mare in the lead would take a chance and the others would follow through.

In Case of a Fight

The popular idea of wild horses usually has some beautiful stallion heading the band, but, although he may be beautiful, the stallion rarely takes the lead. I've seen the old boy many a time half a mile or so behind his bunch; he's there to see that his mares, if chased, are getting away. He doesn't want to leave any behind and will even nip some of the drags to make them run faster and keep up with the rest. Going to water or following a trail some old mare is always ahead with her foals following. The only time the stallion may take the lead is when the herd is in a pinch and crowded. But even then he'll circle around his followers, keeping them together and looking for the best way out at the same time. He'll find it if there is any. When two bunches are about to meet, the stallion in each goes ahead by himself and has a little conversation with the other. The mares and foals wait and graze till the discussion is over and the stallion returns. Then the trail is resumed unless that talk winds up in a fight. Frequently it does—the winner taking all and the loser withdrawing alone. When the loser comes across another band it's another scrap, and if he wins, the bunch is his, whether they want him or not. Should some mare get unruly and show a desire to leave, that stallion puts his head down, shoots his ears back and, looking as wicked as sin, hazes her back to the herd.

We caught a lone stud once that had been whipped out of some bunch—caught him when he thought he was getting away from us. There were no other horses in the trap and he felt keenly the lack of companionship. A few of us were sitting on our horses at the main gate waiting till one of the boys went round and opened the little corral to drive him in. He'd been circling around testing the trap here and there and had found it mighty solid. He knew his only way out was the way he came in. He stopped and sized us up for a spell, fire in his eye. Then with ears back and teeth showing he made a bee line for one of the boys inside and unmounted. The man started to dodge out of the stud's way but he went down. As Mister Stallion, heading for his man, went past our line a loop sailed out and dropped over his neck, halting him just in time. He was dragged down to the little corral and taken to the pasture with the next bunch caught. A month later we found him dead. It wasn't lockjaw or starvation that killed him. He was fat as a seal and had plenty of feed and water. He just died of a broken heart.

The wild horse I'm speaking of here is of the bunch-grass countries, where he has a chance to develop and grow. His brain is a heap keener than the desert horse's; he's bigger and well proportioned, and on an average better built than any thoroughbred you ever saw. He's all action and steel, and if I had my pick between a thousand-dollar Arabian steed and a common fuzztail for my own use I'd much rather select the one with the snort and the buck, 'cause I know the trail between suns is never too long for him, no matter how scarce the feed or water may be.

A New One on the Texan

Plenty of times I've heard fellows talk of running down the wild ones with grained horses in the spring of the year when the fuzztail is supposed to be weak. I've seen it tried and on occasions done, but I've always figured it as a mighty hard proposition. Fact is, I've rarely seen the fuzztails when they were weak—not in that particular country anyhow; and unless a fellow has a lot of good saddle horses to run the legs off and an income that relieves him of worrying about a living, I'd call it a mighty poor way of going at it. The wild one is always ready to go a long way, spring, summer, fall or winter; he can usually show you where the trail ends, and you'll be by your lonesome when he does it.

I remember the surprise that was given to a bunch of boys who had come up fresh from Texas, all good hands at roping and riding and savvying stock. They were drawing wages from the same outfit we were running horses for, and I'd come up to their camp for a piece of beef. I stuck around for a spell to hear news of the lower country and while we were talking a bunch of mustangs came to water at the creek just half a mile below camp. One of the newcomers saw them and remarked: "How tame they are, coming to water that close to camp."

"They aren't tame," I said. "They're just full of confidence in themselves. Try your luck catching one of 'em."

No sooner said than done. The ambitious rider snared the fastest horse he could get and was up and at them with his rope dragging in less time than it takes to tell it. That part of the country, by the way, was full of junipers and piñons with deep washes and high ridges. The mustangs disappeared over the ridge and Tex was right in their dust.

In about an hour he came back, his rope all coiled up neatly where it belonged. He wasn't disappointed—it was just a new one on him and he wondered how it was done.

"Sure enough," he said, "the earth just swallowed' em. I thought they were right in front of me and when I topped the ridge I couldn't see hair nor hide of 'em. I circled and looked for tracks, but that whole country is already full of horse tracks."

Texas holds the record for good cow hands, but cow-punching and mustang-running are a heap different. I suppose this particular bunch of mustangs strung themselves out straight ahead till they got out of sight in the thick brush and then just doubled back close to their own trail. Of course Tex just kept going, and by the time he circled, the fuzztails were out of the country.

Before leaving we built two more traps on that range, with pretty fair results. All together we had caught, shipped and sold more than five hundred head. With winter coming we decided to pull out for the south and run some more when the snow wasn't so deep.

The superintendent of the outfit rode up to our camp the day before we left and said his instructions from the owners were to kill off the rest of the mustangs, two dollars a head being offered as bounty. Of course the owners didn't know anything about running stock, but they realized from what the superintendent said that something would have to be done to save the range for the cattle. The owners were probably leading a soft life back East busy with their social functions and taking shower baths in champagne regularly. I guess they didn't realize or care what they were condemning to die just so there could be more room for the cattle and a bigger income for themselves.

Naturally, we refused flat, saying that if we didn't want to, or couldn't catch the mustangs, we sure wouldn't shoot them. And we left.

By the time we got to our next mustang territory our saddle stock was leg weary, and after sizing up the country we decided to postpone any more running till along about spring. In the meantime we took possession of a deserted mining camp and made ourselves at home for the winter. We kept graining our horses and with the bunch grass in the hills they grew fat. Some of the boys used their skill at making McCarthies, or hair ropes, while others worked with the steel traps. Pretty soon we had a good-sized bale of furs to ship—coyotes, bobcats, badgers and one cougar that was shot. We kept down expenses, but managed to be present at all dances within sixty miles of our camp.

Towards spring we built three water traps—just a corral in plain sight built around a water hole with a smaller corral connected in which to keep what was caught, thereby freeing the main corral for another bunch. There were two main gates, one on each side, and they were left open, as we weren't figuring on catching any mustangs just then. As water got scarce, later on—water holes being some forty miles apart—the mustangs gradually came up closer to our traps every night. Finally, one night I saw the tracks of some that had been right inside the trap to drink. They got used to it and they'd come in one gate, drink what they wanted, rub themselves for a spell and leave through the other gate. In time there were from four to six bunches watering at each trap.

Luck at the Water Trap

We kept away and let the mustangs run back and forth through our traps for over a month. We'd ride the whole country and at each water hole where there were no traps a man would be stationed to keep the wild ones from drinking. Then of course they'd begin to water at the springs we had corralled.

A day came when the flats of the desert went dry as a bone. It was our time to work. We split in pairs, two men to each trap. A team would close one gate and leave open the other, which worked on a trigger. Near the traps we had dug holes big enough for a man to get into comfortably, covering them over with poles supporting dirt and brush. We'd take shifts of half a night—the wild horse waters at night mostly—watching from these holes. One man slept while the other watched. I had second guard the first night and missed the fun, but the first man on guard pulled the trigger rope and caught twelve head. Counting the catches in the other traps we got twenty-seven of the wild ones that night.

The next night I had better luck. While I was in the hole familiar snorts warned me that a bunch was coming. I could tell they were suspicious of man scent even though I was quite a distance from the gate. They'd come up a few steps, then go back; the lead mare would start ahead and the stud would circle around, his head up and taking in all he could see. At times he'd turn the lead mare back, but he wasn't sure—just instinctively suspicious. The bunch was badly in need of water. Finally, half of them went in, only to come out again, snorting at every jump and shying at nothing. I knew they'd come back, and they did after a good hour's wait. I had my doubts that I could catch the whole bunch, but when they came again they seemed to throw caution to the winds, crowding in and around the water. While the stud was circling nervously around his bunch I pulled the trigger and the gate closed with a bang. The bunch leaped at the noise and struck out in panic for the other side of the corral, the earth shaking with the thunder of hoofs. As they hit the wire it yielded a little and kicked them

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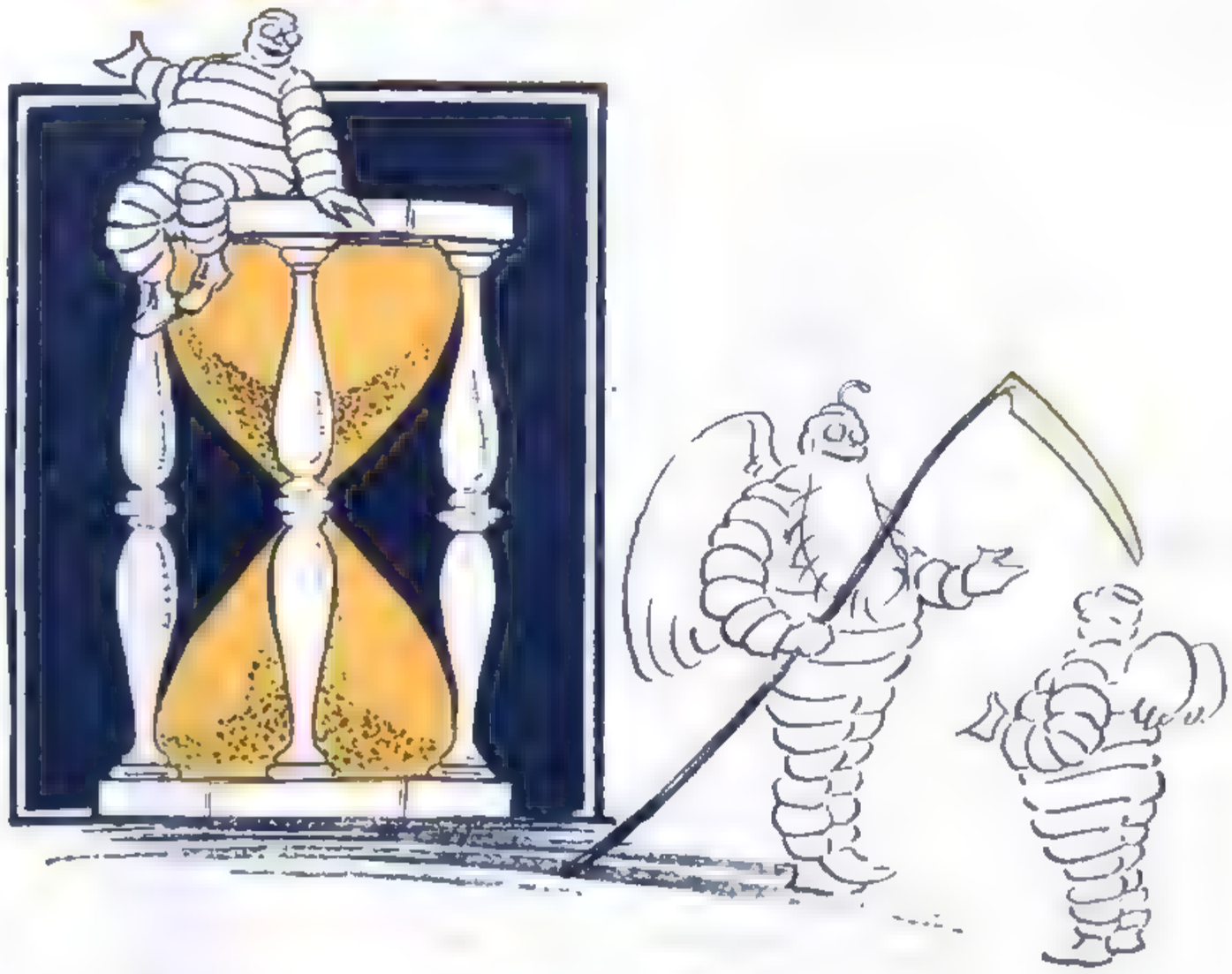
MICHELIN CORDS



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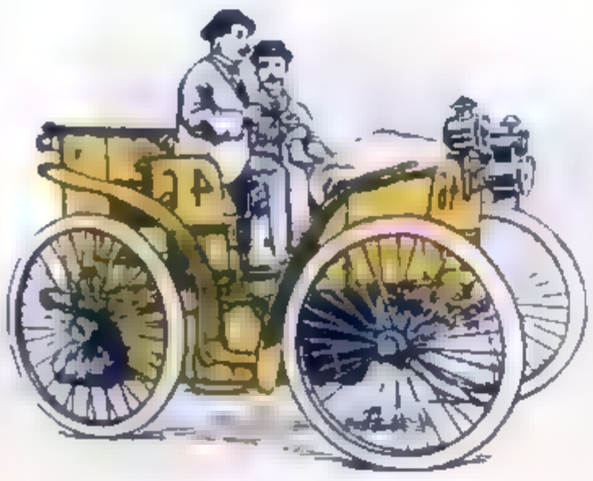

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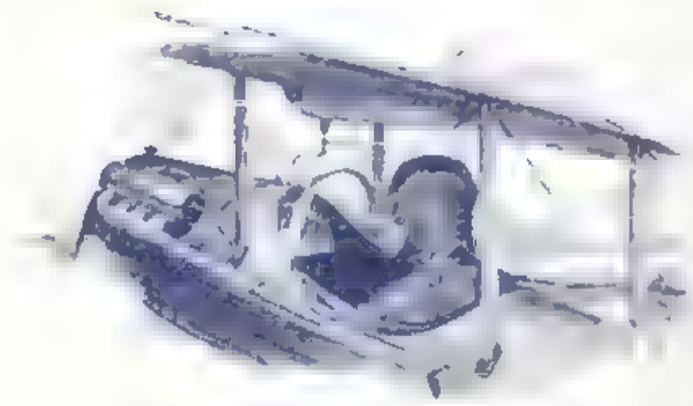

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(Continued from Page 156)

back off their feet. Those mustangs tested the whole corral—every inch of it—but it was built for just such assaults. Heavy wire cables had been stretched around the top and bottom of each post, making the whole corral, as it were, one piece; woven wire was attached to the cable top and bottom and wired to the posts, being permitted to hang slack for give and take. Having made my catch I kept away from the trap 'cause my appearance there just then would have made the horses break their necks hitting the other side.

The southern ponies were not nearly so big or so well built as the northern horses we'd been running, and they were caught more easily, 'cause they hadn't been chased so much. Blind traps were unknown in that country. An open corral with long wings or a water trap was the usual thing. Southern mustangs were easily turned and handled, and on a fast horse you could frequently ride close enough to one to pile your rope on him. They were generally caught around water holes, 'cause when full of water the mustang can't run very fast or far. But in that condition, however, he's likely to be choked if the rider doesn't ease up on the rope in time.

Our traps began to wear out after a while, and the mustangs, still running loose, learned to keep shy of the closed water holes. There was no escaped fuzztail to give us away, but the bunches were leaving the country and hitting for new range. We opened all the gates again and left the traps unset for a couple of months. A few bands of wild ones came back and started watering, but when we closed the gate on the other side, leaving only the trap gate open, they got suspicious. Their snorts were all that was necessary to let us understand that they knew the corral was ready for business, and in a long lope they hit back to the country from which they came.

Over the Fence and Out

Once we caught a black stud that had been caught before and was already acquainted with the nature and strength of a trap. Ours being new to him and well concealed, he was fooled just long enough to be caught again. He didn't waste time, however, hitting the sides of the trap as the rest of the bunch with him did. He figured just how high that trap was and used the speed he was coming in with to clear it! He never checked up or stopped. He sailed right on over the top and never touched the cable. The fence at that particular place was nine feet high. A mustang seldom jumps anything: he tries to go through generally. But this one had learned there was no going through. I never saw anything so pretty as when that black horse got clean away. Our mouths were wide open, our eyes staring. It was a graceful job too; for instead of breaking into a run after clearing the fence he just trotted off stiff-legged, covering fifteen feet to each pace. His feet seeming not to touch the ground, his every muscle working beautifully and his head up, he looked back at us over his shoulder and worked his long tail about just as if he were waving by-by to us. He stopped suddenly on top a little hill three hundred yards or so from us, and facing about he gave us a farewell whistle before proceeding, full of pride, out of sight. My friend Pete looked at me solemnly and said: "I'd give a good hundred for that horse!"

The hardest horse to trap is the one that has been broken for riding or working and then gets away. No matter how gentle he was when he made his escape, the sight of his home range and of his old wild friends makes him forget all that man has taught him in the way of self-restraint. The only thing he remembers and uses is his knowledge of the ways of man. This knowledge stands him in good stead when he sees some rider fogging down on him; that wise *hombre* takes the lead and the bunch follows, sure that they've got a leader that knows the ropes.

I've known of mustangs' getting away after being gentled that traveled two hundred miles or more, through settlements, over bridges and railroad tracks, even swimming rivers to their country of freedom. They'd feed as they traveled, not even stopping to drink; they'd go up or down a stream, dragging their noses in the water till their thirst was satisfied. If you could catch up to them before getting close to their home territory they weren't so hard to handle; being in a strange country, they'd give up easy enough. The mustang has a good working set of brains; if he sees, for instance, that his pursuer is riding a tired horse he knows it and will circle round, tail and head up, looking pretty and teasing the rider to come on.

Gentled by Kindness

Talking of horse sense, let me take the case of the chestnut I'd picked on as a saddle horse. He needed some care for the cuts and scratches he'd got when connecting with the trap. I roped and snubbed him, put on the hackamore and picketed him to a log in a little meadow close to the corral. He had fifty feet of soft rope to run on and the feed was good, but the flies and mosquitoes were hard on him, the deer fly and the bulldog fly doing the most tormenting; and that poor little chestnut had a lot of places open for the pests to work on. I wanted to heal up the sores before thinking of breaking him, and his badly peeled head gave me a lead to show my feelings.

The first time he saw me coming he darted away until the heavy log caught in a stump; then he bit and kicked at the picket rope. I let him have it out and kept coming closer, working round till I touched his head. He'd run his nose up along my arm, then snap at it and strike with both front feet at the same time. I worked pretty easy, 'cause I didn't want him to lose any more of that hide, and he only showed the right spirit according to his lights, even if he did come within close striking distance of my face. I could have taken advantage of him and ridden him while he was sore when he would have been easier to break maybe, but I had a lot of time and I liked him. Before long I had his peeled head all covered with fly-proof healing salve; I smeared a lot of that salve on all the sore spots from the tip of his nose to the middle of his back. I'd do that twice and three times a day till finally he got to looking for me and nickered when he saw me coming. He'd come to meet me as far as the picket rope would let him and follow me around wherever I went. I kept smearing salve on all the cuts plumb down to his hoofs and he'd stand there just watching me, not a bit of harm in him. He was healing up fast and hair began to cover the scars. One day I even got on him bareback and rode him around the log. He took that all in as part of the healing process, I guess. Anyhow, he got over being afraid of me

He was the kind of sensitive horse that wouldn't stand rough handling, and his ten hundred pounds of fine bone and muscle could back his sentiments in that regard. He was full of fight and only a little jerking around was needed to start him going. I didn't jerk him but kept on handling him easy, until one day I slipped my saddle on him. He did just what I expected, giving the prettiest exhibition of bucking I ever saw. I was wondering how hard a ride I'd have to put up to stick him when I saddled him again a few days later, but he fooled me. I led him round a bit; he stood quietly till I got well set. I pulled him on one rein a couple of times and finally lined him round the corral. He just trotted on and kept looking back at me. I was expecting him to go to pieces at any minute, but nothing doing. He acted as if everything was O.K. so long as I was up there sitting on him, and after smelling the saddle a few times he figured apparently that that must be all right too.

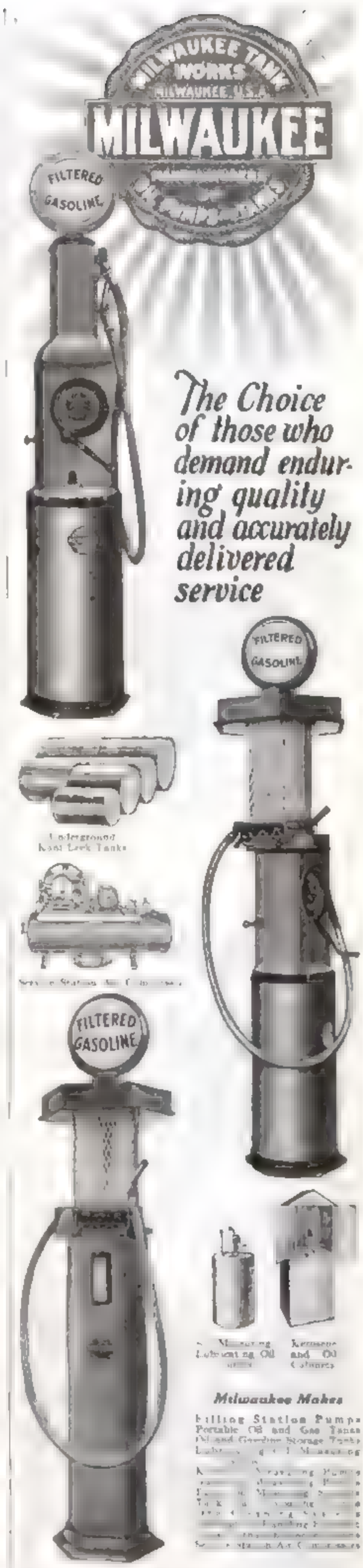
That summer and fall the chestnut and I had a lot of dealings together. I was headed for no place in particular—just drifting. I had a pack horse along and on top of him was my home and grub. We'd travel for a spell and take it easy when we'd strike places where the feed was good. We were out of the wild-horse country when I quit putting hobbles on the chestnut and we were getting pretty thick by that time. Piñon, as I called him, wouldn't go more than a few hundred yards from my camp, no matter how scarce the feed was; and many a time I would wake at night to find that he and the pack horse were bedded down right in the kitchen, you might say—just a rope's length from my bed.

A Fifty-Fifty Partner

Piñon was no sugar-eater or pet. He was just a fifty-fifty partner of mine. He never had a feed of grain, although once in a while I'd give him a biscuit from my small Dutch oven. He'd pack me all day long, but when I decided to camp I'd always attend to Piñon and the other horse before straightening out my camp or cooking a meal. If on a real hot day I'd come across a juniper in the foothills, I'd always stop in what shade there was under it and loosen up my saddle to air Piñon's back and scratch him behind the ear every once in a while.

One day I had to stop in a town to get some grub and tobacco. I left Piñon and the other pony at the stable corrals. Having seen that the big mangers offered plenty of hay, I sneaked out when I thought Piñon wasn't looking. But he soon found out that I was missing and the little son-of-a-gun was certainly making himself heard! Well, sir, I wouldn't have taken the whole world for that little horse just then, or I guess any other time, either. I finally told the stable boy to watch out that Piñon didn't hurt himself on the fence and started out toward the main street of town, walking a heap faster than I generally do. I got my stuff and came back as quickly as I could, to find a mighty restless pony waiting

I Took First Turn and Sashayed Him for a Good Fifteen Miles



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for me. I saw that I would simply have to camp with him that night, so I picked out a clean spot in an out-of-the-way corner of the corral to roll out my bed. Piñon was right there to see what was up; and as soon as he discovered I was making my camp, as he'd seen me do many times before, he was satisfied and walked away to eat. I figured having lost his freedom and being in a strange country he looked to me as a sort of leader and partner; I felt that he was a little orphan and kind of needed me.

This isn't intended to be a lot of sentimental talk I'm handing you. Piñon might have been the exceptional horse in a thousand, but I find that if you make a pal of any gelding and talk to him often, treating him about as you would a dog, you'll have a stouter friend in the horse. A dog may go mad, turn on you and chew you up if grub's scarce and he gets hungry enough, but the horse will pack you as far as he can and die doing it. If you're out on the desert and you both give out he won't howl his sufferings into your ear. As for brains and honesty—I hate to compare a dog or any other animal with the deep-hearted, long-winded pony of the Western ranges.

For years Piñon and I roamed the hills, valleys and deserts, and gradually the time came when if I went away he wouldn't fret so much; he knew I'd surely come back, and I always did.

When the war broke out and I joined in I felt as if I had someone dependent on me; but then men were leaving their mothers, wives and children behind. Before taking off my boots, chaps and spurs for the uniform I saddled old Piñon and headed for a country where I knew the mustangs were free from runners and where the range was good. I was leading an extra horse to ride back. When in a few days I rode up on the pass where Piñon was to get his freedom once more I could see here and there down in the valley a few bunches of wild ones, and a couple of miles down the ridge I could make out four head feeding. A bunch so small generally consists of young studs kicked out of a herd by an older stallion. I knew this bunch would let Piñon come in and run with them, so I headed down in the wash and out of sight.

Good-by to Piñon

I'm facing the breeze now, making it possible for me to come pretty close without the wild ones getting wind of me. Within fifty yards of them, with a small ridge between us, I slip off the chestnut and sneak through the buckbush to get a peek at what sort of ponies they are. I see marks on their backs indicating that they were once saddle horses, turned wild again, and wiser than ever. A better bunch to turn old Piñon with I couldn't hope for; I am sure these can never be caught—not with Piñon in the lead, anyway.

Unsaddling as quickly as I can, and acting as if I'm going to camp, I lead Piñon to a place where he can get sight of the other horses. Then giving him a couple of farewell pats I drop back a little. He sees the bunch and walks up to investigate. I'm down flat on the ground, but I can tell what's going on by watching my little horse; he gets acquainted, but pretty soon, as I figured, he comes back. I lead him up again and pat him once more, and gradually, looking back at me uncertainly from time to time, he works over the ridge out of sight. I'm in the wash where my other horse is tied and, grabbing my chance, ride back for the summit fast as I can make it, being sure to keep out of sight while getting there. On reaching the summit I look back; one horse is apart from the others, rummaging around where I was going to camp. "Great little horse!" I say to myself, and it's all I can do to keep from going back for him. Then again I figure he's a heap better off where he is. As I watch, Piñon tops the little ridge between him and the other horses. He went to them, knowing that some day I'd come back for him.

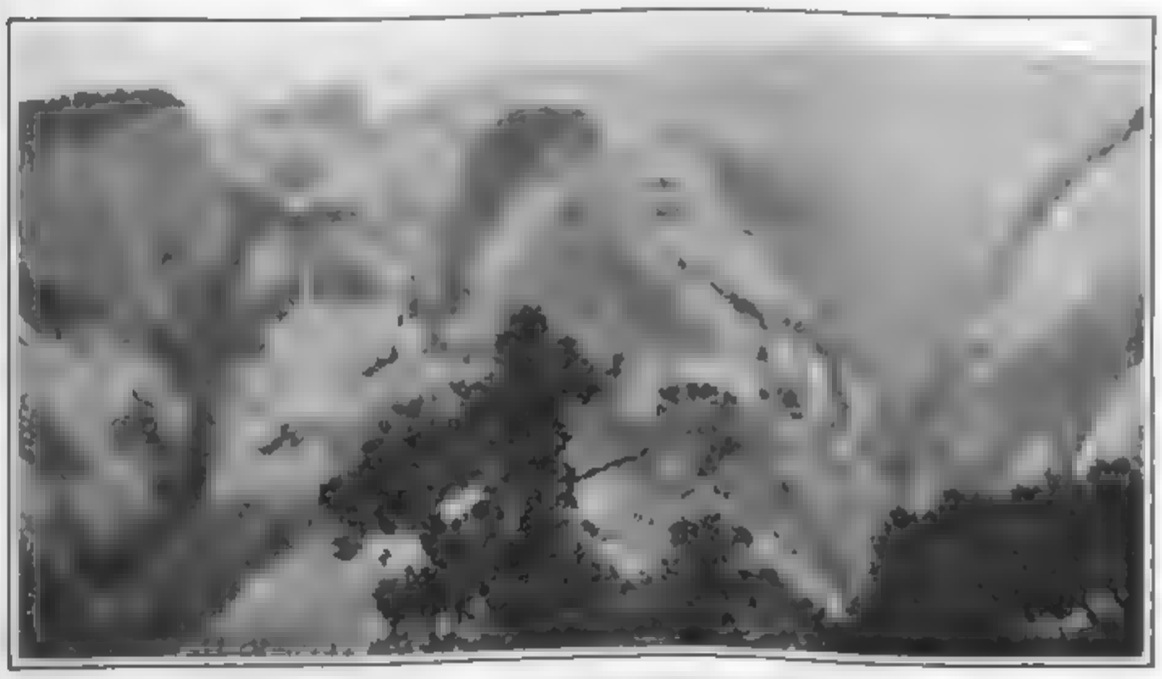
I did come back, of course, but it was several years later. When I topped that summit once more, how good that little country, hid away from civilization, looked to me after seeing what I did of war and the suffering world! I camped in the wash close to the ridge where Piñon and I parted. Early the next morning I was up and scouring the hills and valleys for a sight of him. At first my search seemed hopeless, but when the sun had only two hours to go in the west I saw five head a couple of miles away following the trail out of sight over a hill. I knew this was my chance to catch up with them and within a quarter of an hour I did.

They were on a little flat and there was no way I could come closer without being seen, so without any attempt at concealment I tied my horse to a juniper and walked out towards them.

The Wild Blood Wins

Piñon is in the lead, feeding. He sees me and with a snort warns the others. I talk to him just as I used to, but he's too far away, perhaps, to hear me. In a big cloud of dust they're gone, but only to circle, Piñon leading them back to a safe three hundred yards from me. There he stops, tosses his head inquiringly up and down and smells the air and the ground. He's forgotten me. The many days of sunlight, snow and freedom since he saw me last have been long enough to heal many a scar and make him forget a friend. I try to get a little closer, talking away so Piñon will maybe remember. Now it almost seems that he does—he comes up a few steps as if to meet me as he used to. The other horses, doubtful of his actions, turn and start to run, which leaves Piñon alone and undecided what to do. But soon enough the wild blood wins and, with a shake of his head and his long mane to the wind, he breaks out on the easy lope I know so well, headed for the wild bunch and the freedom I had once taken away from him.

I'm always mighty proud of that little horse and I like to think of him often. There are quite a few like him in the wild-horse countries and I'm kind of sorry now so many were caught, 'cause I have a lot of respect and admiration for the mustang. The fact that he'd give us back the same medicine we'd hand him, with sometimes a little overdose, only made me feel that in him I had an opponent worthy of the game. Even though I'd get sore at them when they'd put it over on us and rub it in a little too hard, the satisfaction I'd get at catching some wise bunch didn't last very long when I'd remember that they'd be shipped, put to work and maybe starved into being good by some *hombre* who was afraid of them and didn't savvy at all. For they really belong, not to man, but to that country of junipers and sage, of deep arroyos, mesas—and freedom.



The Sweep and Flow of the Mountains of Zion Valley, Utah

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

has rewritten that part. It reads now "to bane or not to bane."

(SHAKSPERE falls in a swoon.)

FROM THE LONDON TIMES: Last night, at the Globe Theater, Drake and Bradford produced His Mother's Husband, a rollicking comedy by Christopher Marlowe and William Shakspere. Mr. Marlowe had written an amusing play about a young Danish prince who feigns madness to outwit his villainous uncle and to win the girl he loves. Mr. Burbage as Hamlet was excruciatingly funny, particularly in the scene with his father's ghost in the first act.

The pinochle scene in the second act brought down the house. Hamlet challenges his uncle, Claudius, to a game of pinochle. The Ghost, who is invisible to Claudius, stands behind his chair and signals to Hamlet the cards his uncle holds. The scene is written with Mr. Marlowe's usual skill.

One of the features of the evening was an eccentric dance by Jenks and O'Brien, who played the parts of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Mr. Jerry Tudor has composed some tuneful music, and Walt Raleigh has written some delightful lyrics.

Jenks and O'Brien, who reappear in the last act as a pair of low-comedy grave diggers, made the biggest hit of the evening with their song There's Something Rotten in the State of Denmark.

Among the numbers that will be whistled all over London in a few days are Rosemary, That's for Remembrance, a lilting waltz song, sung by Ophelia; Just Then the Rooster Crowed, a topical song, sung by the Ghost; and Ophelia, You're My Elsinore Baby Doll, sung by Hamlet and chorus.

—*Newman Levy.*

The Quack Specialist

WE DON'T believe anybuddy wuz ever so brave that they couldn't be scared by a quack specialist. A feller may quell a riot, or live with his wife's folks, or distinguish himself on th' field o' battle, or sit through a home-talent show, or try t' run his own factory, but we don't believe anybuddy ever emerged from a thorough an' exhaustive interview with a quack specialist without an ashen hue. That's th' reason consultation's free.

Th' quack specialist don't charge for consultation any more than th' fillin'-station man does, an' he don't care how strong an' brave an' well we are. All he asks is that we unbutton our vest. Then he listens in on our heart

"How long has this been goin' on?" he will ask.

"What been goin' on?" we ask.

"Why, your heart hain't hittin' at all," says he.

Then comes some close questionin', an' th' quack specialist expects us t' be just as explicit an' honest in describin' our assets as we are in describin' th' sharp dartin' pain that opens up every mornin' when we stoop t' lace our shoes—th' pain that starts at th' base o' th' skull an' works down to th' right heel, an' doubles back an' takes a sidin' in th' small o' our back. Th' quack specialist has a lot o' ingenious little preliminary questions bearin' directly on our liver an' income which he asks, an' no matter how good our liver is, if our resources are all right we're in a bad way. We may have only twenty-five dollars' worth th' matter with us, or we may be within five or six hundred dollars o' th' grave. If we're purty well off we kin drink coffee. Here's a few o' th' quack specialist's favorite questions:

Are your muscles sore after carryin' a mattress upstairs?

Have you any real estate t' worry you?

Do you feel like givin' up when your grocer pours a quart of oysters in a pint bucket?

Do you dread housework?

Do you feel a wanin' inclination t' fly a kite as th' years roll by?

Are you startled by th' rustle of a skirt?

"This May be the Life, But I Sometimes Wish I Was That Postmaster's Dog Out on the Rim of The Grand Canyon"

(SONNEBORN PRODUCTS)

No Such Thing As Can't In This Can of Stormtight

IT WILL make *any* apparently worthless roof leakproof for years and save the cost of a new roof.

It will stop little leaks before they get big. It will prevent your good roof from developing leaks.

It will last more years than you would think possible.

Stormtight

FOR USE ON ANY ROOF IN ANY WEATHER

is readily brushed on—*you* can do it. It does not crack and leak like various paints and compounds because it resists the pinch and pull of frost and sun. Apply Plastic Stormtight on bad spots—Liquid Stormtight over all.

For the composition, tin, gravel and canvas roofs of houses, factories, barns, garages, etc. *The colors, black, maroon, light red and green.*

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(SONNEBORN)

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This book should be in every home.

Smooth-On Cement No. 1 may be used for repairing leaks of steam, water, fire and oil in aluminum, iron, steel, brass, lead, etc. It is as easy to apply as putty—lasting as iron.

Mail the coupon to-day for your copy of this book.

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To Manufacturers and Plant Managers

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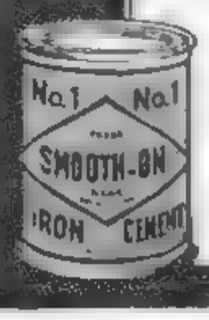

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"Pointex"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Fashioned to accentuate the grace of trim feminine ankles.

At leading Department Stores and Specialty Shops

"Onyx" Hosiery Inc.
Wholesale, New York

Are you ever seized with indecision when you have your choice o' guinea hen à la casserole or filet o' mignon?

Do you worry over money matters, or do you feel secure on that point?

Is your property unencumbered an' in your own name?

Do you ever notice a low muffled gurgle in th' vicinity o' th' pipes that conduct th' air t' th' lobes o' th' lungs while plowin' or harrowin'?

Unless a feller knows somethin' about th' connection o' th' anastomosis o' th' capillary extremities o' th' vena cava with those o' th' portal vein an' ther relation t' life an' happiness he's purty liable t' git scared an' go under treatment at any cost. While ther's been great progress made in th' art o' surgery, no reg'lar, blown-in-th'-bottle quack specialist with black glossy whiskers an' double lenses would think o' disturbin' a tumor or liftin' a kidney unless ther wuz some real estate back of it. However, very few doctors care t' meddle with a penniless tumor.

—*Abe Martin.*

Song

WHEN summer used to linger,
Before the daisies died,
You'd but to bend your finger
And I was by your side.
And, oh, my heart was breaking,
And, oh, my life was through;
You had me for the taking;
"Now run along," said you.

But now the summer's over,
The birds have flown away,
And all the amorous clover
Has turned to sober hay.
And you're the one to tarry,
And you're the one to sigh,
And beg me, will I marry.
"The deuce I will," say I.

—*Dorothy Parker.*

The Seriousness of Sport

A Rimed Editorial

THE sporting editor sat him down
At his typing machine with a solemn frown.
The frightened reporters fled the scene
There was only one thing that his frown could mean
And they straightway scattered hither and yon—
He'd an editorial coming on.

But the sporting editor paid no heed
As he clickety-clacked the following screed:

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH COLLEGE SPORT?

Why do alumni so fiercely snort
And rave in language unfit to print
When anyone ventures the feeblest hint
That their team isn't the best in the world?
And why is anathema wildly hurled
If you dare the opinion that Princevarde's Blinks
Is a faster halfback than Yalemouth's Jinks?
And why must a coach perforce resign
If his team should lose by 20 to 9?
And why will seventy thousand folks
Dig up from seventy thousand pokes
A hundred and seventy thousand beans
To see, all swaddled in padded jeans,
Some twenty-two beefy and large young men
Run up a field and run down again?
We need more attention to molecules
And less to eligibility rules;
To worry more about French and Greek
And less about winning that game next week.
We're taking our football, it seems to me,
A great, great deal too seriously.

II

The editor finished and mopped his brow
And said "I'll write that announcement now,"
So the following words from the type keys came:

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

TOMORROW'S GAME

George Zizzem, known for his epics on sport,
Will have his usual full report;
He'll tell of the contest's dramatic side
In his matchless style as the teams collide.
"Dope," greatest authority of the day,
Will cover the whole game play by play;
The humorous side lights and funny bits
You'll get from Finnegan, prince of wits;
While the brilliant brain of Walter McFee
Will analyze clearly the strategy;
Twelve columns in all—including lots
Of pictures showing the game's high spots.

III

One reason is perfectly clear to me
Why we're taking our sports so seriously.

—*Baron Ireland.*

The Other 19

The different makes of bathing suits manufactured in this country run up into an impressive figure. Few manufacturers, however, are devoting themselves to the production of the exceptional in SWIMMING suits. WIL WITE, of finest stitch and finest finish, is quite generally considered, by merchants and swimmers who have made comparisons, to be the best. It has 20 distinctive points, but only one point—the fact that it is good enough to carry the WIL WITE label—need be remembered. The other 19 points any informed merchant will be glad to explain and show to you.

Wil Wite

The 20-point SWIMMING suit

WHERE MERCHANTS NEGLECT TO STOCK THESE SUITS, ADDRESS US DIRECT. OLYMPIA KNITTING MILLS, INC., OLYMPIA, WN.

The Day the Celebrated Screen Star Received No Letters From Feminine Worshipers

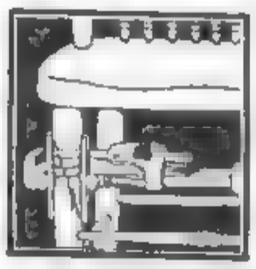
A giant's grip for any job

TRADE MARK STILLSON REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

This diamond mark is the trademark of all genuine Walworth Stillson wrenches. It guarantees Walworth quality in the wrench you buy: *working parts of the best tool steel, drop-forged; jaws and bar that are specially heat-treated for strength and toughness.*

PROBABLY you will never need to use the full power of a Walworth Stillson wrench. In most household uses the regular 10-inch size will turn the trick with surprisingly little force. The clean-forged jaws of a Walworth Stillson hold tight and hard on metal or wood of any shape.

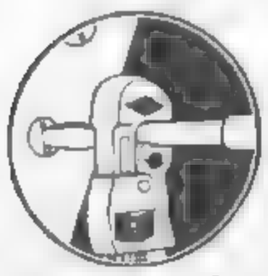
And on little things—a rod, a bit of wire or the head of a nail—a Walworth Stillson gives you the same persuasive grip and leverage for an easy twist or husky pull.



For Anything *Square*

To clamp anything (as illustrated) until glue or cement has had a chance to set. A motorist writes that he uses his Walworth Stillson to make a new patch stick on an inner tube.

To tighten a lazy curtain spring. To wind spring-driven toys and old-fashioned clocks.



For Anything *Round*

We have been keeping count of all the uses people have found for the Walworth Stillson wrench for general household utility. These listed here are quoted from letters actually received.

To turn your screw-driver (as illustrated) when screws are stubborn. To take a broken electric light stub out of its socket. To unscrew the round cap on an electric flashlight. To open bottles sealed with crown caps. For uncrating anything. And, of course, to hold or turn any kind of pipe.

For Anything *Hexagonal*

Most nuts and valve ends are hexagonal. No matter how battered or rusty they may be, your household Stillson will turn them. When they're particularly obstinate it often helps to soak them first with kerosene. If you're working on polished nickel or brass you can prevent marring it by inserting a bit of cloth between the jaws of the wrench.

Your hardware dealer sells the 10-inch household Stillson in a handy box.

Hardware and Auto Supply Dealers:

There are six quick sales in this Walworth carton. It displays half a dozen 10-inch wrenches, each individually boxed. Your customers will appreciate the greaseless lacquer finish of these handy tools. Ask your jobber.

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Stillson Wrench

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Have you tried
GINGER ALE
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HOUSEHOLD EXTRACT?

This discovery enables you to make a delicious Ginger Ale at home just as easily and economically as you make Rootbeer from Hires Household Extract.

One package makes 80 glasses. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25c and we will send postpaid package direct, or send $2.80 for carton of one dozen. Canada and foreign price, 35c and $4.00, respectively.

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A Pure, Delicious Beverage, at Small Cost

Hires
HOUSEHOLD EXTRACTS
For making ROOTBEER or GINGER ALE at home

PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU
Just make a note to get a new pair
CHICAGO A STEIN & COMPANY NEW YORK

NORTH OF 36

(Continued from Page 36)

to time and emitted a loud and defiant crow. At times Sanchez ran a thin brown hand over Gallina, his sole surviving fighting cock.

Back of this cart marched, saddled and bridled, a singular horse, beautiful of head and crest, its dark yellow body coat broken by white markings, a broad band of white from side to side across its hips.

In the vanguard of the herd proper marched a great gaunt steer, a giant in stature, long of limb and wide of horn, a yellow dun in color. It now was coming on with a rapid sidewise shuffle, not dissimilar to the fox trot of a Southern riding horse, alertly looking from side to side. Back of him the wide sea of other longhorns showed, tossing in the dust. It might all have been some circus caravan, so wholly out of human experience it all seemed to the observers.

At the points of the herd rode two stalwart men, one at either side, men who never looked at each other. Back of them at long intervals, every four or five hundred cattle, came the swing men; and at last the dust of the drag—the weak, the maimed and the halt. Back of these yet again showed the darker colors of the remuda—some scores of horses easily handled by a ragged, thin-shouldered, tallow-faced boy, who wore the only pair of *chaparejos* in the company, for sake of trousers no longer fit to see.

In all their lives these Texas cattle never had seen a town even so great as embryonic Abilene. It took a quarter of an hour to get them to enter the cross street. As McCoyne had admitted that the new corrals would hold only a fraction of the cattle, it was the new intention to drive through the town and hold the herd a mile or two to the north; Nabours himself assenting thus much to the idea of a triumphal entry merely to oblige his guide. He rode back to the lead cart and leaned over.

"For God's sake, Miss Tausie, get on Blancocito and ride in front, why don't you? Get on your own horse and ride in front of your own cows."

But Tausie was not for triumphal entry. She stood out for closed curtains on her cart. Through a narrow crack she gazed out. There were countless men, but not a single woman.

Once headed for the cross street and crowded up by the riders, the head of the herd, with much clacking of horns and cracking of hoofs, advanced until it came opposite the gallery of the Drovers' Cottage. Now came climax in welcome. Here the town band of Abilene lay in ambush.

Came a sudden blare of brass—a cataclysmic thing in its results, generously intended and not lacking precedent in welcomes, but failing in all understanding of a herd of Texas cattle.

Probably each musician was playing the air which pleased him best. It made no difference. With one tremendous rush and roar the herd surged, broke, ran. The wildly rolling tails betokened one of the sharpest stampedes of the entire trail. Simultaneously the great majority of the saddle ponies began efforts to disencumber themselves of their riders, in whom they now apparently had lost all confidence. Had the population of Abilene sought a circus, they needed now no more than to look about them.

The band played on, as those having engaged in an undertaking which they did not like to discontinue. But they played to an empty house.

The Del Sol herd was gone!

The riders leaned once more into the work, headed by Nabours, profoundly cursing all brass bands, in a run the worst they had seen, even in their abundant experience. The men of Abilene had the first and finest opportunity of their lives to see a herd of wild Texas cattle handled as no men other than these could have done the work. Even for these it took time and distance.

The sudden burst of melody had left the cattle without concertedness. They broke in different bands, even deserting their vanguard. Of the latter, old Alamo, the giant steer that had paced the herd for a thousand miles, alone held to the proper course. Alamo laid back his horns and raised his muzzle like some wild elk. He dashed past the mob, past the band at the Drovers' Cottage, past everything of Abilene except the railroad and the stockyards.

"Pore old Alamo!" said Jim Nabours later. "He shore knowed which way was north, but he didn't seem to know nothing else."

The head of old Alamo with its immense sweep of horns in later years long was known in the general freight office of a Western railroad, where, had he then retained his faculties, he might at every hour of the day and night have noted sight and sound of railway activities. But at the time then current, Alamo had never seen a bit of railroad iron in all his life. Perhaps to his startled gaze the two twisting lines of steel were two giant snakes. In any event, Alamo swerved suddenly, trying to evade them. His hard hoofs slipped on the metals and he fell. His right foreleg, doubled under him, snapped below the knee under his own weight and that of two other steers which had made bold to follow him. So there he lay, much like other figures in completed destiny.

Engaged in opposite directions, not many of the men of Abilene or of Del Sol noted what happened. There came out of the dust, spurring forward, only one slim ragged rider—who even had left his beloved horses—the boy Cinquo Centavos who, so it seemed, had some sort of admiration and understanding of the lead steer of Del Sol.

Excited, tears streaming down his dusty face as always in his moments of tension, Cinquo spurred up to the railroad track and sprang down where the great steer lay struggling. His was the first rope that ever sang in Abilene streets. It caught the great steer over the horns and laid him flat, the pony setting back even as his rider left the saddle.

"Oh, Alamo!" wept Cinquo, seating himself on the steer's muzzle to quiet his plunging. "You've done busted that laig plumb off!"

"Now, ain't that too bad!" said one of the more sober musicians, who now strolled over from the Drovers' Cottage.

"Here, you!" commanded Cinquo. "You go back to that cart where the nigger woman is at and get her to give you the hide of that yearlin' we killed yesterday.

"Gentlemen," continued Cinquo, drawing himself up to his full height, after he had the victim properly strung out, "this may be a cow town, but you-all don't know nothing about cows. Now look at that! Just because it's the Fourth of July, you think you got any right to bust the best damn steer that ever come out of Texas?"

Alamo and Cinquo were to take the first curtain call. The boy was no theorist. Under his direction they brought him some pieces of barrel staves. Around these he wound again and again strips of the green hide, stretching it tight—perhaps the first surgery on a Texas steer, if not the last, ever known on the long trail up from the Southern lands.

"Rawhide," explained Cinquo to the gathering group, "is the holdin'est thing there is. Once that dries, that steer's laig will be a lot better'n new—if it don't dry too tight. Is them the pens over yon?" he continued. "Well, swing a pole acrost the sides of the chute. Some of you-all go and git some grass or hay. We'll make a belly-band o' the rest of the hide and swing him up offen the ground so it won't hurt his sore laig.

"This here steer's name is Alamo," he explained to his audience. "He's the onliest Texas cow or horse I ever knowed to have a name. But he started through. What us Texans starts we finishes. Git back now and leave me see if he can stand up."

Old Alamo, relieved of rope and with no weight on his neck, proved his mettle by springing to his feet as though nothing had happened, and only the strange feeling in his foreleg prevented his charging the crowd as an evidence of good faith. But Cinquo impressed Sanchez, who was visible coming up, and Alamo yielded to the force of numbers and of skill. A man flung open the gate of the Abilene Stockyards. Alamo entered in.

"He's one game steer," said McCoyne, when later he found him there in place, in solitary grandeur. "If five hundred dollars will buy that steer he's mine right now, and I'll keep him as long as he lives. Hurrah for old Alamo, the first steer up the trail! Strike up some more music again, fellows; he can't get away now. Show my friends

from Texas what a Fourth of July can be in Abilene."

But a certain thought came to the mind of Mr. McCoyne upon the instant.

"We've forgot about that young lady in the cart," said he. "Anyhow, she ain't stampeded. I told you we had a woman along, and now I'll prove it. Come on, men, march in front and play your damnedest. I'm going to fetch her up to the Cottage."

The landlord and manager of the Drovers' Cottage was an Eastern man imported for this special purpose of running a hostelry devoted to trail men, and now on his trial trip. His name—which so far as he is concerned is of no consequence—was Gore. His wife's name, which for years was of very great consequence in all Kansas, was Lou Gore. A portly woman she was, with a heart as large as that of any ox that ever came up the trail. Of Lou Gore's countless acts of charity, of her unceasing ministrations to the ill and the afflicted, the wounded and the impoverished men of the old trail, history has written all too little. She was known sometimes as the Mother of Abilene, sometimes as the Mother of Kansas; more often as the Mother of the Cowboys.

As yet Lou Gore had small acquaintance of those mad scenes which so soon were to become a regular experience with her. But now the carpenters had her new hotel almost completed, nearly ready for occupancy. Somewhat flustered that she had not quite finished sweeping out after the carpenters, not quite put up all her curtains—for curtains she insisted upon at the Cottage—the landlady of that edifice came to the front door in time to see some of the incidents above recorded. Therefore, duly, as she hid her hands under her apron, she heard the reassembled musicians once more essaying sweet sounds, saw the procession of pedestrians advancing toward her door.

And then Lou Gore saw, after a second and more careful look, what she had not expected to see—a tall and beautiful young girl, an astonishingly and strikingly beautiful young girl, who now for the first time parted the curtains of her conveyance and sprang lightly to the ground.

Taisie Lockhart, in men's clothing—a thing then almost equivocal for a woman—stood looking about her as though about to fly. She seemed so much alone, so helpless, so appealing, that the only other real woman of Abilene ran to her and took her into her hospitable arms.

"Why, you poor dear!" said she. "You poor dear! You're a girl, ain't you! Of course, I knew! Now you come right on in!"

So Taisie Lockhart, the first woman ever to cross the doorstep of the Drovers' Cottage with the exception of Lou Gore herself, came right on in. And as she passed the door and started toward the hall which opened from the front-office room she saw standing before her the man she had hoped and feared she would never see again—Dan McMasters.

XXXIX

ON THE flat prairie, whose solid turf offered good footing to the ponies, the Del Sol riders, cursing their luck, finished rounding up their stampeded cattle.

"I'm willing to admit there is such a place as Aberlene now," grumbled Nabours, "but it ain't inhabitated by no human beings. This here idea of meeting a herd of cows with a brass band ain't no ways according to no kind of Hoyle.

"I ain't taking no more chances about going through town," he added. "We'll throw them around the town and stop about three mile north. Ef anybody wants to see them cows they've got to come out there to our camp, and not bring no brass band neither."

Wherefore, with exception of the few head already penned in the Abilene Stockyards, the Del Sol herd circumvented Abilene and all its attractions, and finally turned out on good grazing ground north of town. When at length the cattle were quiet and grazing the men pulled up with a feeling of vast relief, which each expressed in his own way.

"Well, boys," said the trail boss to those nearest him, "here's where we lean our saddles on the ground for a while. Tell Buck to pitch about here. The other cart'll likely stay in town."

It was the last camp, the end of the road, farthest north for any Texas longhorn at that hour. The long days and nights of trail work now were over.

Anita helped the cook to unload the cart which nominally was his, although he rarely had driven it. Strange and complex seemed the cargo as it was heaped up on the prairie. The three saddles of the lost men, their bridles and others; bed rolls and saddle blankets, kettles, pots and pans; ox yokes and trace chains; spurs, hair ropes and hide reatas; collapsed sacks of meal and flour and beans; some slabs of side meat, a mess box and a coffee mill, sections of several dried rawhides—all mingling with the meager war bags of a score of men. There were even a pair of horns of giant size, detached from the head of an aged steer whose neck had not proved able to withstand the pull of two reatas when it was attempted to haul him out of a quicksand crossing where he had bogged down. Len Hersey had chopped them off and put them in the cart, declaring that he wanted them for a "soo-vee-ner."

"We got all the comforts o' home now," remarked that insouciant soul as he rode by. "Maybe I kin trade them horns fer a shirt."

Nabours waited until he saw the cattle well scattered and disposed to feed, and until he saw the dust of the remuda coming in at a run, Cinquo Centavos and Sanchez by this time having completed their surgery on Alamo. He straightened in his saddle and drew tighter his belt, pushing his hat back on his furrowed forehead. Even now the burden of his responsibility was on his shoulders, and would be until the herd was sold; and the proximity of town brought certain problems.

"Del"—he turned to his point man, whom he found seated on the ground engaged in wiping and reloading his revolver—"you ride on down to the hotel and tell Miss Taisie I want her to stay in town tonight at the hotel. She'll be safe with Milly along. The rest of us will come in when we can; maybe some tonight. This is the Fourth of July by the almanac, but there ain't going to be no Fourth of July so long as there is any chance of this here bunch of cows taking another run; and, of course, we can't tell just when we'll make any kind of sale."

Some of the men were disposed to grumble at the restriction of their range liberties, but the trail boss remained firm. Del Williams, quiet as usual, mounted and rode off toward town. He looked over his shoulder as he rode off alone toward the town, whose smoke was distinguishable across the prairies. Most of the other men were off at edges of the herd, all of them intent on gentling them down, with the exception of one.

Cal Dalhart knew that an agreed truce now had terminated. Up to this time both he and Williams had stood by their promise to let their quarrel wait until they had reached Abilene; and, truth to say, both scrupulously had refrained from word or act of hostility till now. But at the suspicion that his rival intended to forestall him, the pent-up wrath of Dalhart blazed high upon the instant. Without asking consent of anyone he spurred out from his own place on the herd a quarter of a mile away. Nabours saw him, but could not or did not attempt to call him back. He shook his head; a sense of impending trouble came to him.

"Who was that man rid off yan just now, boy?" Dalhart demanded of Buck the cook.

"Who dat? Why dat's Mister Del. He rid pint wif you all summer—you doan know him?"

Dalhart spurred off, but did not overtake his man outside the town limits. He saw Williams' horse standing with the reins down in front of the door of the Drovers' Cottage, near to Taisie's cart; a sight which filled him with rage. A few moments later he himself flung off and also entered.

Williams had found the office room empty. Hearing voices, as he thought on the floor above, he passed upstairs, ignorant of the ways of hotels and looking for someone who might tell him where he might find Miss Taisie Lockhart.

He exulted in the success of their experiment as though the herd were all his own. His eyes were filled with a glorious picture. In fancy he saw her triumphant, as though swimming upon a cloud, radiant, scarce touching the earth. He had seen her thus in camp a hundred times, himself standing apart, distant, hungrily regarding. No actual interview between them had taken place since they had left the home ranch of Del Sol. He never had declared himself actually, never had spoken a word of his love. She had seemed always a divinity too far off for his aspirations. But now he was about to see her. He swore now he would touch her hand, would stand face to face with her alone. The thought of this was too

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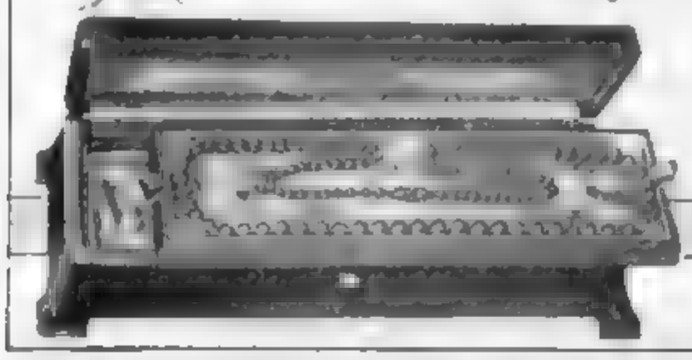

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much for Del Williams. Suddenly he began to tremble in his fear of her and his great and terrible love for her, as reverent and as loyal as any love man ever bore a woman. His courage left him. His limbs grew weak. Seeking a temporary truce with the situation, he turned into one of the little rooms which made off from the narrow hall and seated himself upon the bed, intending to pull himself together before he sought her further.

Dalhart, following up his quarry, also found the office empty. Hearing footfalls on the floor above, he also ran up the stair, looking for the man whom he knew to be somewhere in the house—the hotel was not yet really fully open for business. He found himself also in the upper hall, a long Marathon course between rows of doors all just alike, leading into rooms all just alike, all furnished just alike and each divided from the others by a shackling raw board partition, of ceiling loosely tongued and grooved. In each room was a single chair, a single washbowl, a single towel, a single bar of soap, a single coat hook on the back of the door. In each room sat a single bed, in each precisely at the same place—against the partition near the single window and facing the single door. Hotel making and hotel keeping still were in their infancy in Kansas.

Seeing no one in the hall, and still seeking for the sound he had heard, Dalhart, moody and blood mad—a more ruthless and dangerous man than Williams—entered one of these rooms to peer about. He found no one, flung himself down upon the bed. He leaned against the partition, causing it to rock somewhat.

Del Williams heard him but did not know who he was. He sat up, listening, his hand on his revolver, for a situation of doubt was usually one of danger in that border country.

The two men now were but a few yards apart, though separated by three of the thin board partitions.

Dalhart called aloud. "You Williams! Where are you? You are hiding, you damned sneak! Come out of there if you dare!"

Williams heard his call. He rose eagerly to meet the challenge, fear of any man unknown in his heart, his weapon in his hand ready to meet this man. A swift thought came to him that he had been riding hard, so that the caps on the cylinder tubes might have become disengaged. He pulled up the revolver and overran the cylinder rapidly to see that the piece was in perfect order, as now it needed to be.

Dalhart heard the movement somewhere beyond him. He stepped to his own door just as Williams was about to emerge at his. Then came a report. Immediately upon it came a grunt or groan, the fall of the body of a man upon the floor.

Del Williams was himself in a flash. He fully had intended to shoot Dalhart deliberately. Now he had shot him practically by accident. The barrel, which happened to be just at the level of a man's body as Williams whirled the cylinder, discharged the heavy ball as fatally as though by intent. The hammer must have been hit with his thumb. He never knew how it happened; no man ever does know how these things happen. The bullet pierced one partition after another. It had force enough left, driven by the heavy charge of fine rifle powder, to penetrate also the chest wall of a man's body.

Dalhart fell, nor was it given to him to see the man who had killed him. If ever he heard the running feet of that man, or saw his glance cast into the room as he ran, no one ever could tell. He was dead the instant after the ball struck him.

A man met Williams in the front room, at the foot of the stair

"What was that?" he demanded. "Who shot?"

Williams smiled.

"I reckon some fellow up there must have let off his gun by mistake. Maybe he has got too much liquor on board. Leave him go; he won't hurt nobody."

He passed out deliberately; deliberately gathered the reins of his horse; deliberately swung into the saddle and turned down the street.

Dan McMasters and Wild Bill Hickok, a block away, both had heard the sound of the shot and were walking toward the door.

"How are you, Del?" called McMasters. "I'm glad you got through all right."

Del Williams stopped, leaned over and shook hands with McMasters, whom he had not seen north of the Washita crossing.

"Why, everything's fine," said he. "We're holding the herd about three miles north. Come on out and see us. So long. I got to be going now."

He waved his hand, passed on at a gentle trot.

But Del Williams did not hold his trot. He did not ride to a saloon, neither did he swing northward out of town to join the herd. To the contrary, he jerked his horse's head around to the south, sunk home the spurs and left town, heading south, as fast as a good cow horse could carry him.

Many men saw him cross the town of Abilene at speed, but a cowman on a running horse was no new sight on that busy day. Liquor was flowing at every bar. Del Williams, coatless, penniless, ragged, bearded, unkempt, not a dollar in a pocket and without a morsel of food, had no one to say him nay as he headed back down the long trail which but just now had found its end. Plenty of men remembered how he looked. But no man, friend or stranger, ever looked on him again in that part of the world. He disappeared as though some quicksand had ingulfed him.

So passed poor Del Williams, as good a cowman as ever crossed the Red River. Poor Del Williams; for after all he had not seen the face of the woman whom he adored, had not touched her hand, had never spoken to her a word of the love he had given her since his own boyhood. He knew that a murderer might never look into her face. True, he knew that the record of the shot, piercing the several partitions, would have been a perfect alibi as an accidental case of homicide. But he knew also that he had been a murderer in his heart. So he never looked into Taisie Lockhart's eyes and never touched her hand at all. And to this day no man knows what ever became of Del Williams, for no word ever came back from him. Perhaps he got into Old Mexico; perhaps he disappeared somewhere in the Indian Nations; perhaps he lived to old age and perhaps he did not live twenty-four hours.

Dan McMasters and Wild Bill Hickok, quasi officers of the law, after their hurried investigation, looked one into the other's eyes and agreed that it would have been absolutely impossible for a man to kill another man in that way except by accident. In that case, and in Abilene at that time, there remained no need to question the killer or to pursue him. Neither of them asked or mentioned the name of the rider heading south, and if either had a suspicion, neither voiced it.

XL

LEN HERSEY, one of the swing men, continued descended to converse with Cinquo Centavos, the fourteen-year-old horse herder. They sat their horses in the sunshine, watching the distant herd contentedly grazing. The wind was very soft and the sky very blue. Life would have been a pleasant thing for them both had they not been so close to town. They planned metropolitan conquest, both of them.

"I want to take a ride on the railroad kyars afore I go back home," resumed Cinquo. "If I didn't, my folks wouldn't think I wasn't much noways."

"Them cars probably don't go nowheres near where you live at," replied Len. "I don't feel like taking no chances. Ef I am on a horse I'm all right; but ef a man's on the kyars, where is he?

"If you was in town what would you advise fer to buy first, Cinquo?" he continued.

"Some onions and some fried potatoes and pie first, I reckon," replied the boy. "Then some ammernition. Then maybe I'd get my hair cut. I had orter have some new pants. I mean ef I had any money."

"And then a shave?"

The boy blushed red.

"I reckon I can get shaves if I pay the man," said he, "and I reckon I am going to have plenty of money afore long. What're you going to do?"

"Fust thing I am going to do when I get to town," replied Len, "I am going to get a drink."

"Then what?"

His companion gazed in deep thought.

"Then I think I'll get another drink. Fur as I can see now, that's about how I'm going to perceed. Of course, I may take both drinks at oncet. I can take other things under advisement, as the justice of the peace said. Maybe I would buy me a new pair panta; maybe I'd work around to the barber atter a while. When I got fixed up I might go and see what kind o' dancin' was in this town. Oh, yes! I did fergit about my

(Continued on Page 168)

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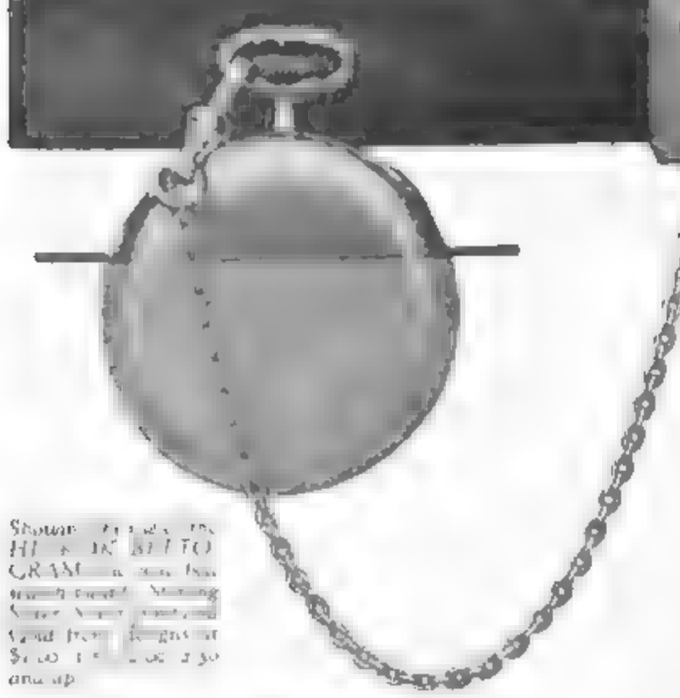

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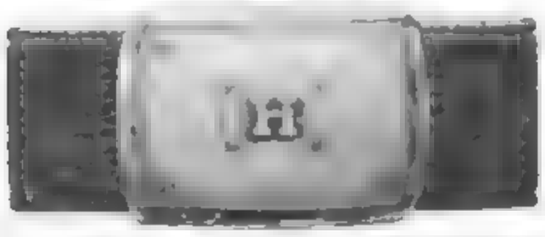

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(Continued from Page 166)

shirt. I may buy me a shirt—ef there's any kind of monte played in Aberlene."

They both saw approaching across the prairies to the eastward a low-lying cloud of smoke. It was the first railroad train either of them had ever seen. They became very much excited.

"Look at her come!" said Cinquo. "Bet I ain't skeered to ride on that thing! Now you see!"

"You're a long ways off when you say it!" scoffed Len Hersey. "She's goin' to look a heap bigger and dangerouser, clost up. I bet we'd have to blindfold you and put two ropes on you afore we could put you on that there train, and then you'd be so skeered you'd shake yore spurs off."

"I ain't got no more shakes than what you have," said the boy. "You ain't saw no more railroad kyars than what I have. But I don't reckon I'll go to town untell we sell our cows."

"Nor me," nodded Len. "But did you ever see such a town like this here one, now? They don't savvy dobe none, it seems like; they don't dry no mud; they just cut slabs of grass roots and build 'em up into a house, and put on a dirt roof. I looked inside of one as I rid by. It was lined with red caliker, walls and ceilings; no gypsum to white it up, nor nothing. Yet humans was livin' in it. They live in them dugouts too—just push a hole back into a bank an' crawl in atter the hole like badgers. An' there ain't no trees; an' when they do have trees, hain't no moss on 'em. I ain't saw a cactus nowheres, an' as fer mesquite, I'm a notion to ride intoe one o' these plum thickets an' stick some plum thorns in my laigs, so's't a feller kin feel more nacher'l."

Meantime the continuous shriek of the locomotive whistle had brought to the station practically the entire population of the city of Abilene. It was a great day—a trail herd and a railroad train all in one day.

From the four coaches which made up the train there now descended an astonishing number of men, comprising all sorts and conditions of humanity. Some obviously were Eastern, and as many bore the imprint of the border. All of them pushed on toward the head of the train. There was no station building. The Drovers' Cottage stood then for all of Abilene, and in that general direction the newcomers made their way. The ubiquitous McCoyne was first to greet them.

"Right this way, gentlemen!" said he. "Let me lead you to our hotel, the finest in the West. Welcome to Abilene, my friends! Yonder is the stockyards. I suppose some of you are looking after cattle. There is some in there now, and there is three thousand more right north of town. If you're looking for cattle, we've got them and don't you never doubt it! Gentlemen, you certainly have come to the right place. Boys, where's the band?"

With some sort of instinct of his own McCoyne more especially addressed a quiet-looking, sandy-bearded man in dark clothing, who seemed to be a man of distinct purposes and direct methods in life.

"How'd you like to ride out this evening and see our herd? They've just got in from Texas this morning."

The stranger made a noncommittal reply to the effect that he was hungry. The crowd of newcomers began to disintegrate. Men looked after their hand bags, their rifles. Picturesque, certainly, was the personnel of every westbound train in Kansas at that time, when the head of steel was but little beyond the boom town of Abilene, first cow camp of Kansas.

Hickok and McMasters stood near the door of the Drovers' Cottage, looking at the stirring and curious scene before them. The man of the Northern border was quiet after his fashion, moody. He turned suddenly to Dan McMasters.

"Look at them come!" he said. "Next year they'll be here in thousands; and there'll be cattle here in thousands too."

McMasters nodded. The older man went on:

"Let me give you some advice. There is going to be big money in raising and selling cattle right up in this country; more money than there will be in trailing them north and selling at the road. If you'll listen to me, you'll get some land of your own up here. I'll tell you where you can get a ranch, and a good one, over on the Smoky Hill, with all outdoors for your pasture. Put some cows on there. They'll get fatter here than they ever will in Texas, though you don't believe it. I've seen cattle up here, around the Army posts—and fat too. There's no money in selling thin cattle. You'll find that out if you keep at it. I've lived up here, north of the tick line, longer than you have."

McMasters nodded.

"I've been studying this country now for quite a while," said he. "I've seen some wintered cattle up in here, and as you say, they were heavier. There's a lot to be learned by Texas men. They don't know that there is any world north of 36. They're still fighting the war, down in my state."

"Huh! Well, this outlet for your cattle'll end the war quicker than all your speech makers ever will.

"Of course," he continued, "if you settle down to ranching you've got to get married sometime. It's a hard life for a woman here on the front, with the Indians not so far away. They tell me you have brought a young woman up here with this herd. I haven't seen her. Lou Gore took her in charge and I'll bet she'll keep her close. She's young? She can ride? Why don't you marry her and settle down up here?"

He laughed at his conceit.

"You can bring up cattle from below as fast as you need more stock. Marry and settle down, son, and go into the sheriff business up here. I'll give you my recommendation that you're the best pistol shot I ever saw, unless it's *myself*, and I'm not any too damn sure of that last.

"I'd bring Agnes out here if I was in a little different line of work myself," he added. "That's my wife."

No man ever heard him speak in other but terms of gentleness of the woman who had married him, knowing what he was.

"I have got to finish my work first before I can settle down," said Dan McMasters, almost as sad and moody as his companion here—indeed, singularly like to him.

Suddenly he touched the arm of Wild Bill, spoke in a low voice.

"Look!" said he. "Don't move! There's our man! That's Rudabaugh down there by the last car! So that's the way he took to get here!"

"Yes," smiled Hickok, only amusement on his face. "He's got here too late to stop that herd from making Abilene."

"Yes; but he got here at just the right time, for all that!"

McMasters' face was cold. The mask of expressionlessness again was covering it. His eyes, narrow, the skin of the upper eyelids drawn triangularly down, never left the man for whom so long and patiently he had been waiting.

XLI

THE passengers who descended from the train left the coaches nearly empty. The head of steel was to the westward and new towns were projected for thirty miles; but the greater fame of Abilene, the city of the future stockyards, capital of a coming cow trade, still acted as magnet for a majority of the traders and buyers, adventurers, hunters, all the curious-minded gentry then eagerly exploiting a West which never yet had lived.

The rumors of northern drives of Texas cattle had in some way gone abroad; this first arrival was a news event of the first water.

Before these arrivals now spread the vastest, sweetest empire that ever fell to gaze of any adventurers of new fortunes. The very feel of it was in the warm but vital air that blew across the waving prairies; lay in the far horizon that swept untarnished by any settler's smoke, far as the eye might reach. The flowers here also had not yet known a bee and there was not a weed. At times the edge of the buffalo grass was east of the Western border. The blue-stem had not yet fully got west to Abilene. The buffalo that year moved a little farther west. Their wallows dotted the surface of the earth thereabout for years to come. The great checkerboard of the gods, four vast spaces in the corners of the greatest crossroads of the world, still lay out as the Range—mesquite and grama in the Southwest, bunch grass and buffalo grass in the Northwest; native—and later blue-stem—grasses in the Northeast; redtop and its fellows in the Southeast; all lapping, encroaching, passing, augmenting as the swift years altered the range. From Spanish-moss lands to the sagebrush steppes, from the scant grama to the waist-high green, lay the country of the cows. At that time it was but imperfectly known. The original, the aboriginal titles had not yet been extinguished.

The raw little village of itself meant not so much to most of these men, who had

seen such villages before, east of the Missouri. The scanty edifices were accepted at least as sufficient. There were saloons, stores, a hotel. The travelers looked to their weapons and their luggage, and then, each after his own fashion, headed out toward the signs which made offerings to civilized man. Most went to the saloons, a few moved toward the Drovers' Cottage, where even now, before her formal opening, Lou Gore was making mankind comfortable on the frontier. Others wandered up and down the street, gazing this way or that. None passed the corrals of the Abilene Stockyards without a curious gaze at the gaunt, long-horned creatures which now marked a renaissance of the entire cattle trade in America. It all was crude, young, new and unspeakably alluring—this strange new world, offspring of time and the whim of the immortal gods at play on their great four-squared checkerboard.

McMasters called Hickok aside, spoke to him quietly, after a time.

"Our men have gone over to the new saloon," said he. "I see one is headed for the Twin Livery Barn. They've probably got horses there, or are looking for some."

"Well," said Hickok, "you know them best. They haven't made any break yet and I've got nothing on them. None of them ever harmed me. What's the game?"

"I want you to watch them for a little while," replied McMasters. "I'll not leave much to you except the watching. I'll be with you very soon. Just now I want to find out what's going to be done about the sale of this herd.

"McCoyne has got some man in tow; and yon's Nabours, the Del Sol trail boss—he's just come in. I think I ought to know what goes on there."

McCoyne, the exuberant and irresistible prophet of Abilene, indeed now was bringing forward a stranger, a bearded, stocky, self-contained man of nondescript dress, yet rather of Western look himself. The three little groups now joined.

"Mr. McMasters," began McCoyne, "and you, too, Mr. Nabours, and Marshal Hickok, this, now, is Mr. Pattison, just come to town. He's in the market to buy some range stuff. He's been in the packing business in Indianapolis for several years, and he has just come out to Junction City, a couple of hours over east, to start a packing plant of his own out here, though I don't see why he didn't pick on Abilene for that. Anyhow he has to come here for his cattle."

"Good morning, gentlemen," said the stranger thus introduced, smiling humorously. "I am glad to meet you. Yes, I am looking for some cattle. I don't know how you guessed it."

"Where'd you want them delivered?" inquired Jim Nabours, coming to the thing on his own mind. "We got some cows. I can testify they're good travelers."

"Well, not far," replied Pattison. "That some of your cattle over in the pens? Junction City is just over here a couple of days' march. I am going to try to pack a few cattle in there this year. I shouldn't wonder if we started some stockyards in Kansas City before long. My friend, old Mitch, has been talking of it a long time. If they get the yards it won't be long until a packing house is started there. That would save a lot of distance in shipping East.

"I know that two Milwaukee and Chicago men—Plankinton is the name of one and Armour, I think, is the other man—well, they are figuring on going into the packing-house business in Kansas City. They've got a man out there now, looking things over."

"Then where does it leave you at Junction City?" demanded McCoyne.

Pattison spread out his hands with a shrug.

"Of course, their man is crazy. He's talking of using a hundred thousand cattle every year. I shouldn't wonder if they did put down half that many. All this Western country is going to take a mighty jump since the railroad has gone West. That's why I am here, of course. I've come out to look over this whole business myself. If it's all the same to you I'd like to look over your herd. Mr. McCoyne says it isn't far out to where you are holding it."

"How'd right now do?" asked Nabours calmly. "How much time do you want to look over our cows? With me it's sharp's the word and quick's the motion."

"About five minutes. I've seen your sample in the corrals here. How much a pound do you figure you ought to get?"

"How much a pound? I don't know nothing about that. I don't know how much a cow weighs."

"Well, I can tell you. One of your sample steers will weigh about nine hundred pounds. They look like greyhounds crossed on a window shutter. Two cents a pound would be a lot for them. Now, a fat steer will weigh twelve hundred instead of nine hundred, and he'll bring four cents instead of two. Say I give you eighteen dollars for your lean steers, right off the trail. I could give you thirty-six dollars if they was fat; say if they'd been wintered up here and fed north."

"Mister," said Jim Nabours, "you're talking foolish, though pleasing. I don't know how much nine hundred pounds is, nor twelve hundred pounds; but when you tell me any Texas steer is worth more than thirty dollars you make me think you ain't got no money to buy nothing. You don't mean to say that in the presence of witnesses?"

"I certainly do mean to say it," rejoined Pattison. "But that isn't all. Your Texas steers will bring a good deal more than thirty dollars when you have taken time to move them up north of the edge of winter and ranged them and fattened them and bred the horns off of them. That can all be done in five years."

"I ain't got no five years," said Jim Nabours. "You allowed five minutes will do. Well, let's climb on top our broncs and ride out and see; it's only about two miles or so north.

"Come on, Dan." He turned towards McMasters. "Ride along with us. I rely some on your judgment."

McMasters turned toward Hickok with a quiet word or so, and waving his hand strolled off to pick up his own horse. McCoyne, anxious as he was to see a trade effected, did not dare forsake the city of Abilene at so critical a time. The newly christened Lone Star was full. Besides, he was mayor of the town.

"Bill," said he, accosting Hickok, "I got you here now, and I'm going to have you elected town marshal. We can't hold any election right now, and we may need a town marshal right soon. I appoint you marshal right now, and Mr. McMasters as your deputy."

Hickok looked at him lazily and smiled.

XLII

THE great herd, scattered over a mile of grazing ground, by now was well quieted. Wearied by their own exertions, some of the animals were lying down, as though aware that the end of their journey was at hand; the remainder scattered, grazing contentedly. Men were on guard here and there at the edges of the herd; others were at the fire, eating. A sudden excitement arose among the cow hands when word passed that a buyer was on the scene, for so they interpreted the advent of Nabours and his companions. Nabours waved a hand with genuine cowman enthusiasm.

"Look at them!" he exclaimed. "Did you ever see a finer outfit of cows in your horned days, Mr. Pattison?"

The face of the trader remained expressionless, though his eyes were busy as he rode.

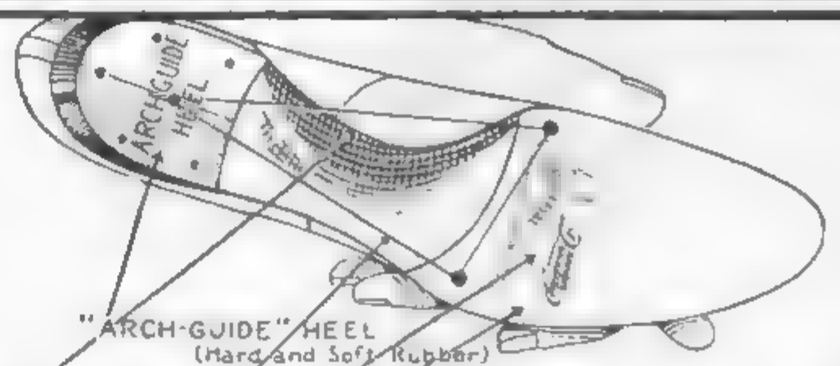
"You've got some she stock in here," said he at length; "some yearlings in too. I should say, too, that you've got several sorts of brands."

"Well, maybe we have," said Nabours. "I'd have a damned sight more if we had not hit so much country where there wasn't no cows, coming north. This here herd belongs to a orphant, Mr. Pattison, and in our country they ain't no questions asked about orphants; the law of brands don't run on orphants. We put up this herd in our own country. Our road brand is a Fishhook, and when you buy a Fishhook steer you are buying our support of the brand—twenty good men that can shoot. I got to sell these cows straight too."

Pattison reined up, still dubious.

"Let me tell you something. I know beef—that's my trade. You've got maybe three or four hundred of light stuff and shes. They don't pack well. Still, here I am with a good ranch over on the Smoky Hill. It hasn't got a head of stock on it yet.

"I just took in the land and water and trusted to God for the cattle. I know where the real money is, and it isn't in buying lean fours. If I had any way to handle these stockers over on my ranch I'd take your herd straight."



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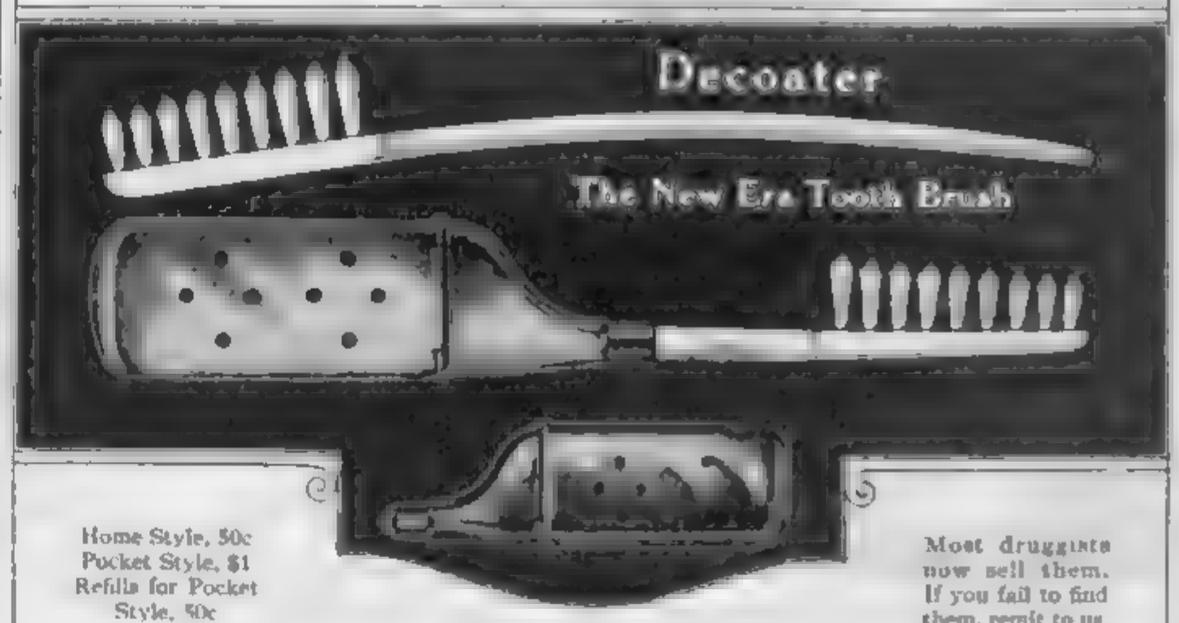

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"I can't split no cows," said Jim Nabours. "It's all or none. I got to sell all these cows afore dark. We both allowed that five minutes was plenty."

"Well, it is," said Pattison quietly. "I trade as quick as anybody, and I don't go to the saloon first, as two or three other men have, whom I happen to know, that came on that train. Now I'll tell you what I'll do: If you'll hold out that stuff below the fours I'll give you twenty straight for your fours, right here on the prairie. Five thousand cash down, balance in draft on the First National of Kansas City."

Suddenly Dan McMasters turned to Nabours.

"The herd is sold," said he. "Twenty a head, straight through."

"How do you mean, Dan?"

"I am taking all the she stuff and stockers for myself. Let Mr. Pattison have the fours."

"But what're you going to do?"

"I am thinking of starting a Northern ranch for myself. It don't take me long to decide either. I believe Mr. Pattison is right. There's where the money is. Besides, I'm leaving Texas before long."

Pattison turned toward him with his quizzical smile, estimating him after his own fashion.

"You bid me up, young man," said he; "but you've sold this herd, yearlings and all, at twenty straight on the prairie.

"Now, we've got plenty time left—two minutes by the watch. I'll give you just a minute and a half to think of me as your partner in my ranch on the Smoky Hill, myself to own half this stuff you've just bought in, you to trail a fresh herd up to us next year and to run this upper ranch for me—all dependent on your investigation of me back East, preferably by telegraph tonight. I've got the land, you've got the cows.

"I'll show you how to get three-four-five cents a pound for beef on the hoof. What do you say?"

McMasters turned his own cool gray eyes upon the other, regarding him with a like smile as their eyes met, and their hands.

"We have traded," said he quietly.

Nabours looked from one to the other, scratching his head.

"Then is my cows sold?" he demanded. "Do we get twenty straight?"

"You heard us," said Pattison. "There is a new company on the new northern range—the PM brand. Mr. McMasters is my partner; you see, I know something about him already. And I want to say to you, sir, you are on the road to more money than you could ever make in Texas. We'll cut this stuff and tally out tomorrow if it pleases you, eh? Come on over to the fire, partner; let's light down."

Each in his mood, Nabours somewhat chastened as he endeavored to figure out how much the five minutes' work had meant to him, they moved to where the giant cart of Buck the cook loomed on the level prairie. Pattison reached into the pocket of his coat and drew out a great package of folded bills, which he tossed on the ground before him as he reached for his coffee cup.

"I think that's five thousand dollars," said he. "I can't carry much cash with me, of course. In town, I'll give you a draft on the First National of Kansas City for fifty-five thousand more if the herd tallies out three thousand head. I am almost ready to take your own tally."

"No," said Jim Nabours, "we haven't tallied out since the last run; I been scared to. If we hadn't had no bad luck down the trail there wouldn't 'a' been money enough in Kansas City to buy all them cows we started with. Do you mean to say to me that you're going to give me sixty thousand dollars for them cows?"

"I certainly am if you don't object too much about it. And I call this a good day's work. I have bought the first northern-trail herd. Besides, I have got a partner and a manager for my ranch, and a line of supply for the ranch too. Yes, I call it a good five minutes' work.

"You shall have all the time you want to put up your half for these stockers, Mr. McMasters," he added.

"I don't want any time," replied Dan McMasters. "I can raise a little money. You see, I know the history of this herd. I'd almost have been ready to buy it straight through at twenty a head myself."

"I was afraid you would," said Pattison. "But I wanted the cows and a partner too. All right, take your pleasure as to your half of the northern ranch ante. I tell you, I am going to make you more money than either of us ever made in our lives. Lord, this is just the beginning of things! What a fine world it is out here!"

He turned to the others as he went on, tin cup of coffee in hand.

"You see, I am banking on two things that you Texas men didn't know anything about. One is the stockyards at Kansas City. The other is a packing business in Kansas City. There's going to be the market for this range stuff. Meantime I'll have to get some of your boys to drive these fours over to Junction City for me. I'll buy all your ponies except what you need to get back home. My partner and I will need some horses for the PM outfit on the Smoky Hill.

"Oh, I don't blame you for not seeing the game very far ahead up here," he went on. "This is a colder country than you are used to. But if I can hire some of your men to run the herd for us, they can build dug-outs in a few days like those you saw in town, and hole up warm and snug for the winter. After a while you'll begin to make hay, but you'll need a whole lot less than you think right now.

"We are going to start the first winter ranch on the heels of the first herd north of 36. I am going to show you that cows will do a heap better when you fatten them north of the edge of winter and north of the tick line.

"Is our five minutes up? I don't like to waste time here. Let's go back to town."

"When do we deliver, then?" asked Nabours.

"You've sold and delivered right now and right here, on the prairie," replied Pattison. "I am hiring all the men that will go in with Mr. McMasters and me; we'd like at least six or eight. Mr. McMasters will come out to help tally tomorrow if that suits you. I never knew a Texas cowman to falsify a count, and I never knew one that didn't go broke trying to pack his own cattle. It takes big men to do big business, and you all will have to pardon me if I say it never was in the cards to pack cattle in Texas, by Texas or for Texas. The South needs the North in this thing. It's going to take both the North and the South to make this country out here." He swept a wide arm. "The West! Oh, by golly!"

"Well," sighed Jim Nabours, still unable to credit his sudden fortune, "my boss is the richest girl in Texas right now, if she was in Texas. I'll have to admit she owes part to a damn Yankee, same as part to us Texans."

He turned earnestly to the Northern trader.

"You've got to see our boss when you get in town," said he. "You'll be glad to see where all your money went to. She shore is prettier than a spotted pup."

"Well, let's ride," laughed Pattison. "We'll have a look at Abilene and the Texas orphan."

"On our way!" said Nabours, and they mounted. Nabours rode off to accost one of his men. "We've sold the herd, Len," said he. "I'll pay off tomorrow in town. All you fellows that wants to hire out to these folks can do it. You split the men tonight, Len, and half of you come to town if you feel like it.

"Oh, yes," he added, turning, as he started off, "I forgot to tell you. I forgot to tell you that Cal Dalhart got killed in town a little while ago. I heard it just when I left. Del Williams done shot him, looks like."

"The hell he did!" remarked Hersey. "Well, it was plain enough the last three months they had it in for each other—both allowing to marry Miss Taisie."

"And now they won't neither of them will," nodded Nabours. "Ain't it hell how men fuss over a woman? Now Del's gone somewheres. Both good cow hands as ever rid. That's the fourth man I've lost since we left home, not mentioning several hundred cows. I'm the onluckiest man in the world.

"Yet," he went on as he joined McMasters and Pattison, addressing the former, "I call this a good day's work. We've brung our brand through, and we've done sold her out. I reckon Mr. Sim Rudabaugh has played in hard luck. He didn't keep us out of Aberlene, now did he?"

"He did his best," replied Dan McMasters. "He got here just a little too late. He came to town on the train just a little while ago. There are two or three of his men here already, maybe more."

Nabours looked at him narrowly, suddenly serious.

Continued on Page 172

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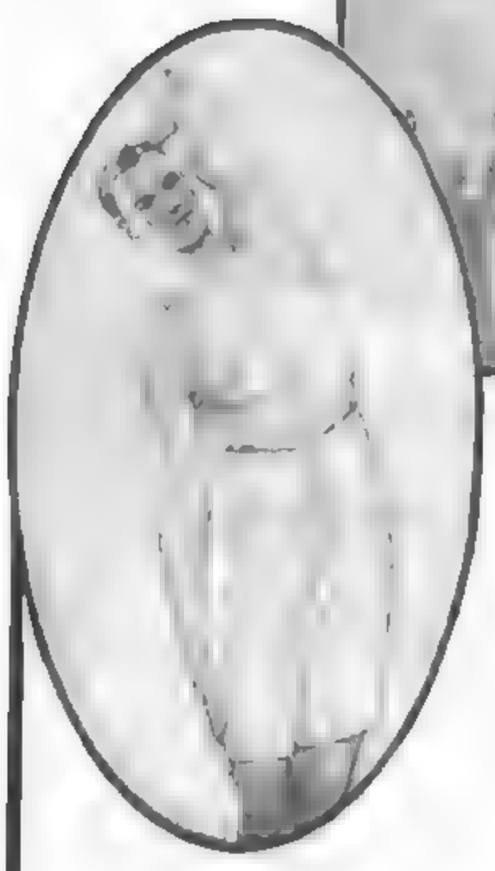

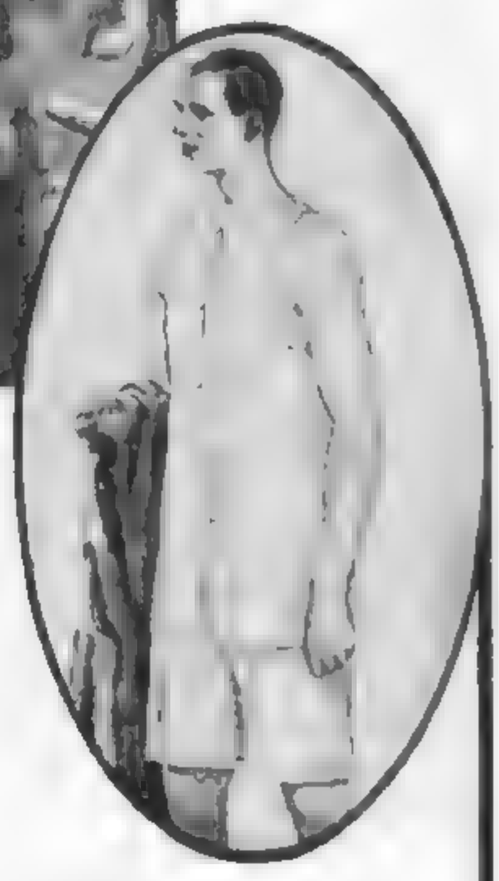

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If not obtainable in your locality, send your money order to us for any package you want.

Booth's CHOCOLATES
Elmira, New York

(Continued from Page 170)

"Some of us boys'll be in town tonight," said he.

As they rode by the jumbled heap of the camp-cart goods a very exact observer might have noted that the pair of wide horns carefully cherished by Len Hersey had disappeared since the first passing of the group from town. No one had particularly noticed Len as he rode up near the cart with a stubborn little yearling dogy on his rope; it was thought the cook had requisitioned beef. But now, as the party turned to leave the herd, the keen eye of Pattison caught sight of an astonishing creature, scarce larger than a calf, but bearing as enormous a spread of horns as would have graced any immemorial steer of the Rio Grande.

"My Lord!" he exclaimed. "What on earth is that? Is that the way cattle grow down in your country?"

"Yes, sir," replied Len gravely, still holding the animal on his reata. "He's a nice little yearling. Give him time, an' he'll raise right smart o' horn. O' course, he's still young. Texas, she sort of runs to horn, in some spots special, seems like."

"Spots? Spots? What spots?" demanded Pattison. "Where'd that critter come from?"

"He come from our range, sir," replied Len. "He ranged over with a bunch near the Laguna Del Sol. They all watered in there, at the Laguna. Near's we could tell, there must be something in the water in the Laguna sort of makes the cows in there run to horn, like."

"Well, I should say so! But still, you can't make me believe that any steer less than a four could ever grow horns like that."

"Oh, yes, they kin," rejoined this artless child of the range. "My pap used to drive down to Rockport, on the coast—I've helped drive south, to ship cows on the Plant steamers. I reckon they was going to Cuby.

"We had to rope every steer and throw him down and take a ax and chop off his horns, they was so wide. That was to give more room on the boats. Some steers didn't like to have their horns chopped off thataway. Well, here we got plenty of room for horns anyhow." He swept an arm over the field of waving grass reaching on to the blue horizon. "Give me three years more on this dogy and I promise you he'll have horns.

"Speaking of horns, Jim," he resumed; "oncet when we were driving in a coast drive we turned in a lot of dogies, of course claimin' a cow was a cow, an' nacher'l, four years old even if it was only a yearling. Well, the damn Yankee who was buying our cows he kicked on so many dogies. Of course, none of us fellers'd ever heard of a thing like that; a buyer allus taken the run o' the delivery, head for head. Says he, 'I ain't buyin' yearlin's, I'm buyin' fours.'

"Well, we driv in another dogy right then, one of them Lagunies, an' he had horns big as this one here. The damn little fool he put on more airs than any Uvalde mossy horn about his headworks. It was just like he said 'Look at me! I done riz these here horns in one year, where it taken you maybe a hunderd!' Cows has their pride, mister, same as us. Uh-huh.

"But do you believe me? That damn Yankee wouldn't take my word that the horns of them Lagunies gets their growth early sometimes. I says, 'Mister, I'll bet you a hunderd dollars that's a four.' 'Well, maybe it is,' says he. He scratch his haid. But he couldn't git over it. When we come to load in at the boat he says, 'Well, I be damned ef that ain't the littlest cow I ever seen fer a four.' I was sort o' hot by then, and I says, 'Boss, you're right—that ain't a four, it's a yearlin'.'

"Well, then he swung round the other way. Says he, 'It kain't noways be a yearlin', not with them horns. I bought too many cows not to know that much. It don't stand to reason that no yearlin' can raise no horns more'n five foot acrost.' You see, mister, that yearlin' was carryin' horns about like this one—one of our Lagunies. O' course, I don't say that all Texas cows has horns like that as yearlin's; you can see that fer yore own self right here. Only way we could convince that gentleman was to show him."

"Well, that may all be," said Pattison, nettled. "Anyhow, I always take my own judgment in cattle, ages and all. I've known buyers who couldn't tell long twos from threes. I've studied cattle."

"I never did, much," said Len Hersey; "I never had time. But my folks couldn't never break me of gamblin'—monte, you know. Sometimes I win a shirt, and then agin I'd lose one. Right now"—he looked ruefully at his elbow—"I'd like fer to win one. I'll gamble that critter's a yearlin', now. I'd hate to take a man's money on a cinch; but ef you, now, was feelin' you'd like to peel off a couple o' hunderd against my hawse an' saddle, an' what's left o' my shirt, why, I'd hate to rob you—I'd bet that that's a yearlin'. I was goin' to kill it fer beef. We don't eat the horns, mister, but them Lagunies is special tender on account of that something in the water around here."

"You fool Texans deserve to be trimmed," said Pattison; "a boy like you putting your judgment up against that of one of the oldest buyers that ever saw Kansas City."

"I know it—I know I'm foolish," nodded Len Hersey. "I was borned thataway. I allus hatter be bettin' on monte er somethin'. Still, I'll bet thataway on this here yearlin' ef you insist. Does you?"

"I certainly do, just to teach you a lesson. Here, Mr. Nabours"—he pulled out his roll of bills once more—"take this couple hundred, against this man's horse and saddle. You be the judge. He bets that's a yearling. That suit you?" He turned to Len Hersey, who still was holding the mooted animal on his reata.

"Yes, all right," humbly replied that youth.

"Throw him, Len," commanded Nabours; "then we'll all look him over and decide." He was as solemn as his man.

Len sunk a spur and with a leap his pony crossed in front of the quarry, swept its feet from under it. It was thrown with such violence that one of its horns was knocked off and lay entirely free on the grass. Jim Nabours, dismounting, gravely held up the remaining horn, easily detachable from the normal stubby yearling growth on the dogy's head. He looked at Pattison dubiously, none too sure how he would take this range jest. But the Northern man was a sporteman. He broke into a roar of laughter, which for hours he renewed whenever the thought again came to his mind.*

"Give him his money, Nabours," said he. "He's won it fair and I've had a lesson, and when your boys come to town the treat's on me. Keep those horns for me," he added. "If I don't sell old Mitch or young Phil Armour at Kansas City with those horns I'll eat them both!" Again he went off into gusty laughter, in which all could join.

"Sho, now," said Len Hersey. "Now look at that! He must of got his horns jarred loose, like, in some night run in the timber. I've knowed that to happen."

"Len," commanded Nabours, "I don't want no more of this damned foolishness. Here's ten dollars, and that's enough to buy you a shirt, and I want to see you do it. He'll only play the rest at monte or faro or something," turning to Pattison.

"No, give it all to him," the latter rejoined. "It's his. Let him play it. I've done as much myself when I was younger. And monte's a cinch compared to buying and packing and shipping cattle to the East."

They turned and rode toward town, young in the youth of the open range, where tomorrow did not yet loom.

*The foundation of this anecdote is to be found in Saunders' Trail Drivers of Texas.
—AUTHOR.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

how GARCO protects your pocketbook

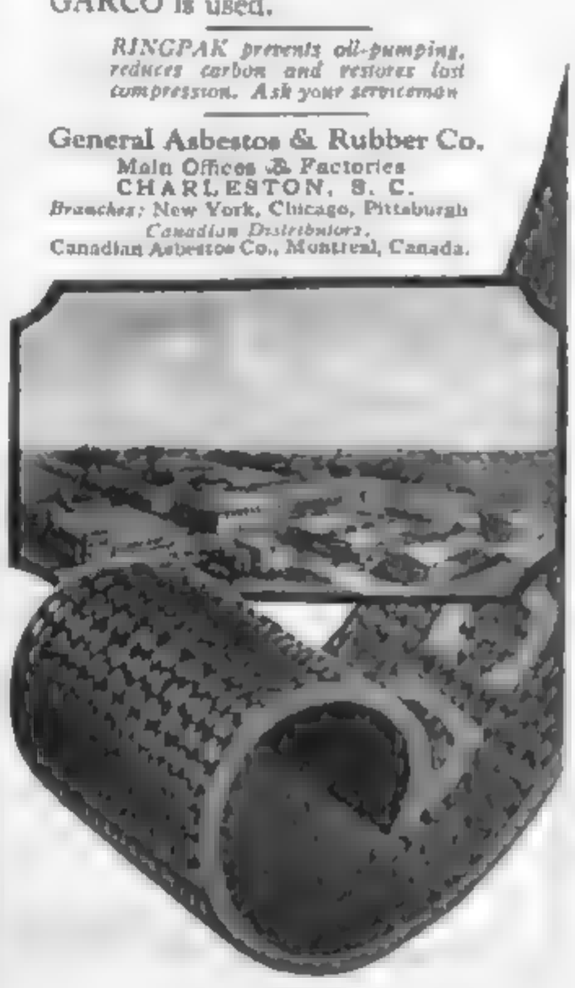
You can protect your car and safeguard the occupants with sturdy, wear-resisting GARCO. You *also* protect your pocketbook because GARCO contains *more* asbestos, is solidly woven and wear-resisting. This means lasting service and less expense for renewal.

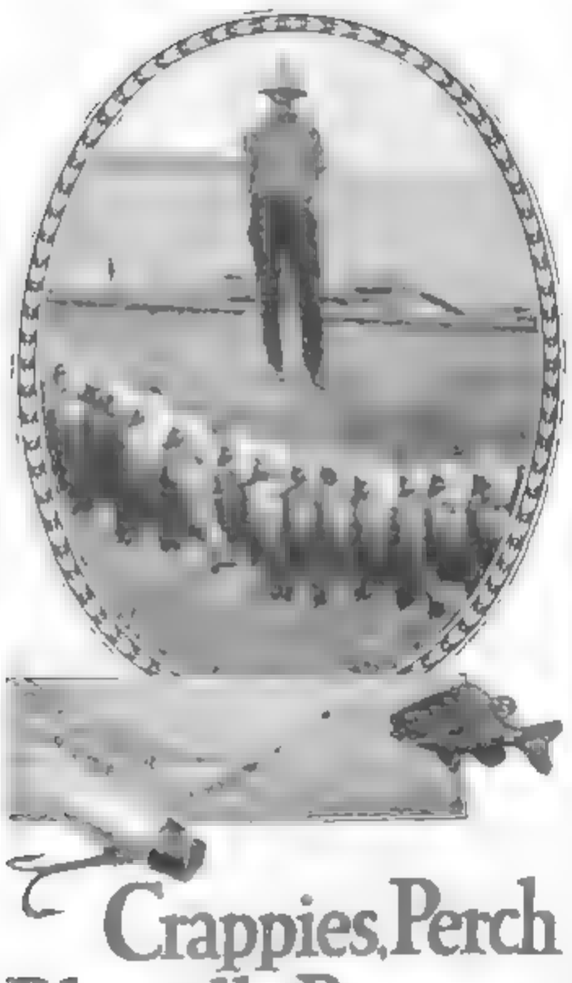
GARCO ASBESTOS BRAKE LINING

GARCO not only provides safety at the brakes, but keeps down the repair bills. Built in a great plant by the largest manufacturers of asbestos textiles in America. When the brakes are relined, be sure that GARCO is used.

RINGPAK prevents oil-pumping, reduces carbon and restores lost compression. Ask your serviceman

General Asbestos & Rubber Co.
Main Offices & Factories
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Branches: New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh
Canadian Distributors,
Canadian Asbestos Co., Montreal, Canada.





Crappies, Perch Bluegills, Bass, *etc.*

THOSE fightin' little pound or half-pound Crappies, Blue-gill, Rock-bass and other "pan-fish" are now caught by trolling with a South Bend *Trout-Oreno.*

The old-time bother of live bait—worms, minnows, grasshoppers—no longer is necessary. Furthermore, sitting in a boat waiting for 'em to nibble, is needless. You get a new thrill by trolling for Crappies, Blue-gills, etc.

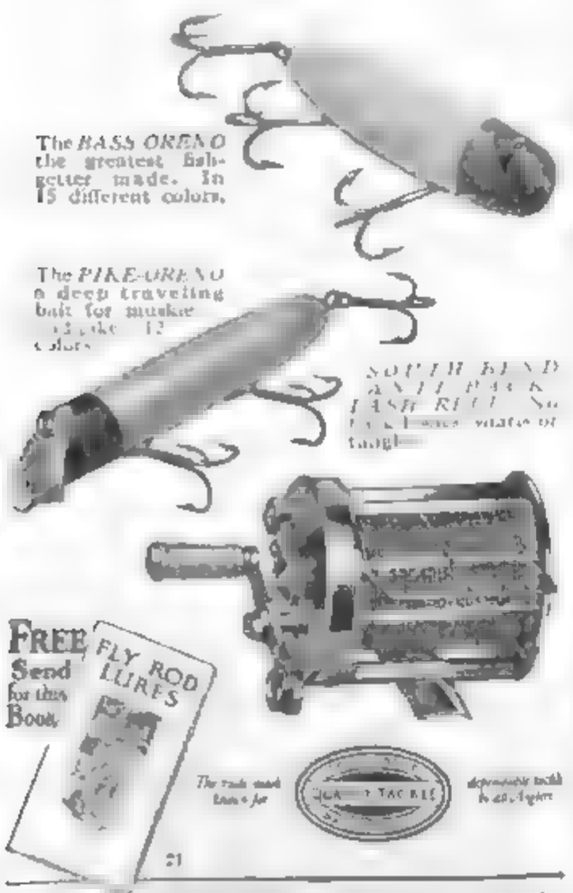
Take a cane-pole if you wish—a casting rod is better—put on a *Trout-Oreno* with a sinker about a foot ahead, as is shown in above sketch. Then, troll along slowly in waters which these fish haunt. Your limit in a few hours will be the result.

Its peculiar, erratic, wobbling, diving action, makes the *Trout-Oreno* so alluring to fish. For the gamier fish—Bass, Muskellunge and Pike—any sporting goods dealer will show you other *Oreno* fish-getters equally as successful, because of this same erratic wobbling action.

Write for free book **"Fly-Rod Lures"**

Every fisherman should have it. Tells interesting, helpful fishing hints—what baits for what fish, etc. Shows, describes, various South Bend baits and tackle. *Write today. A postal gets it.*

South Bend Bait $2000.00 FISH-PHOTO Contest is now on. Ask your dealer for Contest Booklet—or write us.


The BASS ORENO the greatest fish-getter made. In 15 different colors.
The PIKE-ORENO a deep traveling bait for muskie
FREE Send for this Book
FLY-ROD LURES

SOUTH BEND BAIT CO. *2533 High Street South Bend, Ind.*

THIS FREEDOM

(Continued from Page 20)

three different pads, on which we at divers times write a dozen or more varieties of sales checks; and the approving signature of our section manager is required on most of these. It is no doubt desirable that some official be made responsible for most of these transactions, if he would just stay put, so that one would know where to find him when his signature is needed; but as he continually wanders all over the department, and sometimes even out of it, the mad scrambles in search of him, especially on a bargain day, when the store is jammed with customers, may be only faintly imagined.

In a mere cash transaction, when we are asked to deliver the goods, there are eighteen operations for the sales clerk, as specified by the book of rules. The time of day at which the sale was made must be indicated. Even the four-times folding of the sales check before placing it in the cash carrier is prescribed in detail by the book. A portion of this slip that comes back from the office is the salesgirl's voucher, and this she must carry for the rest of the day clipped under a rubber band at the back of the pad. As it is a strip of paper only about one and a half by four inches, and as one may accumulate twenty or thirty of these in a day, the difficulty of retaining all of them is considerable when you are flopping the pad back and forth, writing on first one side and then the other, and laying it down on tables, whence it is knocked to the floor now and then by another clerk or a customer.

You must consult your tally sheet carefully at the close of business to discover whether any of your vouchers are missing; and if there are you must ask the section manager to certify the fact upon your tally sheet over his signature, otherwise you will lose your commission on that sale. The store puts the onus of protecting herself upon the salesgirl, you see, as I will show again hereafter. No official of the store would endure an hour's bother with those frail strips of paper; an expert would promptly be commissioned to work out a better way.

I wonder if it would be of any use to ask lady shoppers to make up their minds before they buy an article whether they are going to take it with them or have it sent. For if you make an outright purchase and then ask the store to deliver it you bring down upon the salesgirl's weary frame the making of another slip.

The Rule About Paper Bags

The reason for this is that the slip indicating that the merchandise has been taken by the customer has already reached the cashier's office, where it instantly, automatically and inexorably becomes a part of the store's archives; and not all the salesgirl's curses or wit or tears can cancel half a line or wash out a word of it. A new check must be made out for the delivery of customer's own merchandise, and the section manager must be located and asked to sign it.

Suppose you have been shopping for a while and have accumulated two or three packages that are beginning to be an annoyance to you. Out there in The Elite you would just say to the clerk when you have bought your silk or buttons, "Please wrap these packages up with it." The clerk would reply "Certainly," and that would be all. You might even put over something of the sort on a few small metropolitan stores, but not on a big store.

If you ask us to wrap other packages with your purchases from us we shrewdly make out a particular kind of sales check, on which we write "Fieldenheim's will not be responsible," and note thereon the value of your packages, which you must state to us and back up with your signature. That lets us out, you see; but the ever-necessary section manager must still be searched for and induced to add his scrawl. I wonder how many times an average section manager writes his name in the course of a service of ten or twenty years; and if, at the end of his career, he can swear that he always knew just what he was approving.

As a typical example of the inelasticity of a system, it is against our laws to give or sell an empty paper bag to a customer. There must be some excuse for this rule, but what it is I don't know. A lady who was passing through the city on an auto trip begged me to get an extra bag for her so that she might hang her hat up in the car more securely. She offered to pay any reasonable price for it, but I assured her that the thing was forbidden. Finally I went to the section manager, and after long argument and persuasion he reluctantly gave the merchandise checker an order to deliver a bag to the woman.

But when another woman tried to buy an ordinary pasteboard hatbox from us she found herself up against a stone wall. It appeared that the rule against such a thing could not be overridden—nay, not even by Fieldenheim himself. There were great towers and pyramids of hatboxes in view, but none to sell; and so the woman went away discomfited and angry.

There is a very rigid ceremony to be observed if you want to wear the new hat away from the store and have the old one delivered. You must set a value on the old hat—over your signature, of course—and then the section manager signs. It seems to be against the rules for you to buy a hat of less value than the old one that you want delivered; at least, we are solemnly warned against such a shady transaction. I don't know what would happen if you insisted upon making such a deal; but I have an idea that it couldn't be consummated, not even if you appealed to the League of Nations.

Indifferent Shopmen

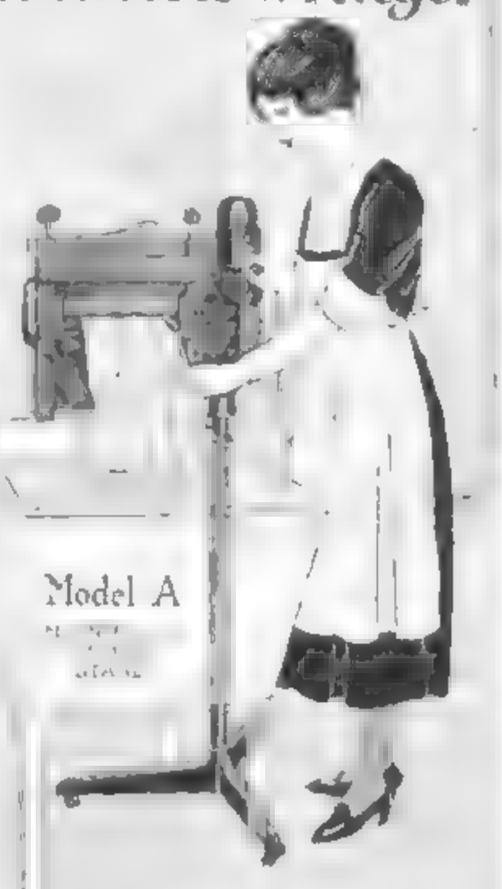
In as great a city as Titanopolis, if a store offends a customer now and then by an inflexible rule like this the matter doesn't amount to so much. There are so many millions of people swarming in the immediate vicinity that there is business enough for everybody and to spare. You will find this to be true even when dealing with small tradesmen, such as grocers, in the apartment-house districts. Mr. Napoli or Mr. Pappadopoulos is tolerantly courteous to you up to a certain point; but if you become a little too insistent upon your rights to suit his taste he turns his back upon you with a shrug and indicates that if you don't like his methods you may go elsewhere. He has no fear that he won't get plenty of business. It's just another example of the domination of the individual by a great city. It is really astounding to see how subservient people of the largest cities often are to their tradesmen.

A city of millions is a grievously impersonal thing. You may get angry at Fieldenheim's for some failure in their service or discourtesy on the part of an employe, and swear that you will never buy a cent's worth from them again; you may even write them a letter to that effect, and may receive in turn a courteous and faultlessly worded apology, dictated by a correspondent who indites many such letters every day; and your uneasy suspicion that your complaint may be not even a gnat's bite to the great monster, coupled with the knowledge that if you violate your oath and go into that store again on the occasion of a bargain sale no one will know it, inevitably leads you back there again and again. It isn't easy for a department store in a big city to kill its trade if it doesn't neglect its advertising.

If you buy a new hat from us and ask us to destroy the old one we again scent a possible intent to involve us in a damage claim; so we firmly demand that you authorize us over your signature to carry out the deed. The section manager signs, of course. He then writes out a tag on which is the customer's name and address, signs his name to that and gingerly carries the hat away with him, to what mysterious limbo I know not; but I have a mental picture of a vast warehouse somewhere or other, on whose shelves are millions of discarded hats, all indexed and ready to confute any former owner who may claim that her hat was taken from her feloniously. There must be some such place; the efficiency engineers certainly wouldn't overlook a precautionary measure like that.

Mr. Smithson, one of our original section managers, used frequently to shorten the red tape when there was a rush by just carrying off the hat without troubling himself to put the customer's name and address on the marking tag; but he was a young man, with his career yet before him—and reckless. After a while he was promoted, and as he went up the inevitable seesaw brought

New! an electric wringer

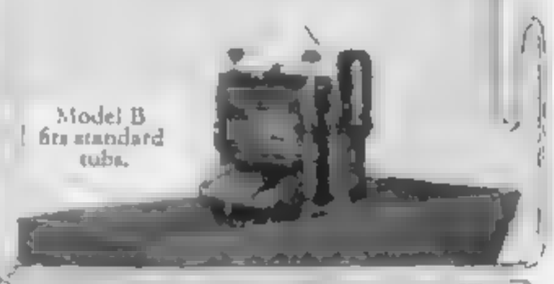


Wrings Everything from silk to blankets

THIS unit, Electric Clothes Wringer does the hardest part of washday work. Simple to operate, and safe in every way, it easily wrings all washings, large or small. It wrings in either direction, stops and starts electrically, and conveniently stores away in a closet. Eliminate washday drudgery, and the back-breaking strain of wringing by hand. Mail coupon to-day.

M. S. Wright Company
164 Fremont St., Worcester, Mass.
Makers of the SWEEPER VAC Cleaner with Electric VAC MOP for hardwood floors

Sweeper-Vac Electric Wringer



M. S. Wright Company
164 Fremont St., Worcester, Mass.

Kindly mail, at once, literature descriptive of the SWEEPER-VAC Electric Wringer.

WATER!

anywhere you want it under pressure

Here is the home water plant that supplies *plenty* of *water under pressure* for every purpose about your house and grounds. It works *automatically*. If you have electric current, the Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Plant will supply *an abundance* of running water from cistern, shallow well, stream, spring or lake.

This private pumping station brings all the convenience and comfort of city water service to any home anywhere.

It's Automatic

FAIRBANKS-MORSE HOME WATER PLANT

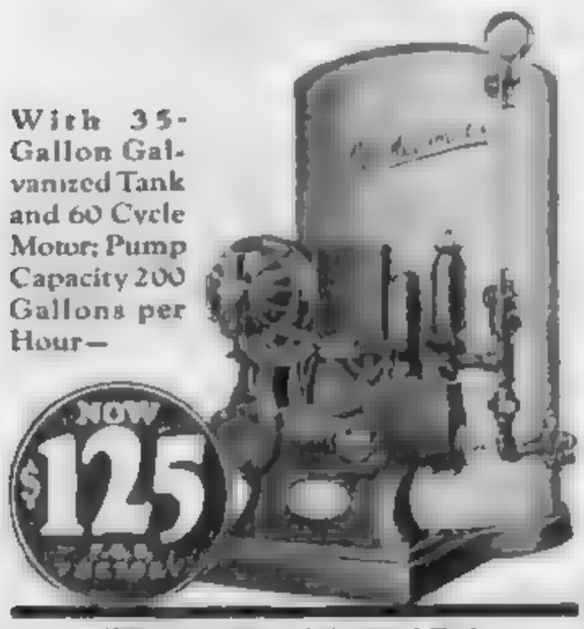
Operates from any electric light circuit or home lighting plant system. Noiseless, automatic. No switch to turn. Costs only a few pennies a week to run. The unusually large production and great manufacturing facilities of Fairbanks, Morse & Co. make these remarkably low prices possible.

If you do not know our local dealer, write to us and we will send you complete information.

The enormous demand for these water plants makes this a most desirable line for live dealers. Write for details.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.
Manufacturers Chicago

The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Ltd., Montreal



With 35-Gallon Galvanized Tank and 60 Cycle Motor; Pump Capacity 200 Gallons per Hour—

With 70-Gallon Galvanized Tank and 60 Cycle Motor; Pump Capacity

400 Gallons per Hour, $210

f. o. b. factory

another man down—poor old Mr. Piplow, who came from a somewhat higher job to take Smithson's place.

The big stores try to discourage C. O. D. deliveries, and for good reason. The plain undecorated fact is that too many women have articles sent out C. O. D. for frivolous reasons; they want the privilege of changing their minds by the time the merchandise arrives. Why, I know a woman who lives twelve miles from one of the big stores, and has a charge account there, and who will have a seventy-five-cent apron—or some such article—delivered at her home, and two or three days later call up the store and ask them to send for the apron, as it isn't just what she wants. If questioned, she would not be able to give you a truthful, logical reason why she ordered the apron sent out or ordered it returned. And yet she frequently complains of the high prices at that store, which caters to such childish frivolity as hers!

I am convinced also that some women who are solicited by an eager clerk while they are merely enjoying a look around the millinery department often pretend to buy and have the hat sent C. O. D., with no intention of accepting it, but simply to get rid of the clerk's importunities, and at the same time to luxuriate in the ecstasy of trying on a lot of new hats.

One of the store lecturers told us that a returned C. O. D. passes through seventy-five hands. O System, how many jobs are created in thy name! If I were to judge by the appearance of the hats that come back to us I should say that the lecturer had set her figures too low; they look as if they had been through at least one hundred and fifty hands. If I were one of the store's business engineers I would certainly labor to prevent so frail a thing as a hat's passing through seventy-five hands on such a trip. The value of the system doesn't seem to me to equal the damage to the millinery.

A store will not, of course, deliver a C. O. D. shipment more than once. I sold a hat one Thursday to a lady who was at one of the big hotels. On Monday I learned that it had come back—no unusual occurrence—and was, of course, deducted from my credits. On the following Friday the section manager confronted me with a document which at first glance I thought might be a copy of the Treaty of Versailles or of my own record since going to work at the store. But after I had puzzled over it a few minutes I discovered that the one essential fact lying embedded in it, like a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff, was that Mrs. Blank had called up from the Vanderlyn Hotel on Tuesday to ask why her hat hadn't been delivered. And this was Friday! By this time she might be in Palm Beach or on the high seas en route to Europe. Three days had been spent by the priests, high priests and vestal virgins of system in composing that document I held in my hand and getting it back to the person who sold the hat. But somehow their system didn't inform them that I was not the one to blame for its nondelivery. It seems that the hat had reached the hotel while Mrs. Blank was out, and the clerk refused to pay for it; so back it came. I tried twice to get her by telephone, but failed. Mr. Piplow then took the matter up, and I heard no more of it.

More Red Tape

Fieldenheim's was rather proud of the fact that it gave us a discount on certain merchandise, such as wearing materials, purchased from it. Here was our routine when we wished to buy something from the store:

A limited number of shopping passes were given out every day to those who desired them, on which shopping could be done in the store during the forenoon only. I, for example, took mine from my department on the third floor down to a certain desk on the first floor, where I got a will-take sales card, on which my purchases were charged. Having completed my buying, perhaps on the fifth floor, I went down to another desk on the first floor, where I waited until my discounts were computed. I then trudged to another desk in the farthest corner of the basement, where I stood in line for the third time to pay for my purchases. Then after the closing hour I went to the third floor lunch room, where I again stood in line ten, fifteen or twenty minutes, waiting to be given my package. I had expended three or four times more energy than an outside customer, or than I would have expended had I gone elsewhere to shop—only, I had no time to do that.

Why didn't we shop at the noon hour, you may ask. Well, at the store's cafeteria for employes—where, by the way, good food is served at extremely low prices—after we had stood in line with our trays, selected our food and eaten it, half or more of our noon hour was gone. Then we must go back to our lockers, get our hats and wraps, go out by the employes' entrance, come in at the front door of the store, go up to whatever floor the desired goods were on, and shop as outsiders—returning by the same route. The silk department adjoined ours, on the same floor—I could reach it by stepping through a gateway—but I could not buy a piece of silk in there at noon without going to it by the aforementioned detour. Of course the store is protecting itself against every imaginable bit of trickery, but it's all rather hard on the innocent salesgirl who must buy wherewith to clothe herself.

The thing that wears most grievously upon the salesgirl's nerves, as upon the nerves of nearly all city folk, is the sense of being eternally driven. The landlord, the grocer, the law that insists on our wearing clothes are all perpetually in our wake, scourging us, screaming, "More sales! More sales!" For only by the commissions therefrom can we increase our income; and the management joins in the cry with a reproachful and indignant note which seems to complain that we don't care whether we earn any commissions or not. Heaven and ourselves only know how hard we try for them!

Lectures From the Buyer

We were never too old in service to be lectured. Now and then some of us would be called away to the training department—losing some sales meanwhile—and given a talk on the history of the store or something of the sort, calculated to increase our interest in the organization, to build up loyalty and *esprit de corps*. I could not see that it had any such effect on the girls. And as for *esprit*, the store and the city are too big and impersonal for that. The salesgirl's thought is devoted chiefly to her own joys or troubles, and she has little sentiment, loyal or otherwise, to waste upon the store, which she regards merely as a job.

On one morning a week Miss Shanklin read to us a lecture sent out by the training department, and then added one of her own. In great crises, when goods were not moving as rapidly as they should, the merchandise manager sometimes delivered this lecture. We seldom remembered any concrete gems of thought from it, but we could not forget its import, which was, "Faster! Faster! More Sales! You're not half trying!" Somebody higher up was cracking the whip over them, and they were merely passing it on to us.

Miss Shanklin nearly always began her lecture by pointing out that we were the most fortunate salesgirls in the city, as we had the best-selected stock to draw from. She rather fancied herself as a buyer, you see. Thenceforward her talk would indicate, with very little ambiguity, that we were very nearly the laziest and most incapable bunch of alleged saleswomen ever assembled under one roof. She had misjudged the market last summer, and we bore the blame. In August and September women were calling for black satin hats, and we had nothing but colored hats to show them. Every day the call slips we turned in—which told of merchandise called for but not in stock—mentioned black satin hats. Miss Shanklin was furious—determined to jam those colored hats down on women's heads whether or not!

"Every hat in your stock is a good seller!" she raged. "Don't make any difference if they do think they want black hats; sell 'em the colored ones! Very few women that don't look better in a colored hat, anyhow; most of 'em have sallow, muddy complexions—they don't know what they want!"

As I remember it, anyone qualified to write books on salesmanship emits moans of anguish at the thought of trying to substitute something a customer doesn't want for the thing he is demanding; yet that is what we were expected to do. Our merchandise manager had also instructed us in a speech that we must not spend over fifteen minutes on a sale amounting to less than ten dollars. Now, thirty to forty

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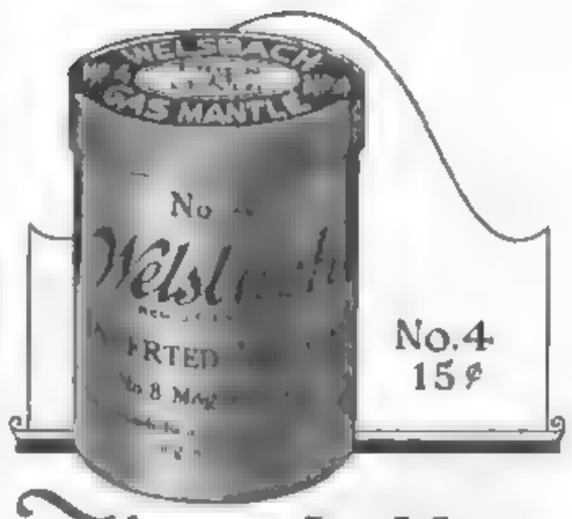


There Is More than Economy In Knowing the Best Gas Mantles

Reflex 20¢

Soft, rich light, permanent brilliance and long life are the qualities you look for in a gas mantle. How can you be sure to get them *all?*

The safe and sure way is to demand

Welsbach

GAS MANTLES

The name Welsbach insures best light, most light and longest service.

All mantles are not Welsbach. Get your full money's worth every time—insist always on the genuine, identified by the Shield of Quality and the name Welsbach on the box.

At your dealer's and the Gas Co.
Welsbach Company, Gloucester, N.J.
Member American Gas Association

Welco 25¢

Behind every Alemite-equipped car—
an army of 25,000 *dealers*

The day you buy a car that's equipped with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System, you enlist in your service a force as large as the United States Army of pre-war times.

In every nook and corner of the United States—in the smallest hamlet and the largest city—wherever automobiles go, you find Alemite dealers who are there to give you every attention, every assistance towards keeping your car in the "pink of condition."

Look for "Alemite" in the specifications when you're buying a new car; then you know you're getting the best lubrication that money can buy.

If your present car isn't Alemite-equipped, it's a matter of only a couple of hours and a few dollars to install this famous system of chassis lubrication. Ask any Alemite dealer.

* * *

Chassis lubrication is so simple with the Alemite System that most owners take care of it themselves. But if you don't care to, it's nice to know there's an Alemite dealer nearby who can do it for you in a jiffy. And it's nice to know you can always get replacements, Alemite Lubricant and other necessities without driving all over creation for them.

A Bassick-Alemite Product

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
2660 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

More than half the motor cars in service today—exclusive of Fords—are Alemite-equipped. Most of the motor car and truck makers of America have adopted Alemite as standard equipment.

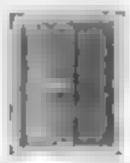
NOTE TO DEALERS

If you are not one of the 25,000 dealers it's probably because you don't know the Alemite proposition. Write us today for full particulars.

Alemite Lubricating Spring Covers keep out dirt, water and grit—keep in the lubricant. They make all cars ride easier and give much better service. Write us for information or see your Alemite dealer.

INSIST ON ALEMITE—ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

INTO that lovely new hand bag go your keys, all sharp edges and points of wearing grinding metal. Soon the bag is key-worn and torn. What a pity! When a Buxton Keytainer would have protected it!



IN ADDITION to protection a Keytainer keeps your keys flat, orderly and easy to find. In all leathers and many styles; and in sizes holding 8 to 16 keys. Prices range from 30c to $11, from the plain serviceable type to those in richest leather and finest gold. All have the patented revolving humped hook, which makes it easy to turn the keys and prevents their loss.

THERE is a special style with a convenient pocket for small important papers such as your auto license.

The new, correct, convenient way to carry keys—is in Buxton Keytainer.

Dealers: Write for details of $30 introductory assortment with display case

BUXTON, INC.
Dept. 3, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
MARBRIDGE BLDG., NEW YORK
In Canada: Rowland & Campbell, Ltd.
Winnipeg: Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Toronto.

BUXTON KEYTAINER
Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

(Continued from Page 174)

minutes is often little enough time in which to induce a woman to take a hat she really wants; how then are you to sell her something she doesn't want in fifteen?

The selling of women's hats is one of the most delicate operations in all commerce. It must be handled with a diplomacy of a subtle quality unknown in international affairs. A trifle light as air may upset a deal at any time, even after it is apparently consummated. The assortment from which the customer is called upon to choose and the question which is best suited to her face and figure are truly bewildering. Often she finds it difficult to decide between two or three or half a dozen shapes. Our system is, as she seems to show a preference for one or two of the hats, to withdraw the others—that is, dexterously, slyly get them out of the way, as if she had definitely rejected them, but really to put them where she can't see them and thus to focus her attention on the remaining ones. Finally, when the contest has narrowed down to two hats and she seems to lean towards one of them, we try to slip the other one away too.

This little psychological coercion seems absolutely necessary to help some buyers to make up their minds. If we left all the hats, or even two or three of them, lying around, some of our customers would become more and more fuddled and finally be unable to make a decision at all; and even if a hat had been chosen and the money paid over for it, the customer's eye might still wander back to one of those other dear ones she had just been looking at—if they were left in sight—and throw her into another agony of indecision. In such cases women sometimes seem to become so vexed with the situation that they cut the Gordian knot by walking out of the store without buying anything.

A mother accompanied by her two daughters came in to buy a hat one day. Satisfying the three of them was quite some task; but after about forty minutes' work the mother had chosen a hat she seemed to like very much, and the daughters approved the choice. That being settled, she asked for a veil. I showed her several, but she wanted something a little smarter than anything we had; so I went into the French Room and brought back some more expensive ones. I tried the effect of these over her face, while the daughters looked on.

Finally she said, "Well, I guess I won't decide on the veil today."

"Very well," said I. "Then the hat will be all you'll need, do you think?"

"Oh, no," she replied casually. "I'm not going to take the hat, either," and out they stalked, leaving me mystified.

Something had happened while I was in the other room—some one of those infinitesimal yet important things that upset calculations—and all was over.

The Horrors of Bargain Days

A very common catastrophe is an adverse remark, no matter how gentle, uttered by a friend who accompanies the shopper or happens to come along just as the sale is apparently completed. The friend may have been present throughout the entire transaction, and apparently approved the hat selected; but if while it is being boxed, she remarks "Of course, that velvet isn't quite the shade of your dress," or recalls with a touch of wistfulness "that sweet little hat we saw over at Twilluker's," the customer becomes alarmed at once lest she has been too precipitate, and is apt to walk out without another moment's negotiation. One of our girls lost four sales in one day in this manner, all after she had entered them on her book—which, of course, entailed certain complicated rites in each case to get the sale voided. The worry and strain of putting these deals across mean much to a salesgirl's nervous system.

In August the company, expecting more business than could be developed, took on so many new girls in our department that the floor was overpopulated with them. We made life miserable for shoppers, and perhaps drove away some good prospects by our solicitations; we bred ill feeling by interfering with one another's customers, and some girls flagrantly stole customers from other clerks. But our necessity was great—it costs so much to live in Titanopolis!

Bargain days are terrible. With the floor packed with milling and often irritated shoppers, one's search for the section manager to sign a sales slip and for the superintendent to O. K. a fifty-dollar check takes a lot of time. As I am short of stature, I cannot find a desired person in the crowd as readily as a taller woman, and the pursuit sometimes becomes maddening, especially if one or another of the men has been called away to a conference.

And, of course, we suffer from the grouches of shoppers. Some salesgirls are impudent at times, I admit; but the fault is not always on our side. I received a venomous tirade from a woman shopper one day whom I wasn't even waiting on, but who thought that I looked at her impertinently; when as a matter of fact I wasn't thinking of her at all and hardly knew she was present. Goodness knows, we aren't anxious to throw away commissions by offending customers!

It is fully as difficult to leave the store's service as it is to get in. You go to the employment office to present your resignation, and must state your reasons for so doing—I don't know what would happen if you refused to give them; perhaps you couldn't resign. Here you receive a signed order for your pay. You take this to the record room, where it is signed again, and then to the general manager's office for another signature. Then you go to the pay office, where your thirty or forty minutes' work is rewarded by the receipt of your money, with the exception of some of the commissions, for which you must call again three weeks later and go through a similar process.

In conclusion, please remember, madame, when you are vexed by some apparently nonsensical inhibition in a big store, that much of the red tape is necessary to the store's protection, and that the rest of it was not devised or prescribed by the sales clerk; furthermore, that she suffers from its restrictions far more than you do.

What Shopgirls Think About

Remember that the saleswoman is a human being whose troubles are, by all the laws of chance, apt to be greater than yours. It may be the first of the month, and her rent money not yet in sight. She who waited on you in our department may have been that young woman, half of whose income must go to support a mother slowly dying of Bright's disease, two hundred miles away, and who hourly expects to receive a telegram announcing the end. She may have been that frail young girl with pouches under her eyes, who is saving strenuously to give an invalid brother a month in the country. She may have been that widow with three children, who is frequently absent from work because she is a semi-invalid with not a moment free from pain, for whom a doctor has prescribed a financially impossible operation and from four to six weeks in a hospital.

Many sociologists, club women, and the like, are deeply concerned over what the worker is thinking. The supposition of these good folk is that the working women—or men—are daily thinking of and discussing seriously—though perhaps not in technical terms—the labor problem, housing, socialism, capitalism and heaven knows what not. Like another woman who has recently written of her experiences among factory girls, I find no such discussion or abstract thought. All their grievances are purely personal and concrete, and they do not consciously see in them evidences of ineptitude in the prevailing scheme of things. Their talk is about family matters, store gossip, the plays they see, how tired they are, what he said and she said, perhaps some immediate complaint against the buyer or some other official, which may be swept into oblivion by a few kind words or a fortunate day of big sales. They resemble the tired business man in that they yearn for musical comedy, jazz and newspapers—if any—with plenty of spice and pictures in them. There is little or no time in the day's routine to philosophize, and even if there were more one's feet and legs would be apt to prevent connected thought.

It's no good butting one's head against inevitabilities. If people will live in great cities, then the great cities and the great business machines must have a certain number of us women to tread the mill; and we, for our part, must have work suited to our capacities by which we may earn a living. The only ameliorations for which we can hope are that customers will be more kind and that some day there may arise a generation of efficiency experts whose aim will be to eliminate red tape instead of adding new entanglements.

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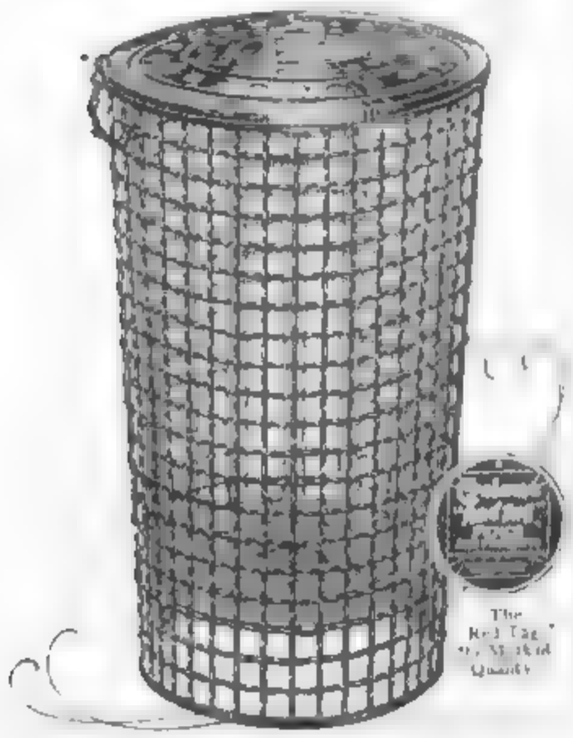


WALL STREET INFORMATION AND MISINFORMATION

(Continued from Page 9)

"You cannot prevent people from guessing wrong, no matter how able or how experienced they may be, because every man has many enemies within himself as well as on the outside.

"Carefully laid plans will miscarry and the unexpected—and even the unexpectable—can and does happen. Disaster may come from a convulsion of the earth or from the weather; from your own greed or from some man's vanity, from senseless fear or from uncontrolled hope.

"But apart from what one might call his natural and inevitable foes, a speculator in stocks has to contend also with certain adverse factors that can or should be eliminated.

"I refer to practices or abuses that are indefensible morally as well as commercially. It will be said that the suppression of these evils is not possible. That is what has always been said of every effort to safeguard the interests of the public—that is, of Wall Street's own best customers!

"Most losses in the stock market can be traced to the average speculator's persistent disregard of the lessons of the past, of the experience of himself and of others; in short, of the fundamentals of stock speculation. The sources of such losses I have made plain by telling of my own experiences, for I have lost money whenever I have deserved to lose it, and sometimes when I didn't deserve it. But in the main those were not the losses that have hurt Wall Street. The kind I'm going to tell you about cost the public a great deal of money every year. And they are a losing proposition for Wall Street as well."

Wholesome Regulations

"As I look back and consider what were common practices twenty-five years ago, when I first came to the Street, I have to admit that there have been many changes for the better. There are no more old-fashioned bucket shops, where anybody could walk in and buy two shares of stock or two hundred and put up a one-point margin. But I must admit also that within the past two or three years there have been enough bucketeers, or modified new-style bucket shops, to mulct the public out of a good many millions of dollars. It is difficult to compare these losses with what the public lost in the old way. You must remember that in those days the big bucket shops depended for their profits upon the game itself. The customers had no chance whatever, trading on a shoe string. The authorities got after the bucketeers, and the exchanges helped.

"It appears to be useless to tell people to patronize only reliable brokers. The postal and local police authorities try to put an end to the schemers and shysters, but all sorts of men and women continue to lose money at the game of trying to get rich quick. The Stock Exchange is doing a lot of good work, not only in getting after these out-and-out swindlers but in insisting upon strict adherence to its rules by its own members. Many wholesome regulations and restrictions are now rigidly enforced.

"Our national prosperity has always grown so rapidly that the dominant few more than once have been overwhelmed by their own good luck and lost their sense of proportion. To have profits grow ten times faster than anticipated does not make very rich men more rapacious, as some people assert, but less clear-sighted, so that they fail to distinguish what one might call the public's natural protective barriers. This happened in 1901. The big money really came too quickly. It went to their heads. In the end the big fellows were brought to a halt by the Supreme Court's decision in the Northern Securities case.

"On the floor of the New York Stock Exchange things were done when I first came to Wall Street that could not happen today; and at that they used to tell me of the great improvement from the days of Daniel Drew and Jacob Little and Jim Fisk.

"I mention this in order to explain my optimism over still further improvement in conditions calculated to reduce the chances of the public to lose their money today. The old fellows used to brag of the way the Exchange had put an end to abuses.

"Do you remember that old story about Tom Ochiltree? One night at the Waldorf the colonel was complaining bitterly of the hard luck that had pursued him all that month.

"'Why, last night I lost twenty-seven thousand dollars at poker.'

"'That's a whole lot, Tom,' admitted a crony sympathizingly.

"'Yes, and the worst of it was that eleven dollars of it was in cash!' exploded Ochiltree.

"I tell this story because of its analogy to one that was told me many years ago in my broker's office. The manager of a pool was bragging about the activity displayed by his specialty that day. The official list showed transactions amounting to twenty-five thousand shares.

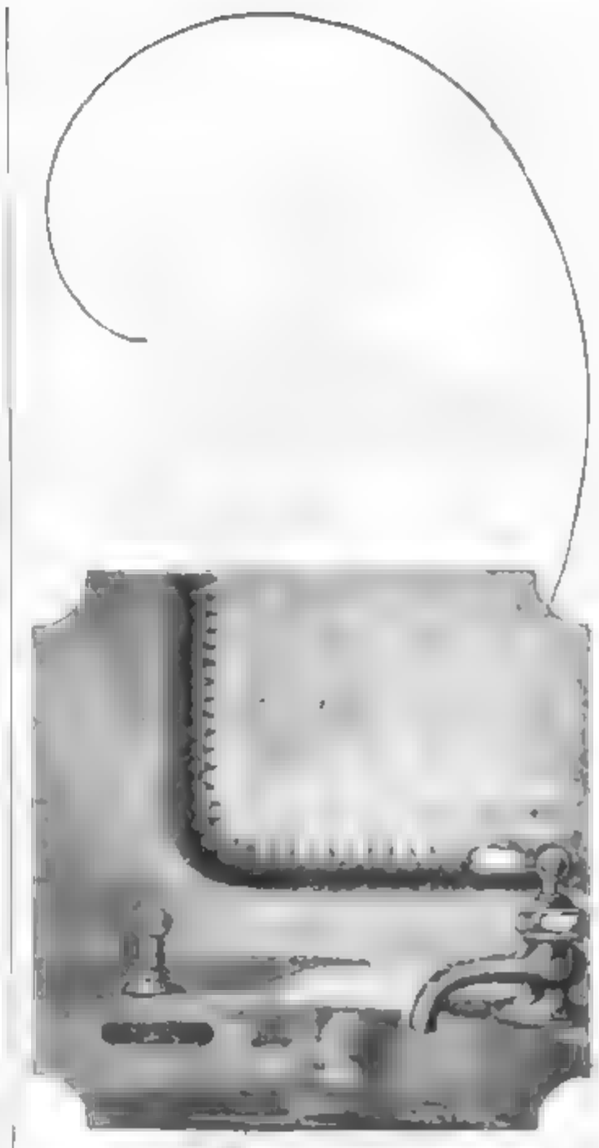
"Well, one of the firm's floor men, who heard him, came over to where the pool manager was, and asked, 'Now, Bill, on the level, just between ourselves, how much of that business would you say was not laundry work?' He meant washed sales.

"'Oh, over a thousand!' declared Bill earnestly. That is, he frankly admitted that out of the twenty-five thousand shares officially reported to have been dealt in, nearly twenty-four thousand shares represented fake transactions. But all that the broker said was 'Like hell!' and everybody laughed. It did not occur to anyone there to express indignation. Why should it? Such things always had been. They always would be, everyone supposed."

The Multiplication of Issues

"Today the speculative public doesn't go up against any such raw practices as that. Nevertheless, it continues to lose money with the same regularity as of old. Many of these losses may be traced to certain practices that should not be permitted any more than washing sales. The Stock Exchange authorities can and do check such thimblerigging as is possible only on the floor of the Exchange by Exchange members. But I believe that the Exchange's efforts to obtain better conditions should not stop with or at the Exchange.

"Before I pass on to the things I would like to see abolished, I will say that, hard to beat as the game always was, it is becoming more difficult every day. Knowledge is power. The trader ought to know what he is trading in. When a man is long or short of a certain stock he certainly ought to be informed about that stock—that is, about the actual business and prospects of the company and of the trade in general. It was not so long ago when a real trader could have a good working knowledge of practically every stock on the list. In 1901, when J. P. Morgan brought out the United States Steel Corporation, which was merely a consolidation of lesser consolidations most of which were less than two years old, the Stock Exchange had two hundred and seventy-five stocks on its list and about one hundred in its unlisted department. And, of course, this included a lot that a chap didn't have to know anything about, because they were small issues or inactive by reason of being minority or guaranteed stocks, and therefore lacking in speculative



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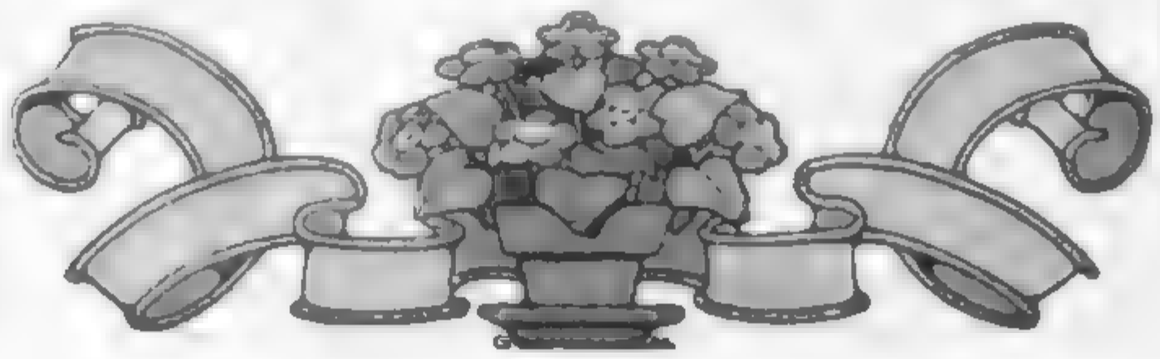

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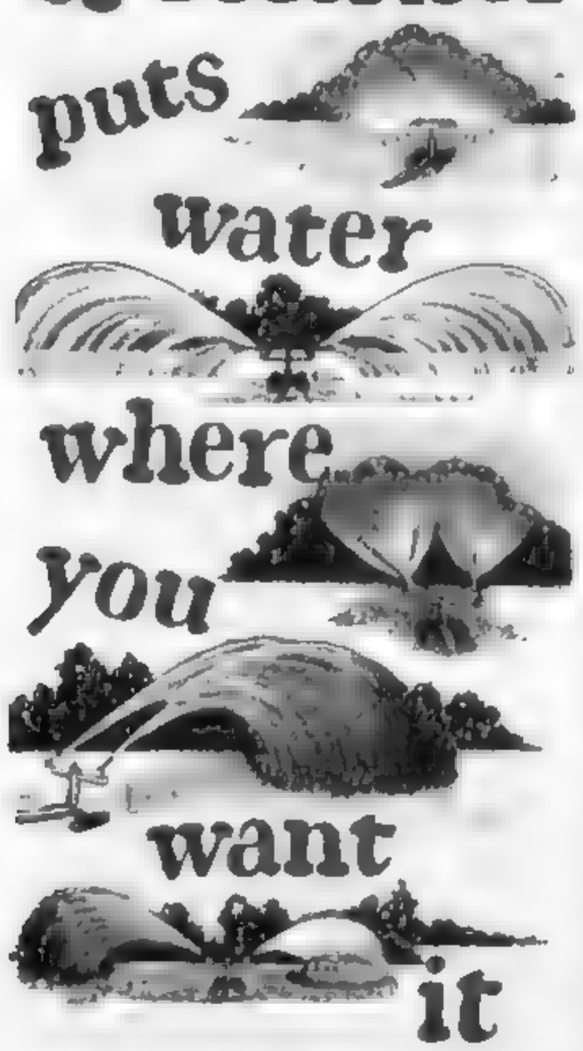

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attractions. In fact, an overwhelming majority were dead ones, in which there had not been a sale in years. Today there are about nine hundred stocks on the regular list, and in our recent active markets about six hundred separate issues were traded in.

"Moreover, the old groups or classes of stocks were easier to keep track of. They not only were fewer but the capitalization was smaller. We used to have the coalers, meaning the anthracite roads, like Reading, or Delaware and Hudson, and so on; the grangers, like St. Paul, Burlington or Rock Island; the tractions, with only three or four; the industrials, with less than a dozen active issues, including Steel. By reason of the limited numbers and varieties of active stocks the news that a trader had to be on the lookout for did not cover so wide a field. But today just consider the number of groups, let alone the number of stocks. You are trading in everything; in almost every industry in the world. It certainly takes more time, more work and more knowledge to keep posted, and to that extent the legitimate game has become much more difficult. I mean, of course, for those who operate intelligently. Even if you obtain reliable information or if strictly trustworthy reports are issued by the companies themselves, it still is a difficult matter to keep tabs on all the stocks the public today is asked to trade in."

Unsigned Statements

"There are many thousands of people who buy and sell stocks speculatively. We know that the number of those who speculate profitably is small. The aggregate losses of the unsuccessful are large. They wax and wane as the transactions on the exchanges increase or decrease. But as the public is in the market to some extent all the time, it, of course, follows that there are losses by the public all the time.

"Of the more common sources of loss by the average outsider, trading on tips probably comes first. But there remains to consider acting on deliberate misinformation as distinguished from ordinary tips. And because it is apt to come to a stock trader variously disguised and camouflaged, it is the more insidious and dangerous.

"Against ordinary tips you cannot guard. For instance, a lifelong friend sincerely desires to make you rich by telling you what he has done—that is, bought or sold a certain stock. His intent is good. If the tip goes wrong, what can you do? Also against the professional or crooked tipster the public is protected to about the same extent that he is against gold bricks or wood alcohol. Persistent publicity is the only friend. Of course there are always superfools who will bite anyhow; but the average trader, I take it, knows enough to check up the veracity, motives and general reliability of a tip giver who isn't a personal friend. Moreover, if the tipster lies or is mistaken—that is, after he establishes his unreliability—the victim need bite only once.

"But against the more typical Wall Street rumors the speculating public has neither protection nor redress. Please bear that in mind. The fact that the speculator who accepts a rumor at par and interest is an ass does not give him back his money. He has parted with it, and nobody is punished because nobody is held responsible, although the rumor's beneficiaries are known.

"Wholesale dealers in securities, manipulators, pools and individuals who own more stock than they desire to hold for permanent investment, resort to various devices to aid them in disposing of their surplus holdings at the best possible prices. The most pernicious of all is the circulation of bullish items by the newspapers and the news tickers.

"Now, the items on the financial pages do not jump in and get themselves printed while the editor is looking the other way. The financial reporters presumably publish what is given to them by people who ought to know what they are talking about. What happens? Why, the public is often victimized by an old and vicious system that makes of the Wall Street rumor monger the worst kind of germ carrier.

"Get the slips of the financial news agencies any day and it will surprise you to see how many statements of an implied semi-official nature they print. Apparently there is no end of well-informed people who are willing to talk and tell the public what it ought to do in the stock market and in the investment field—some leading insider or a prominent director or a high official or someone in authority who presumably knows what he is talking about. Here are today's slips. I pick an item at random. Listen to this: 'A leading banker says it is too early yet to expect a declining market.'

"There are many things that I as a trader should like to know. Did a leading banker really say that; and, if he said it, why did he say it? Who was that leading banker? Why does he not allow his name to be printed? If the giving out of that statement was legitimate banking business or real philanthropy, why should he remain anonymous? Is he afraid that people will believe him if he allows his name to be used or does he feel the exact opposite?

"Here is another one, about a company the stock of which has been active this week. This time the man who makes the statement is a prominent director. Now, which one of the company's dozen directors is doing the talking? The questions I asked about the banker will do in this case also. Of course it is plain that the reason why official titles are used instead of names is that somebody is desirous of producing on the public mind an impression of both authority and veracity. By remaining anonymous, who can be blamed for whatever damage may be done by the statement? Nobody.

"Quite apart from the intelligent study of speculation everywhere, the trader in stocks must consider certain facts in connection with the game in Wall Street. In addition to trying to determine how to make money he must also try to keep from losing money. It is almost as important to know what not to do as to know what should be done. For instance, it is well to remember that manipulation of some sort enters into practically all advances in individual stocks and that such advances are engineered by insiders with one object in view and one only, and that is to sell at the greatest profit possible.

"As a matter of fact, there is a constant demand for explanations of market movements. I suspect that the average broker's customer believes himself to be a business man from Missouri if he insists upon being told why a certain stock goes up. It does not seem to matter so much what he is told. Such being the case, the manipulators deem it their duty to explain the advance. The explanation makes possible the distribution of stocks on a large scale."

Anonymous Tipsters

"I have been operating in stocks in Wall Street pretty constantly for over twenty years. I have traded in typical commission brokers' offices and mingled with the customers, so that I have seen the actual workings of the rumor system. As a result of my observations I am firmly convinced that the public's losses would be greatly reduced if no anonymous statements of a bullish nature were allowed to be printed. I mean statements calculated to make the public buy or hold stocks. The public should be protected by having every such article signed. The signing would fix the responsibility. This might not make the manipulators inveterately truthful, but it surely would make them more careful about their stock-market propaganda.

"The overwhelming majority of the bullish articles printed on the authority of unnamed directors and anonymous insiders convey unreliable and misleading impressions to the public. It is a fact that the public that trades in stocks loses a great many millions of dollars every year by accepting such statements as semiofficial and therefore trustworthy. Of course what the public ought to do is to pay no attention whatever to these unsigned bullish items. Let the prominent insiders and leading bankers and influential directors be quoted by name. Let us know at least who is speaking, especially when the items purport to be statements of fact and not expressions of opinion. A man may err in his opinions and be honest. But when he says he states facts he must be truthful or suffer the consequences, whatever they may be. The trader who takes advice does so at his peril. But when he acts in accordance with his interpretation of the effect of stated facts on stock prices, the facts must be right or else he knows whom to blame.

"Let us take as an example the case of a company that has gone through a period of depression in its particular line of business. The stock is inactive. The price represents the general and presumably accurate belief

(Continued on Page 180)

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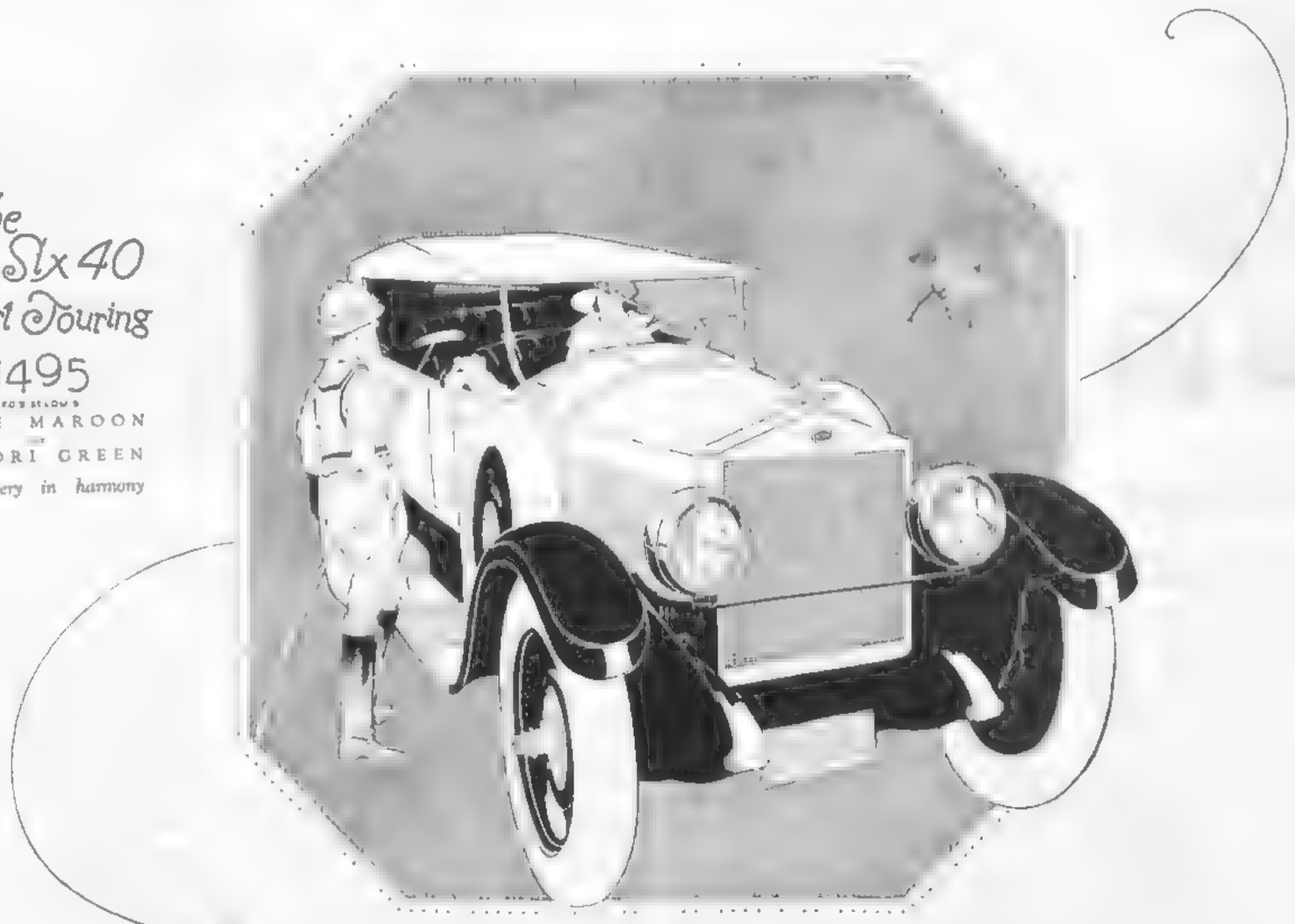

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Six-40 Touring	5-passenger	Six-40 Coupe	4-passenger	Six-58 Sport Touring	4-passenger
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Six-40 Touring	5-passenger	Six-40 Sport Sedan	5-passenger	Six-58 Sedan	7-passenger
Six-40 Sport Touring	5-passenger	Six-58 Touring	7-passenger	Six-58 Petite Touring Sedan	4-passenger

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(Continued from Page 178)

of its actual value. If the stock were too cheap at that level somebody would know it and buy it, and it would advance. If too dear, somebody would know enough to sell it, and the price would decline. But as nothing happens one way or another, nobody talks about it and nobody does anything.

"Well, the turn comes in the line of business the company is engaged in. Improvement sets in. Who are the first to know that the turn has come, the insiders or the public? You can bet it isn't the public. Now what happens next? Why, if the improvement in business continues, the earnings naturally improve. If the improvement in earnings continues, the company will be in position to resume dividends on the stock; or if dividends were not discontinued, to pay a higher rate or do something to distribute the company's growing profits. These things naturally enhance the value of the stock.

"Say that the improvement has kept up. Does the management make public that glad fact? Does the president then and there tell the stockholders? Does a philanthropic director come out with a signed statement for the benefit of that part of the public that reads the financial page of the newspapers and the slips and tickers of the news agencies?

"Does some modest insider, pursuing his usual policy of anonymity, come out with a statement to the effect that the company's future is most promising? Not this time. Not a word is said by anyone and no statement whatever, signed or unsigned, is printed by newspapers or tickers."

Loading Up for a Rise

"The value-making information is carefully kept from the public so as to give the now silent prominent insiders a chance to act on it. They go into the market and buy all the cheap stock they can lay their hands on. Of course the price begins to pick up a little. As the unostentatious inside buying keeps on, the stock rises. Now the financial reporters know that the insiders ought to know the reason, if any, for the rise. Well, the insiders do. Their buying was the reason; and the reason for their buying was that the company's business is better and the outlook brighter. But when the financial reporters ask for information the unanimously anonymous insiders declare that they have no news to give out. They do not know what warrant there is for the rise. Sometimes they even state that they are not particularly interested in the vagaries of the stock market or the actions of irresponsible stock speculators.

"The rise continues and there comes a happy day when those in the know have all the stock they want or can carry. The Street at once begins to hear all kinds of rumors. The news is all bullish. The tickers tell the traders, on good authority, that the company has definitely turned the corner. The same modest director who did not wish his name used when he said he knew no warrant for the rise in the stock is now quoted—still anonymously—saying that the stockholders have every reason to feel greatly encouraged over the outlook. And sometimes they even refer to this as a conservative statement.

"Stimulated and encouraged by the deluge of bullish news items, the public begins to buy the stock. These purchases help to put the price still higher. In due course the predictions of the uniformly unnamed directors come true and the company resumes dividend payments or increases the rate, as the case may be. With that the bullish items not only become more numerous than ever but much more enthusiastic. A leading director, asked point-blank for a statement about conditions, informs the world that the improvement not only is keeping up but is at a rate unexpected by the most optimistic officer of the company. A prominent insider, after much coaxing, is finally induced by a news agency to confess that the earnings are nothing short of phenomenal. A banker who is affiliated in a business way with the company says that the expansion in the volume of sales is simply unprecedented in the history of the trade. If not another order came in the company would run night and day for heaven knows how many months. A member of the finance committee, in a double-leaded manifesto, expresses his astonishment at the public's astonishment over the stock's rise. The astonishment should be over the stock's moderation in the climbing line. 'Anybody who will analyze the forthcoming annual report can easily figure for himself how much more than the market price the book value of the stock is.'

"Everything is thus done to make the public buy still more stock at the high level. And in no instance is the name of the talkative philanthropist given.

"As long as the earnings continue good and the insiders do not discern any sign of a let-up in the company's prosperity, they sit on the stock they bought at the low prices. There is nothing to put the price down, so why should they sell? But the moment there is a turn for the worse in the company's business, what happens? Do they come out with statements or warnings or the faintest of hints? Not much. The trend is now downward. Just as they bought without any flourish of trumpets when the company's business turned for the better, they now quietly sell. On this inside selling the stock naturally declines. Then the public begins to get explanations. These are quite familiar. There has been no change in them in years. A leading insider asserts that everything is O.K. and the decline is merely the result of short selling by bears who are trying to depress the general market.

"Suppose that one fine day, after the stock has been declining for some time, there should be a sharp and substantial break. The demand for reasons or explanations becomes clamorous. Somebody in position to know has to say something or the public will fear the worst. So the news tickers will print something like this: 'When we asked a prominent director of the company to explain the weakness in the stock he replied that the only conclusion he could arrive at was that the decline today was caused by a bear drive against the stock. Underlying conditions are unchanged. The business of the company was never better than at present and the probabilities are that unless something entirely unforeseen happens in the meanwhile, the directors will authorize an increase in the dividend rate at the next meeting. The bear party in the market has become aggressive and the softness in the stock was clearly a drive intended to dislodge weakly held stock.' The news tickers, wishing to reassure the more timid, as likely as not will go on to state that they are reliably informed that most of the stock bought on the day's decline was taken by inside interests and that when the bears get through they will find that they have sold themselves into a trap. There will be some painful moments before they settle."

Inside Selling

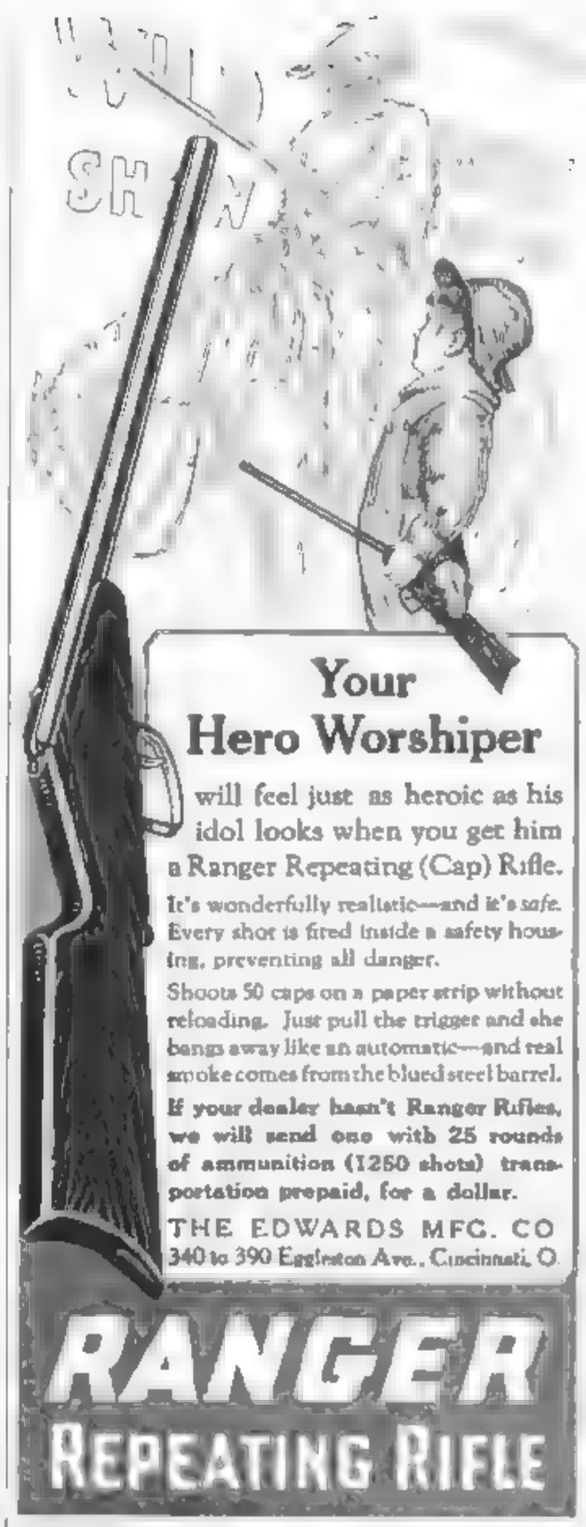
"In addition to the losses sustained by the public through believing bullish statements and buying stocks, there are the losses that come through being dissuaded from selling out.

"For a prominent insider the next best thing to having people buy the stock he wishes to sell, is to keep people from selling the same stock when he does not wish to support or accumulate it.

"What is the public to believe after reading the statement of the prominent director? What can the average outsider think? Of course, that the stock should never have gone down; that it was forced down by bear selling, and that, as soon as the bears stop, the insiders will engineer an advance during which the shorts will be driven to cover at high prices. The public believes this because it is exactly what would happen if the decline had in truth been caused by the bear selling. Instead it was caused by genuine inside selling, which is the kind of selling that always puts stocks down in that kind of market.

"The stock in question, notwithstanding all the threats or promises of a tremendous squeeze of the overextended short interest, does not rally. It keeps on going down. It can't help it. The market has had too much fed to it from the inside to be digested. It presently becomes a football among the professional traders. There seems to be no bottom for it. The insiders who know the new conditions that will affect the company's future earnings are not going to support that stock; they do not dare. Support will therefore not be forthcoming until the next turn for the better in the company's business. Then there will be inside buying and inside silence.

"I have done my share of trading and have kept fairly well posted on the stock market for many years, and I can say that I do not recall an instance when a bear raid



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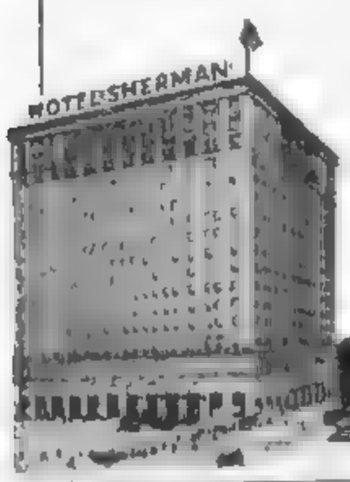

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caused a stock to decline extensively. What was called bear raiding was in reality nothing but selling, based on accurate knowledge of the real condition. Of course it would not do to tell the truth and admit that the stock declined on inside selling or on inside nonbuying. Everybody would hasten to sell, and when everybody sells and nobody buys there is the dickens to pay.

"The public therefore ought to grasp firmly this one point: That the real reason for a protracted decline is never bear raiding. When a stock keeps on going down you can bet there is something wrong with it, either with the market for it or with the company. If the decline were unjustified the stock would soon sell below its real value, and that would bring in buying that would check a further decline. As a matter of fact, the only time a bear can make big money selling a stock is when that stock is too high. And you can gamble your last cent on the certainty that insiders will not proclaim that fact to the world.

"Of course the classic example is the New Haven. Everybody knows today what only a few knew at the time. The stock sold at 255 in 1902 and was the premier investment railroad stock of New England. A man in that part of the country measured his respectability and standing in the community by his holdings of it. If a man had said that the company was on the road to insolvency he would not have been sent to jail for saying it. They would have clapped him in an insane asylum with other lunatics. A new and aggressive president was placed in charge, and the debacle began.

"It was not clear from the first that the new policies would land the road where it did. But as property after property began to be saddled on the Consolidated Road at inflated prices, a few clear-sighted observers began to doubt the wisdom of the Mellen policies. A trolley system was bought for $2,000,000 and sold to the New Haven for about $20,000,000. There were other such deals. A man or two committed lese majesty by saying that the management was acting recklessly. But hinting that the New Haven could not stand such financiering was like impugning the strength of Gibraltar."

The Case of New Haven

"Of course the first to see breakers ahead were the insiders. They became aware of the real condition and reduced their holdings. On their selling, as well as on their nonsupport, the price of New England's gilt-edged railroad stock began to yield. Of course questions were asked, and explanations were demanded, as usual, and were promptly forthcoming. Prominent insiders declared that there was nothing wrong that they knew of and that the decline was due to reckless bear selling. As the price kept on going down, explanations kept on being given out for publication. The bears were raiding it. Some day the gamblers would go too far and they would find no stock in the market, and then they would get what they deserved. So the investors of New England kept their holdings of New York, New Haven & Hartford stock. Why shouldn't they? Didn't insiders say there was nothing wrong? Didn't dividends continue to be declared and paid?

"In the meantime the stock had struck the toboggan slide. The promised squeeze of the shorts did not come, but new low records did. When anybody intimated that insiders were unloading, his voice was drowned by the clamor of the indignant denials. The selling became more urgent, less disguised. Nevertheless, I used to hear public-spirited men in Boston denounced as stock jobbers and demagogues for demanding a genuine explanation for the stock's deplorable decline. Bear drives were still the stock excuse until the public had suffered appalling losses. It was not the speculating public that lost, but practically everybody in New England who had wanted a safe investment and a steady dividend payer. Eventually the dividend was passed, and in 1921 the stock sold at twelve dollars a share. The authorized explanation was always untrue and misleading. If there had been no inside, semi-official statements blaming the decline on the bear drives, insiders would not have been able to dispose of their holdings so easily as they did. And if something had not been radically wrong the stupendous decline could not have continued as it did.

"That historic break from $255 to $12 a share was not and never was and never could have been a bear drive. It was neither started nor kept up by bear operations. The insiders sold right along and always at higher prices than they could have obtained if they had told the truth or allowed the truth to be told.

"It seems to me that the public that trades in stocks might profitably stop and consider the disadvantages under which it labors when it tries to make money buying and selling the stock of a company concerning whose affairs only a few men are in position to know the whole truth. If the public did a little thinking about that proposition it is difficult to see how it could help concluding that it stood as much of a chance to make money and to keep it as it would have if it sat down to a poker game with professionals who could read the backs of the marked cards and thus knew exactly what sort of hand the public held."

Livingston the Scapegoat

"The case of the Metropolitan Street Railway would have been just as bad if it also had been a widely held investment stock. The insiders ran the price up to nearly 300. The bears were said at the time to have received the worst punishment inflicted upon reckless sellers since the second Harlem Corner of old Commodore Vanderbilt. Later you heard that the rise was not caused by the shorts covering, but by inside buying clear up to the top. It was a wonderful stock and there was no limit to what the virtual monopoly of the surface transit facilities of Manhattan would return in the way of income. There were going to be economies in operating as well as increases in income. Well, when the stock started to break, it was not on selling by wicked bears. It was due to unloading by those who knew the most about the company's business and its prospects.

"As I said before, the stocks that have had the worst breaks in the past twenty years did not decline on bear raiding. The easy acceptance of that form of explanation has been responsible for losses by the public amounting to millions upon millions of dollars because it has kept people from selling who did not like the way a stock was acting and would have liquidated if they had not expected the price to go right back after the bears stopped their raiding.

"I recall the case of a stock I'll call Intervale Oil. There was a pool in it that worked with some success. The stock was put up and found some buyers in the advance. The pool was encouraged and ran the price up to 50. From there it went down. It was a quick break. The pool sold, of course. But there was the usual demand for explanations: Why was Intervale so weak? Enough people asked this question to make the answer important news. One of the financial tickers called up the brokers who knew the most about Intervale Oil's advance and ought to be equally well posted as to the decline. What did these brokers, members of the bull pool, say when the ticker agency asked them for a reason that could be printed and sent broadcast over the country? Why, that Larry Livingston was raiding the market! And that wasn't enough: They added that they were going to get him good and plenty. They would put him out of business for keeps. They meant the business, I suppose, of raiding the market every time an explanation had to be given to keep the public from selling. Of course the Intervale pool continued to sell the stock. It only stood them about $12 a share and they could sell it down to 10 or lower at a profit, for their average selling price would still be above cost.

"Now I do not deny that it was wise and proper for insiders to sell on the decline. But for those outsiders who had bought Intervale in the 40's, it was a different matter. So the outsiders, reading what the tickers printed, held on and waited for Larry Livingston to get what was coming to him at the hands of the indignant inside pool. That explanation cost the public a lot of money. It would not have been made if the ticker agency had demanded that the brokers sign the explanation.

"In a bull market, and particularly in booms, the public at first makes money which it later loses simply by overstaying the bull market. Well, this talk of bear raids helps them to overstay. The public should beware of explanations that explain only what unnamed insiders wish the public to believe."

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh of a series of articles by Mr Lefèvre.

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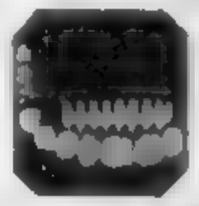

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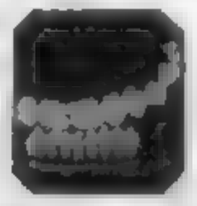

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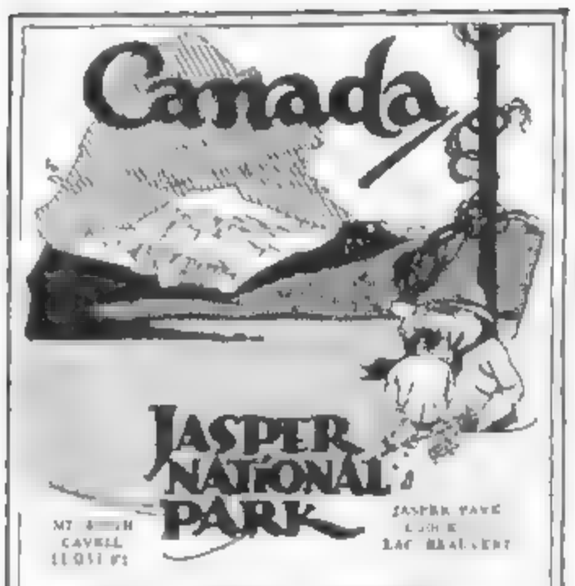

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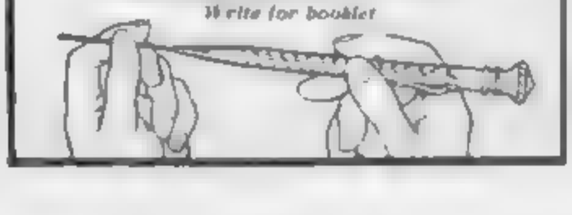

LABOR-SHORTAGE REMEDIES

(Continued from Page 17)

discover that the Iron Man of Industry is making a reality of what to them has been only a dream.

Automatic production is now a controlling influence in our lives, and the future of the race depends on whether we use machines to make us free or permit them to force us into a new slavery. In many plants the modern worker puts forth but little effort in carrying on his daily task. His job is one of intense specialization and monotony. Frequently he does not know the nature or even the use of what he is making, and he has practically no conception of the value of his own work to industry at large.

In jobs where the minds of workers are not constructively occupied it is frequently an easy task for vicious leaders in the ranks of the workers to plant discontent. The belief that high wages are a solution for labor troubles has been completely discredited. Too many managers today seem to hold the idea that they can hire human hands and feet that have been in some mysterious way separated from human faiths, prejudices and desires; but the human qualities of workers cannot be checked at the factory gate or left at home like a Sunday suit. A machine is a machine, and a human being will always be human. One difficulty today is the apparent belief of some managements that the two can be molded into a single working unit.

It is wrong to assume that we live to work; the truth is that we work to live. Machines will increase rather than diminish unrest unless we do away with idle minds and develop interest in work as well as in the pay envelope.

Nothing will more quickly arouse resentment than unfair methods of promotion. It is not possible to develop a contented body of workers where the man with a drag rather than the fellow who is faithful and efficient is selected for advancement. Haphazard methods of employing, placing and discharging employes are the cause of much unrest. Too often we find that the man who should be operating a factory machine is wasting his time clerking in a bank or a store, and vice versa. There is nothing more important than to put the right man in the right job, for the happy worker is not easily influenced by the demagogue.

Serum for Fatigue

We hear a great deal about fatigue and the remedies for it. The idea prevails that weariness is caused by a certain poison accumulated in the muscles by excessive exertion or overwork, either of the brain or of the body. One scientist took some guinea pigs, worked them to death, and then by squeezing their muscles he secured a large quantity of the fatigue poison known as kenotoxin. Later he injected some of this poison under the skins of animals in full strength, and when they were put to work they immediately became exhausted as though by excessive exertion. However, when he injected only a very small quantity of the poison the animals treated showed a marked increase of endurance, and were able to continue at work for more than twice the normal length of time. Now the plan is to use this antikenotoxin in human beings, so that they may work much longer without growing tired. In one experiment this antidote for fatigue was sprayed into the air of a schoolroom, and in practically all the children there was a very evident increase of energy and alertness in doing their lessons.

Such discoveries are all very well, and they are entirely in accord with the progressive spirit of present times. However, though such a plan of remedying fatigue may prove to be of great service in enabling an athlete to set a new record or in making it possible for one man or an army of men, under the stress of war or some other urgent occasion, to accomplish some unprecedented feat, the fact remains that fatigue is often a pathological condition that has not resulted simply from weariness due to muscular or mental exertion. In hundreds of plants the fatigue of industrial workers is caused more by monotony in movement than by an excessive expenditure of foot pounds of energy. The man or woman who sits by a machine and uses only two fingers at a continuous task for eight hours a day may be more fatigued at the end of a shift than if the time had been spent in doing a variety of tasks entailing hard physical labor. The fatigue that comes from swinging an ax is normal, but the kind that results from boredom at one's job is unnatural, and the workers who suffer from this kind of weariness are generally moved to abnormal activities, which accounts largely for their ready and favorable reaction to the preachments of professional agitators.

All of which renders it plain that there is a real problem of a human character connected with the present program of automatizing our homes, offices and factories. The tendency of certain types of machinery is to dull human minds, and when this occurs and monotony results the individual is certain to start finding fault with the present social order. If machines are to be a blessing, something must be done to check their tendency to eliminate the creative instinct in workers. If the substitution of iron men for human workers is going to bring us high labor turnover, lowered morale and endless bickerings, then the evil consequences of our inventive genius will likely outweigh the benefits.

Is Production Increasing?

A few years ago the big problem of management was to master materials; today the difficult task is the handling of men. There is a psychological aspect attending the use of the labor-saving device, as well as an economic one. Though it is going to be more and more necessary to bring the human worker into double harness with the iron machine, the modern executive can accomplish this end and still adhere to the policy of seeing that loyalty, sobriety and earnest effort on the part of employes bring rewards in happiness and prosperity. Each day is making it more evident that greater thought must be given to the mental hygiene of industry. Education is the final answer. Sick minds can be cured only by other minds. This question of adjusting men to machines is certain to become the limiting factor in our automatization of industry.

There has been considerable discussion of late as to whether or not workers today are producing as much as before the war. One careful survey recently made advanced the opinion that the average skilled workman—which, of course, includes machine operators—is actually working harder than he did ten years ago. On the other hand, the belief was expressed that the laborer is doing less. One large company producing a complicated unit has increased its production per man from 1.785 in 1913 to 2.751 at present. This betterment of output has been more or less general among groups of skilled workers, and it rather emphasizes the need of giving thought to providing remedies for the inefficiency of our ignorant and unskilled workers. The immediate answer of most people is to suggest the further extension of labor-saving machinery to include more of the elementary tasks in industry. Instead of simply installing machines where conditions indicate that the result will be an undoubted economic advantage, executives now must go much further, and assume that the installation of an automatic machine is not only desirable but necessary, unless someone can show how and why it will not pay.

It is altogether likely that in isolated cases automatic machines have destroyed more happiness than they have created. But such cases are rare exceptions rather than the general rule. The workman who used only his hands to make tin cans not many years ago, produced less than 100 cans in a twelve-hour day. Now the man operating a machine in a can factory toils but eight hours and makes several thousand cans. He works less and receives more pay. Of course his living expenses have gone up, but there is no comparison between the comforts he enjoys today and those he had to be content with a few years ago. Furthermore, when cans were made by hand there was no canning industry worth mentioning, either in this or in any other country. The manufacture of cans at a fraction of their former cost served to stimulate demand, and a great business was built up, to the benefit not only of the consumer but of the farmer as well.

When a machine is invented that will do the work of eight men it is always difficult to convince the seven who lose their jobs that the installation of such a device is a

(Continued on Page 184)

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(Continued from Page 182)

national blessing. It is not easy for the people the iron man has displaced to see much benefit in the fact that the cost of a common article has been reduced to three-fourths of what it was, and that many who could not afford this particular product will now be able to buy it. Having their eyes fixed on the present moment, they do not realize that the new invention will so stimulate demand through lowering the cost of an article that very soon more people will be engaged in producing this product than ever before.

The invention of machines sometimes places in the hands of employers a power that they misuse. Also, automatic devices tend to promote large combinations of capital. But such difficulties can be surmounted easily if we will exercise wisdom in enacting and enforcing laws to safeguard our people against practices that are unfair and oppressive. Many people are killed each year by automobiles, but no one would advocate as a remedy that we abandon the use of motor cars. Who regrets that we have lost the art of hunting game with a bow and arrow or that the average person no longer knows how to start a fire with nothing more than a couple of dry sticks? Modern rifles, matches and electric switches have made such accomplishments practically useless. Machines have made much of the old-time handcraft unnecessary and wasteful.

The Singing Safety Lamp

The story of what science and engineering actually are accomplishing in the way of saving life, property and human effort is a most amazing record of achievement. In practically all our great industries ingenious devices have been perfected to reduce the rates of accidents and fatalities. The number of men lost each year in our mines has been very great. Many of the fatalities have resulted from the miners' entering chambers filled with dangerous gas. For a long time we have known that a hot flame burning in a narrow tube under certain conditions will set up vibrations and produce audible sounds. One clever fellow has applied this knowledge to the construction of a lamp that sings when the percentage of gas in any part of a mine where the lamp is held reaches a dangerous proportion.

Another device is proving its worth as an aid to rescuers engaged in saving miners who have been trapped underground by falls of rock or roof in some of the gangways or working places. So sensitive is it that it will detect the sounds made by a sledge hammer nearly one-fourth of a mile away. The general plan followed in locating victims of an accident is to set up two such machines at some distance apart, and then note the comparative strength of the sounds transmitted to the ears of the listener. The man who invented the microphone type of telephone little dreamed that his discovery would one day be refined into a delicate instrument to save the lives of miners.

Thousands of lives are lost each year in our factories and on our streets, due to insufficient light. This loss is being greatly reduced by the experimental work of scientists who are gradually lowering the cost of illumination. In 1907 a forty watt electric lamp cost the user $1.50; now such a lamp can be purchased for thirty-five cents. In a recent year 3223 deaths resulted from night automobile accidents in thirty-two American cities. Of these fatalities, 567 were directly caused by a lack of sufficient street illumination. Such knowledge resulted in a careful survey being made, which showed that the accidents on our streets that happen at night and result from poor illumination cause us a total annual loss of $54,000,000. At the same time it was found that the total expenditure for street lighting in our country is only $50,000,000. Figures of this kind are furnishing our municipalities with a definite measure of the value of street illumination, and the result has been the launching of a movement for better street lighting, which even in its early stages is producing results in saving the lives of useful citizens.

In the field of medicine there is an equally pronounced movement to use devices that are serving materially to increase the span of human life, and, of course, there is no better plan to save labor than in this way to add to the total of the nation's workers. Only a short time ago a wonderful microscope was invented that uses ultra-violet rays, and that makes it possible to photograph living microbes enlarged 12,000,000 times. Heretofore it has been possible to get pictures showing bacilli magnified only 1,000,000 times, and such photographs, though useful, did not supply much information that was badly needed by the medical fraternity. Now with the new microscope, minute markings on the bodies of the microbes can be studied, which never before were even visible. It is quite possible that this single invention may add more workers to the nation's total force than are now obtained each year by immigration from several important European nations.

It is altogether likely that our various kinds of flies kill more humans each year than any other important enemy of man. Now comes an engineer with a knowledge of compressed air and turns this simple force to good account in killing flies in the elevators and chutes of large grain mills, which are favorite germinating places for these insects. Chemicals and fumigatives had failed entirely to exterminate the pest, because their use spoiled the flour. Experiments showed that the flies objected strongly to a swift current of air. As a result, air compressors have been installed in some of the mills, and air pipe lines having very small nozzles have been inserted into the holes in the grain chutes. As a result, the flies, the eggs and the maggots have been exterminated and destroyed, falling to the bottoms of the chutes. Furthermore, the cleansing effect of the air has materially improved the condition of the flour.

A great many of the hazards of ocean travel have been eliminated by unique devices. Distress calls from ships at sea can now be detected automatically by means of a new radio-receiving instrument. Already science has relegated the famous S O S call to the discard. Under the new system an automatic device receives a prescribed code of four dashes repeated at intervals from a vessel in distress, and passes these impulses on to amplifiers, which magnify the dashes and send them through an electrical device that rings a bell. Now the operator on a ship supplied with this outfit can connect up his automatic receiving set and go to sleep at night without feeling any fear that a distress call will not be heard. Through the use of electromagnetic waves it is now possible to construct revolving radio lighthouses that will make it possible to warn a ship caught in a fog that danger lurks near. It is altogether probable that this same system will be so extended for use in mid-ocean that its application will wholly eliminate the possibility of collisions at sea.

The Radio Navigator

A further use of this reflected wave radio will be to direct ships straight across the Atlantic or Pacific without varying the slightest from their predetermined route. With such a system weather conditions will not count, for no matter whether the ship is in a storm or the sea is calm the helmsman will continue to get his reflected signals just as long as he is on the right course. The moment he gets off the track the signals will cease and an automatic loud speaker will warn him. Science is robbing the ocean of all its terrors, and here again the world benefits through the resultant saving of life.

It is also a fact that wherever we save property we save the labor of both men and machines. It used to be that the only way we could detect a fire was by observing either flame or smoke. Now we have a pneumatic electrical system that will turn in an alarm within thirty seconds after the fire starts. With this scheme sensitive tubes filled with air automatically ring an alarm when a sudden rise in temperature expands the air in the tubes and causes two diaphragms to touch, thus closing an electric circuit. The device is unresponsive to rises in temperature caused by steam heat or weather changes. This is accomplished by having vents in the tubes which prevent the pressure of the air from forcing the diaphragms together unless the rise takes place at more than a predetermined rate that can result only from the action of some uncontrolled force such as a fire. Cutting down a large part of our annual fire loss is equivalent to adding thousands of men to our building trades.

I have already referred to the benefits resulting from the use of compressed air in ridding us of flies, and it would be possible to cite dozens of uses to which this agency might be put in saving property. Many are known, so let me refer to just one or two that are not so well understood. Great

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damage results each year from the attacks of angry seas on some of our ocean fronts Now comes a pneumatic breakwater that is proving effective in protecting structures along waterfronts exposed to storms. Investigators have found that storm waves exert a force of three to four tons to the square foot. In some countries miles of coast line have been eaten away by the gnawing sea, and villages have slipped into the ocean, through the waves' undercutting the shore. A great deal of money and material is used every year in barricading the land against turbulent waters. It was bitter experience with the elements that caused an American engineer, Philip Brasher, to start investigation that resulted in the discovery that compressed air injected into the body of a billow would largely rob the wave of its force.

Up-to-Date Whaling

Just as the football player is best attacked by diving low, so it was found that the place to commence the fight on storm waves was at a point well off shore. In the present plan the tripping agency that robs the wave of its force is a wall of rising air bubbles driven upward through the water along the line of least resistance. When this rising air meets the water in motion the direction of the wave is changed so materially that the continuity of the rolling billow is broken, and it collapses. It follows that the water flowing back to form the foundation for the next oncoming wave is so retarded that the succeeding wave, finding but little support, topples over and weakly subsides. For this subaqueous distribution of air a perforated pipe laid across the line of advance of the seas is employed. The development and more universal use of such schemes would save the labor of thousands of men yearly.

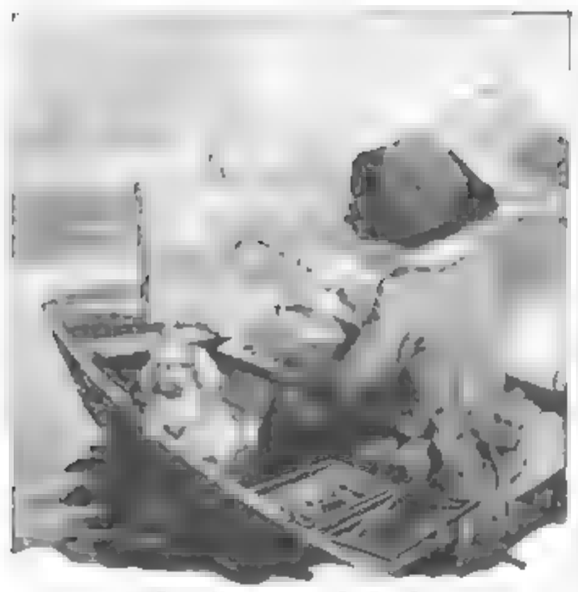
Then there is the use of compressed air in the whaling industry. Not very long ago, when the fishermen caught a whale they still had quite a job before them in keeping the mammal afloat and towing it to shore. Now each whaling vessel is equipped with an air compressor, and after the whale is caught and killed a four-foot spear is plunged into him. This spear is provided with perforations at the end, and is attached to an air hose 100 feet long. Air is pumped through this hose into the whale until the pressure reaches eighty inches, which makes him float like a rubber ball. The spear is then withdrawn and the hole plugged up with oakum. The whole process of inflating the whale requires only three or four minutes, so that the whaling steamer is not long delayed and, after mounting a flagstaff with a flag on the carcass, can hurry on in pursuit of another whale This is a unique way to save time and labor, but similar opportunities that might be utilized far more profitably exist all about us

Some of our property losses have resulted from the inrouds of cracksmen who succeeded in getting into a number of our vaults and safes. Recently an inventive fellow with a wartime knowledge of deadly gases decided to capitalize his understanding of poison gases, so he perfected a fragile glass container that is now being employed to protect all kinds of depositories from thieves. Any movement of the door to which the gas container is attached, or any unusual jar, such as would result from an explosion, breaks the container and releases the fluid, which kills the burglars instantly. Any effort to remove the vial by drilling it from the door likewise releases the gas. It would be a grand thing, from the standpoint of safeguarding property, if some of these gas containers could be attached to many other kinds of private possessions; but such a suggestion would likely be inconsistent with my present effort to set down ways to conserve life

Artificial Lightning

There has been a considerable loss of life and property from lightning bolts during electrical storms, and the common protection against lightning has been through the installation of lightning rods and arresters. Sometimes these safeguards really protected property, sometimes they did not. Now we have a lightning generator that will produce a flash having one five-hundredth of the power of true lightning. But the energy that is artificially developed and discharged has all the destructive properties of the natural flash, and the experiments that have been made are producing valuable discoveries that are affording a far better understanding of why some of our lightning arresters fail to function properly. Here again science is pointing the way to greater conservation.

Every new industry in its infant stage tends to develop so rapidly along lines of production that protective refinements are more or less overlooked. In the motion-picture business there has been considerable loss of life and property caused by the burning or explosion of films. They are now manufacturing a device that so passes light and heat waves through a stream of



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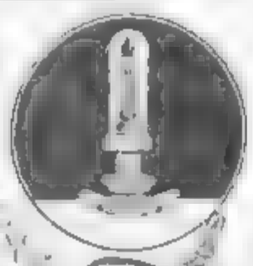

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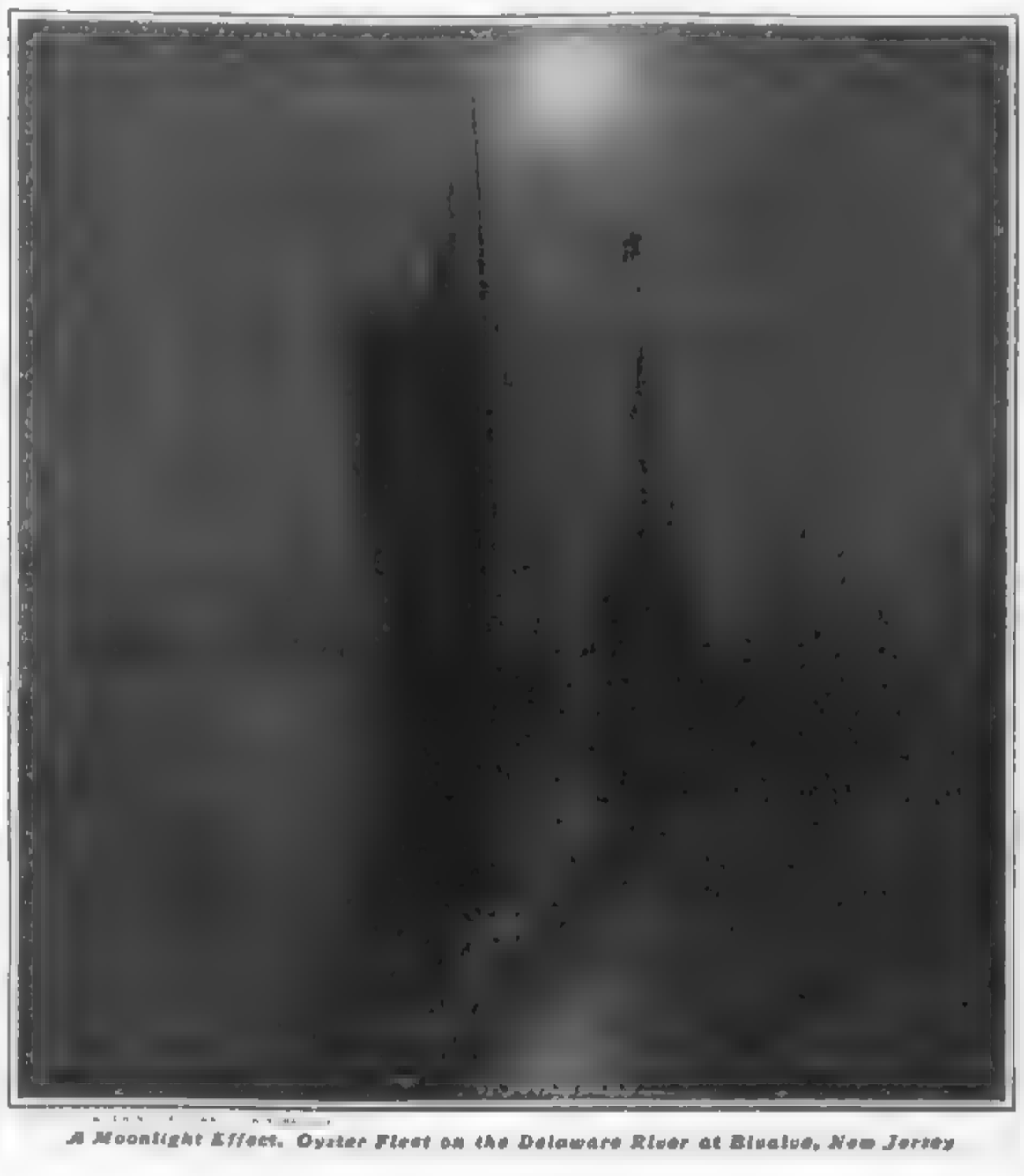

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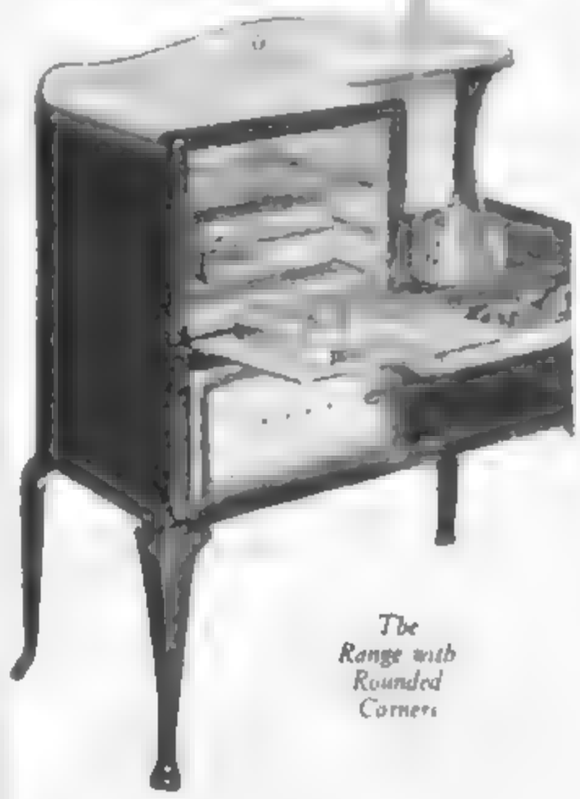
THE Tappan Cast Iron Oven Bottom—there lies the magic of Tappan baking. Bread comes out of the Tappan oven crusted golden-brown, biscuit light and fluffy, pie-crust crisp and flaky.

For like every other part of the beautiful Tappan range, the oven bottom has been constructed to do its work



The Range with Rounded Corners

perfectly. It prevents "spotty baking" because every part of the oven becomes uniformly hot. In baking biscuits, for instance, every biscuit in the batch is equally well done. And the Wilco-Tappan Heat Regulator automatically keeps the oven at the proper baking heat.

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all feel the same if you shake into them some

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Avoid Imitations—Substitutes

water that the infra-red rays, which produce most of the heat, are diverted to the edges of the beam, and then largely absorbed by the running water. In this way the inventor is actually getting what may be termed cold light. A short time ago an intense beam of high candlepower projected from a number of machines working as a unit was focused upon a stationary film for an hour without starting any combustion. Such a result is most remarkable in view of the fact that in common practice the beam from a single projector will burn a film at rest in less than four minutes.

The fact is that all along the line we are now developing new and highly practical methods and machines for saving all kinds of values, from the rawest material that our mines produce to the most highly finished products of our mills and factories. Recently one large company receiving 6000 letters a day discovered that the mere act of carefully opening and examining the contents of each envelope does not entirely preclude the possibility of a money order or other inclosure of importance being overlooked. In order to eliminate all chance of such losses this concern installed a glass-covered toboggan like slope, only a little larger than an ordinary adding machine, and under this incline a powerful electric light was placed. Before being destroyed, all envelopes are now slid down over this glass chute, and the light shining from below makes it easy instantly to detect any inclosure remaining in an envelope. One young woman who operates this device can examine 6000 envelopes in forty-five minutes.

While the above-mentioned device to reduce office losses was being perfected, another investigator, with his thoughts centered on the conservation of ships, was busy studying the causes of the fouling of the bottoms of seagoing vessels. His research indicated that the color of the paint used is an important factor in determining the amount of fouling. Various colors were tried on plates that were submerged for months in sea water, and it was found that there was much more fouling on the dark plates than on those with lighter colors. Barnacles, that do so much damage, attached themselves only to the blue and black plates, and were most abundant on the black. Hydroids also showed an affinity for black. The reason for this is that the larvæ tend to go away from the source of light. This discovery is in complete accord with our present experience, which has indicated that ships' bottoms foul most in regions least exposed to light. Simple as this research may appear to be, it is altogether likely that the wide application of the principle will effect great savings.

Everything that saves property saves labor, and this not only releases workers for other essential employment but it reduces costs all down the line. Many devices commonly employed really cost the users nothing, if resultant benefits are properly valued and recognized. For example, the telephone has materially reduced fire and burglary insurance rates by putting city residents in close touch with police and fire departments.

But the things that interest us most are those that appear to have a direct bearing on the problems of supplies, production and labor shortage; therefore a succeeding article will cover successful methods and machines that may be utilized more generally in remedying some of our industrial difficulties, and especially in handling the problem of increasing output in the face of a growing scarcity of available workmen.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Parsons dealing with labor-saving methods and devices.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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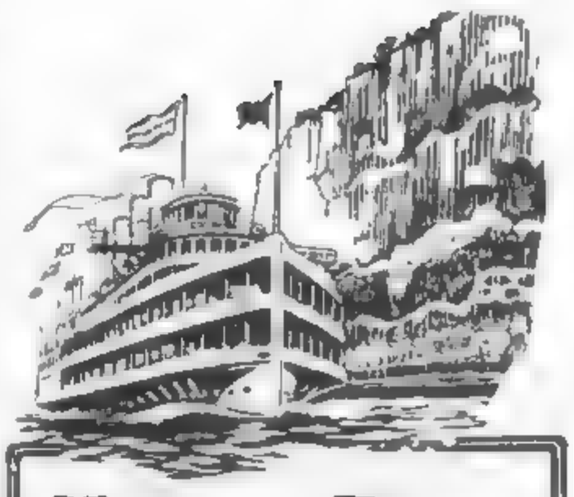

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The Ideal Connecting Link
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See the rock-ribbed Palisades—superb panoramas of rolling hills—giant headlands clad in green. The grandeur and picturesque [illegible] all rivers rolled into one! And you [illegible] the utmost from the broad, shady decks of the

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DOG CAKES & PUPPY BISCUITS

[illegible] perfect health and abundant vi[illegible] for [illegible] SPRATT'S [illegible] the new [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"The Alderman from the Ninth Ward Has the Floor"

Alderman from the Second Ward: "I call for the question on the substitute measure which will more cheaply accomplish the purpose than the proposed ordinance."

Alderman from the Ninth Ward: "This substitute is a subterfuge. It will not affect fire losses one iota. It's a political—"

For a moment his voice was lost in the noisy consternation his words created, for it was well known that he had been active in the clique fighting against the ordinance recommended by the Chamber of Commerce. This ordinance provided for the city's wholesale installation of sprinklers throughout the congested mercantile section and its reimbursement by a tax against the particular buildings thus improved.

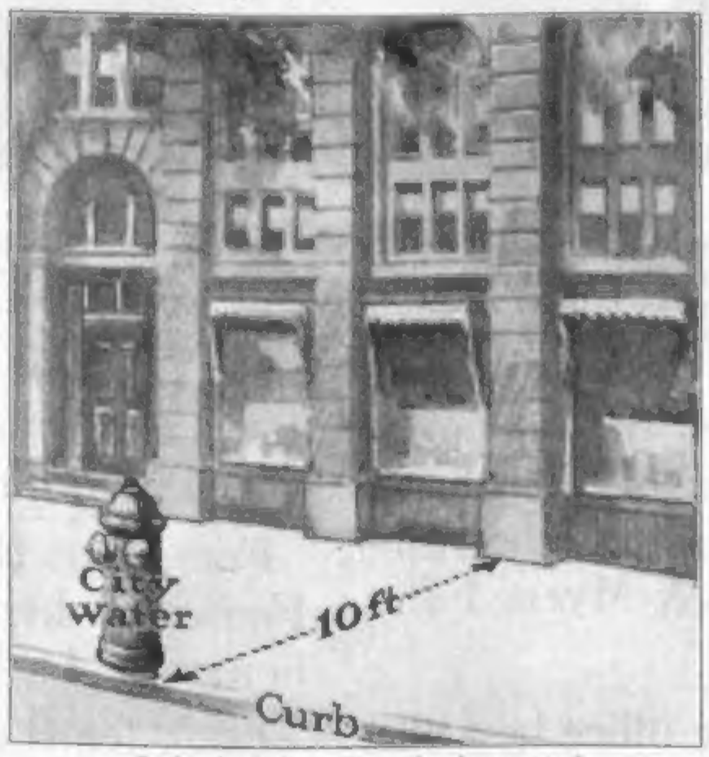
"Question—question," rang from several as the Mayor's gavel crashed.

"The Alderman from the Ninth Ward has the floor."

"Your Honor," said the Alderman, "I admit I am a turn-coat, but when a man wakes up to the fact that his coat is on wrong-side-out what else can he do? This morning I was opposed to this ordinance. Tonight I am its staunchest advocate. And the reason is old John R. Coincidence.

"At four o'clock this afternoon, as you all know, a fire broke out in the five-story brick building owned by the Land Company whose President is the Alderman from the Second Ward. That building was occupied by five firms—one my own. Tonight I realize for the first time, as do all those other firms, that a fire insurance policy is a tragically inadequate substitute for a going business you have spent your life in building up.

"And I learned more than that. You all know how the fire spread to the three buildings in the rear. What you do not know is that there would have been no meeting here tonight if a group of sprinklered buildings had not there checked the



Safety brought to the curb—but stopped

flames. I have that from the fire chief who said the sprinklers enabled him to save the whole south side of the city."

Voice from the rear: "I call for the question!"

The Mayor: **"The Alderman from the Ninth Ward has the floor!"**

Alderman from the Ninth Ward: "And the reason for these ruined businesses and a threatened city you do not know. Three years ago the Alderman from the Second Ward refused to put in a sprinkler system in those buildings unless the tenants bore the entire expense, thus improving his property by $30,000 at no cost to him. One year ago he refused his tenants' counter offer of their insurance savings for five years toward paying for the sprinkler equipment; he refused because those savings didn't entirely reimburse him for improving his own property.

"Because of just such refusals, because of just such bickerings between landlords and tenants in scores of stores up and down the avenues and side streets of our congested business blocks the city's wonderful fire protection system stops at our curbs instead of being scientifically piped inside the buildings only 10 feet away. Because of these personal and private conflicting interests the city may be swept any day or night by a conflagration that will leave us Aldermen to cry to the world for contributions of money, food, and shelter for our destitute citizens."

Voice from the rear: "Then why were you at a caucus this morning planning to defeat this ordinance to protect the city?"

Alderman from the Ninth Ward: "I will tell you just why, if the Alderman from the Second Ward will release me from a promise on a confidential private matter."

Alderman from the Second Ward: "Your Honor, I withdraw the substitute measure with the consent of the Seconder, and I move the passage of the fire protection ordinance."

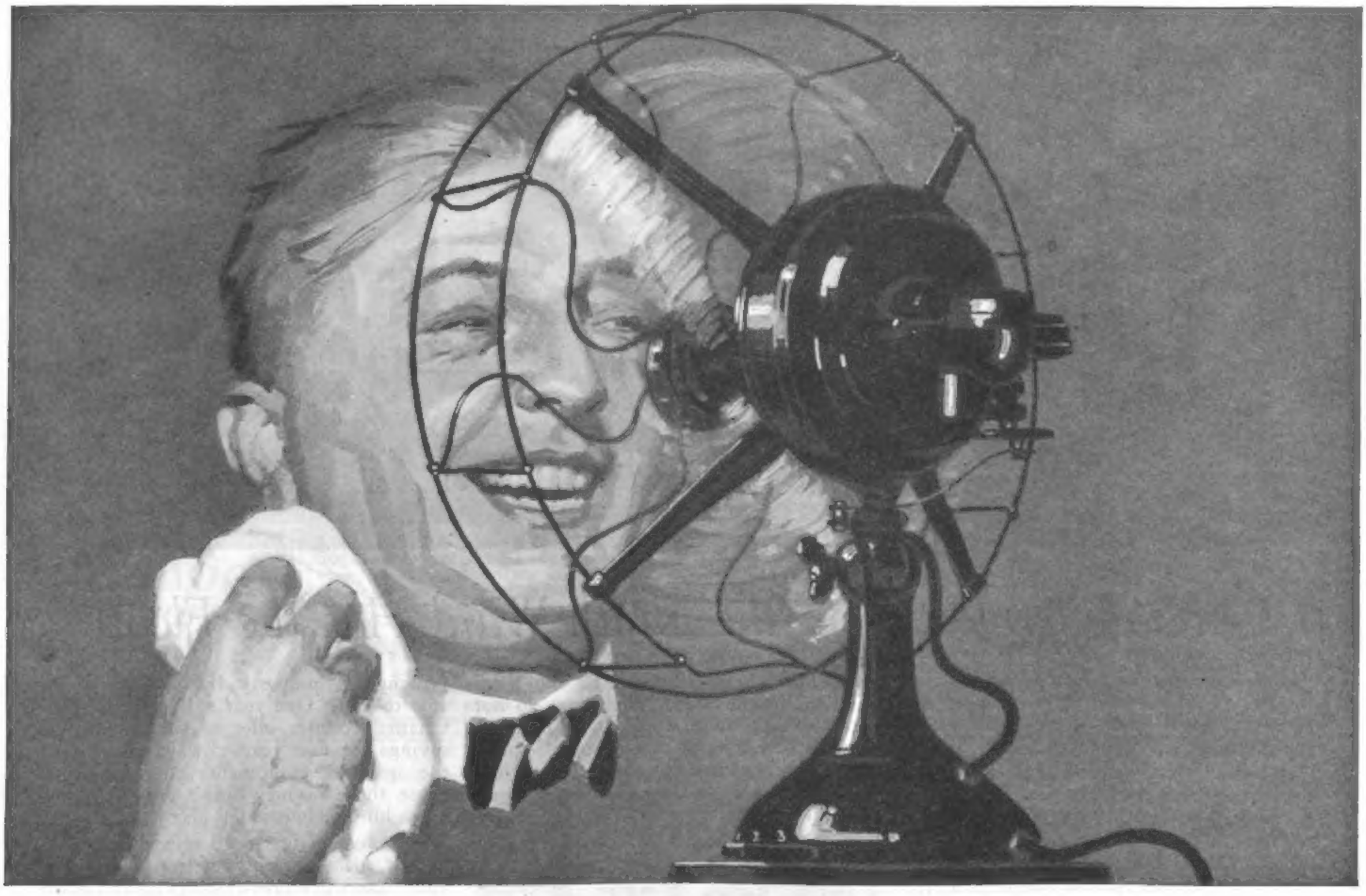
* * * * *

IF you want a copy of an ordinance similar to the one passed, send to Grinnell Company, Inc., 302 W. Exchange Street, Providence, R. I. This ordinance was drafted by Fire and Water Engineering and reprinted from that magazine.

GRINNELL COMPANY

Automatic Sprinkler Systems | Steam & Hot Water Heating Equipment | Humidifying and Drying Equipment | Fittings, Hangers and Valves | Pipe Bending, Welding, etc. | Power and Process Piping

When the fire starts, the water starts



R&M Fans cool the Sinton Hotel and the municipal buildings in Cincinnati. In St. Louis, the Ely-Walker Dry Goods Co., the Boatman's and National City Banks are equipped with R&M's. The Hotel Sherman and the Oriental Consistory, Chicago, and the Waldorf-Astoria and Belmont Hotels and Wanamaker's, New York, are all R&M outfitted. These are just a few of the thousands upon thousands of modern establishments that recognize the dependable service of R&M Fans.

ON those "scorchers" when the mercury tries to climb right out of the thermometer, the office will be a more cheerful place if you keep a Robbins & Myers Fan trained on your swivel chair.

Take off your coat, have the office boy fill the thermos bottle, and turn on the Robbins & Myers breeze.

The folks in the outer office should have R&M Fans, too. Install them all around and you'll be surprised how work picks up.

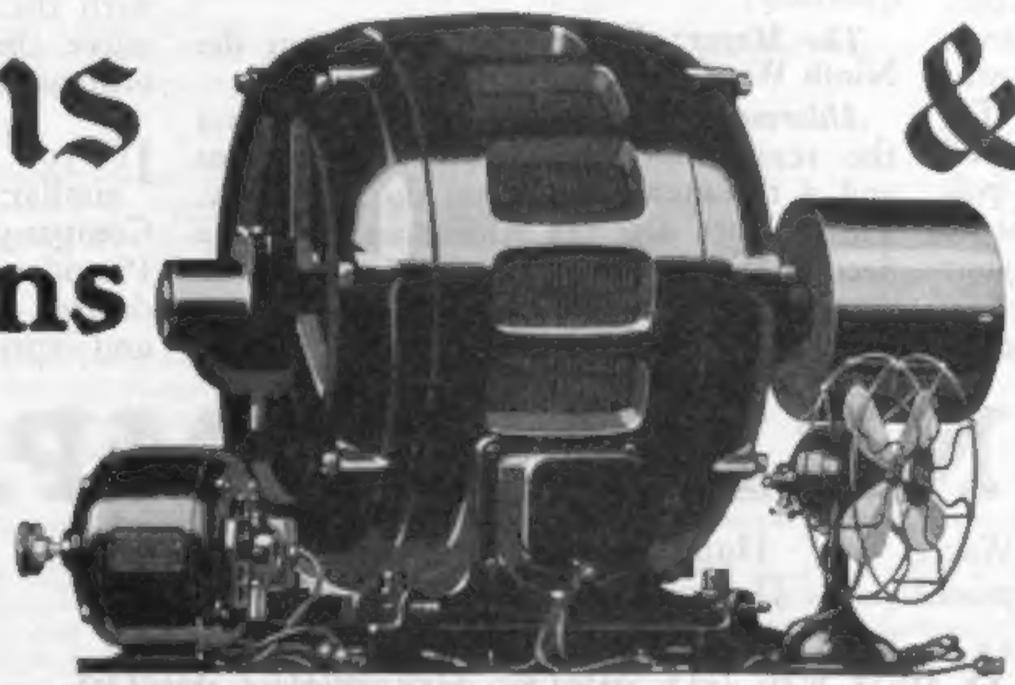
For more than twenty-four years R&M Fans have kept down the mercury in offices, homes, clubs, hotels, stores and theatres.

Look for the R&M symbol Ⓡ on the fan guard—it's the sign of a breeze.

R&M Fans in all sizes and types at all good dealers. Be prepared. Buy now.

Robbins & Myers

Fans *and Motors*



THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY SPRINGFIELD, OHIO—BRANTFORD, ONT.

Principal uses of Bon Ami—
for cleaning and polishing

Brass, Copper and Nickel Ware
Bathtubs
Aluminum Ware
Fine Kitchen Utensils
White Woodwork
Glass Baking Dishes
Windows
Mirrors
Tiling
White Shoes
The Hands
Linoleum and Congoleum

Bon Ami

for windows, etc.

There now! You hold the cake—it won't soil your hands—and I'll whisk this Bon Ami off in a jiffy. This window will be so clear you won't know it's there.

Cleaning windows with magical Bon Ami is no work at all. Apply a little Bon Ami. Wait just a minute till the white film dries. Then off it comes with a dry cloth—and you've finished the task in no time.

Bon Ami's just as wonderful for cleaning everything else in the list above as it is for cleaning windows.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

"Hasn't scratched yet"

Look for This Machine

Distributed by the growers of Sunkist Oranges and Lemons to enable soda fountains to quickly make pure orangeade and lemonade.

Soda fountains using the new Electrical Sunkist Juice Extractor serve real orangeade and lemonade made to order from fresh fruit. Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of quality.

Fountain Owners—Write us for additional information relative to this machine.

Pure Fresh-Fruit Drinks

come quickly from this immaculate machine

IN many stores this summer you'll find machines, like that illustrated, used in serving *fresh-fruit* orangeade and lemonade.

You can be sure, when you see them, that you are getting the kind of drinks you like—made with genuine *fresh fruit.*

The fountains so equipped *want* you to know this. So these machines—a sign of quality throughout the store—are prominently displayed. Note how the fresh, pure, aromatic juice gushes from the spout almost immediately on your order for the drink. Note how quickly and immaculately it's done.

Real orangeade, *real* lemonade—there before you in a jiffy—the most delightful summer drinks that anyone can make.

Look for them and try them. See how good they are.

Sunkist

California's *Uniformly* Good Oranges

In most stores of this calibre you'll find them using delicious fruit that's rich in juice.

Because of their valuable organic salts and acids—great digestive aids—and their rare *natural vitamine* content, these fresh-fruit beverages are two of the most healthful that you know.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
A Non-profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,500 Growers
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